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WILL SCIENCE DESTROY RELIGION?

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WHAT contributions are scientific method and its results likely to make to general thought; what influence may it be expected to have as its results and ideas are incorporated into general culture in the broader sense of that word?

Before attempting an answer to this question, I should like to remind you a little more in detail of the position in which natural science stands to-day. Each science or branch of science seems roughly to go through three main phases in its development. There is first a preliminary phase in which miscellaneous sporadic knowledge is amassed and is dated; theories are pursued, often only to be proved valueless. There then comes a classic or heroic age, in which a general foundation of firmly interrelated principles is gradually laid down, upon which in its turn a coherent architecture of theory can be built, and finally this passes over into a period of maturity, in which the position is consolidated, the scope of the principles widened, their bases more finally tested, and their consequences worked out in fullest detail. Naturally, each stage lasts for a considerable time, and in many cases a science which thought itself securely embarked upon the third phase is reminded by some fundamental discovery that it is still only in the second.

Mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy all emerged into the beginning of their second period (thanks especially to Galileo and Newton) before the end of the seventeenth century, while chemistry can hardly be said to have left her empiricist or preliminary phase until Lavoisier and Dalton; nor physics—in spite of men like Torricelli, Boyle, and Cavendish—until the time of Faraday and Joule. Nor can even the notable achievement of Haney or Hales or Wolff, of Linnaeus or Buffon or Cuvier be said to have carried either physiological or evolutionary biology to a point at which any unity of principle could be seen; and it was not till the time of Schwann, Claude Bernard, and Pasteur on the one hand, and on the other Darwin with his associates such as Huxley and Hooker—a time less than a century ago—that biology entered upon her second phase.

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Meanwhile geology remained in her speculative childhood until William Smith and Lyall in the early nineteenth century; and seems to wait to-day for some new verifying ideas, perhaps from geophysics, perhaps from paleontology, to attain to its maturity.

Physics, it had been thought, had reached her third stage before the close of the last century. But the discovery of radioactivity and the development of spectroscopy opened a new world, and finally the conceptions of quanta and of relativity have thrown her old and her new world alike into the melting-pot. She continues youthful and heroic even in maturity.

Finally there come the latest sciences of all—psychology and human biology.

Psychology, as even her warmest admirers would admit, is still in her first period. She teems with violent and mutually contradictory theories, about which the feelings of partisans run nearly as high as they once did about rival theological dogmas. I do not know who first made the caustic remark that the vigor with which an opinion is held is usually in inverse ratio to the amount of proof which can be brought forward in its support; but one sometimes feels like reminding Freudians and Jungians and the other psychological sects that it contains a considerable element of truth!

None the less, it is clear that the work of men like Mesmer, Braid, Charcot, Richet, Janet, and later of Feud, Jung, Rivers, and many others, has totally altered the position of psychology. Psychology used to lead a dual existence, partly as the academic and introspective handmaid of philosophy, partly as an epiphenomenal ghost or Brocken specter attendant on nervous physiology. From that uncomfortable state she has been raised to the dignity of an independent science; so that psychological data are now acknowledged to have as complete validity on their own level as do biological data on the biological level, irrespective of whether their explanation is possible in terms of chemistry; and what is more, vast realms open before her to be conquered by her own special methods.

Finally, there is human biology—in other words, the social sciences: and here, in spite of the existence of the subsciences of anthropology, of comparative religion, of sociology, economics, of political philosophy, we are only at the threshold. We can see that the social sciences can and must become a full-blown science; but we have not yet quite found out how to effect the transformation.

However, both here and in psychology the scientific method is actively at work; and that is the main point.

As a result of all this activity of the mind, we are now reaching a new position. We are, I suppose, nearing the end of what may rightly be called the Scientific Revolution, since it has effected a real revolution of thought. But revolution, whether in government or thought, can obviously not be a permanent phase; and we need not be surprised that many, especially of conservative upbringing or turn of mind, have demanded not without alarm, to know where the scientific revolution is leading the world.

II

I think that the answer is fairly plain. It is leading us, in spite of many drags on its wheel and many deliberate attempts at obstruction, to what we may call Scientific Humanism. The term Humanism, according to the dictionary, is applied to "any system of thought or action which assigns a predominant interest to the affairs of men as compared with the supernatural or the abstract." It is a particular form of naturalism. It has in the past been specially applied to the Humanism of the Renaissance, which was of course primarily a revolt against the authority of ecclesiasticism in general, and theology and scholastic philosophy in particular, and a revolt which drew its inspiration from the re-discovery of the classics.

The scientific humanism of to-day is again a form of naturalism—how could it be otherwise?—and again is beginning to concentrate its different rays upon human life. But it has penetrated far wider and deeper in digging its foundations. It has started with a motive quite other than that of humanism—the pursuit of natural knowledge for its own sake. And gradually the increase of natural knowledge has overflowed into knowledge of man, and man is seen in a new relation to the rest of the world.

Science universalized the laws of mechanics, and the planets became servants of man's thought—because intelligible—instead of the supposed arbiters of his destiny. She reduced all material properties, whether of the stars, of the air, of the rocks, or of living bodies, to the combination and permutation of a few dozen chemical elements. And now she is making further studies in the direction of reducing these to permutations and combinations of electrons and protons. All energies become interchangeable before her analysis. The whole infinite variety of things is generated from one matter, one energy, world without end.

On the biological level, she established the continuity of life within the species; and then through the evolution concept, of the whole of life, existing and past. She showed that life was built of the same matter and operated with the same energy and changes as the rest of reality. She showed that man, too, had an evolution, and could only be fully understood, mentally as well as physically, in the light of his past.

And meanwhile psychology and anthropology were becoming sciences and archaeology was opening new doors to history; and the principles of philosophy and the dogmas of religion were being shaken or remodelled under the influence of scientific advance.

It may be as well to remind ourselves of some of the ways in which our whole perspective and view of ourselves has been altered. In the first place history has enlarged. Until less than a hundred years ago men reckoned the whole life of humanity as a few thousand years. "Antiquity," so called, was sharply marked off against modernity, and antiquity meant the civilizations of classical Greece and Rome, and of the Israelites. It is difficult to realize to-day what a revolution such work as Layard's on Nineveh created when it was first published; for to-day we see a perspective of cultures reaching back far into the past. Beyond the classics and the Old Testament are Crete, Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt. We know something now of ancient India and ancient China; and in the Americas there are not only Mexico and Peru, but the strange lost world of Maya civilization. Not only did these extend far back in history, but culture is seen to have formed a number of separate lines.

Time suddenly enlarges at a bound, and classical Greece and Rome suddenly shrink and cease to have the exaggerated and one-sided importance with which they had previously been invested—a fact not without its moral for educationalists. Then comes prehistoric archeology and opens vaster vistas. We see high civilizations already existing close on ten thousand years ago. Flint implements take us back through a space of time that must be measured in hundreds of thousands of years. Even the Cro-Magnons had a splendid art; and they were of the paleolithic period. Behind them there stretch dim ages of eolithic culture, back now, it would seem fairly certain, well into the Tertiary period, perhaps half a million years ago, before man fades out of the record. And Archbishop Ussher dated the creation at 4004 B.C. . . . Poor man, what would he say to Elliot Smith or Osborn!

But if these human sciences have made man seem old, geology has rejuvenated him. When we begin to think geologically, in terms not of millenia but of geological formations, and to compare the length of time taken for the evolution of the human type and

human society with that needed for the evolution of a new type of animal like the mammals or a new special type like the horse or the elephant, we find man a mere stripling.

What is more, it is seen to be not only the absolute amount of time in his past history that matters, but the position of the present moment in the whole cycle of human evolution. The rapidity of human evolution, in so far as concerns man's tools and traditions, has become increasingly swift since the time of the first recorded flint implement until now. The paleolithic age is far longer than the neolithic, the neolithic age than the age of bronze; and from that time on fundamental inventions have followed one another with increasing rapidity, until finally we have had gunpowder, printing, steam, electricity, the motor vehicle, anæsthetics, asepsis, wireless, and flying, all crowded into less than one millennium. Moreover, the rate of change shows no sign of slackening—rather the reverse. It is abundantly clear that man as a species is still on the rapid up-grade of his development, in the wild tide of an adolescence that is still far from the peace of stable maturity, let alone, from senility or degeneration.

Nor does the evolutionary view of man permit either the false optimism of a necessary human progress, or the false pessimism of inevitable collapse of each and every civilization. Dean Inge and Professor Bury have dealt faithfully with the former: perhaps too faithfully, for it is at least true that the movement of human affairs has been, in broad outline, consistently progressive. The prophets of cyclical recurrence and inevitable degeneration can be readily disposed of; they can of course point to the fact that civilization after civilization has collapsed in the past, but they studiously forget that the world of today is different from any world of the past in at least four fundamental characteristics—the increase of population, the rapidity of communications, the rise of science, and the increase of humanity's knowledge of its past mistakes.

Never before has it been even possible to think of progress of thought or movement in the world as a whole; the world had had no unity. The Roman Republic and the Roman Empire were first attempts in this direction; but beyond their confines other civilizations were pursuing independent ends, and whole regions and peoples were still undiscovered.

III

The sober doctrine of progress that emerges from biological studies is this: That slow progress has been a constant accompaniment of evolution, and appears to be a necessary accompaniment of solution intelligible on simple Darwinian principles, so long as the external conditions remain within certain limits. But that it *never* affects all organisms, and need not affect any particular one—either standstill or degeneration may equally occur. But with man the matter is on a new plane, since his evolution is in part at least, in his own power: conscious control of the world-process is open to him.

Thus we are back at the age-old, obvious idea that advance is in our own hands—the gods help them that help themselves. Only there is a wider background—a background on which are depicted all the failures of the past of the world, whether plant or beast or man; and on the other hand the vision of a general progress of a certain limited kind, a progress slowly ground out by the machinery of existence, of which movement we are the latest and highest product; our direction one with the general direction of what has gone before.

But it remains to ask how the sheer naturalism of science, not merely not humanist but almost inhuman, with all its beams directed outwards, can be generating a new humanism, and once more focussing light upon the central figure of man? The astronomer is oc-

cupied in weighing and analyzing the stars, discovering their history and movements; that interest absorbs him and carries him on, even if he trample out the most cherished cosmogonies in his advance.

The physicist, pushing farther and farther into the nature of matter, finally robs it of all of its attributes that are most familiar and most comfortable to us, and leaves us with a world of units all alike save in positive or negative nature, impalpable, invisible, without taste or smell, their very mass appearing to dissolve at the last into energy, their very materiality perhaps being only a local distortion of a more universal substratum.

Biology often continues quietly to dissect and describe, and to apply the method of physics and chemistry to living matter, only because biologists are desirous of knowing. They must know, even if the consequences of knowledge are to link man's ancestry, once regarded as heroic or divine, with that of the apes: to overthrow the accounts of self-styled revelation; to show the complete interdependence of brain and mind, and the necessity (even for the apparently simplest and most unitary acts of consciousness) of an almost inconceivably complex machinery of thousands of millions of carefully arranged brain cells; and to demonstrate that life is under one aspect, pure chemistry. The combined effect of all the sciences has been quietly to cut away the simple framework of divine purpose on which the older civilizations trained the tendrils of the growing human plant.

At first sight it seems that science, this emanation from human minds, has not only turned her face outwards from man, but stripped him of all the robes of his divinity, turned him out of the palace that he had so laboriously built in the center of the world, and left him in rags, pitiably insignificant and suddenly transported to an outlying corner of the cosmos.

How can this be humanism, or how can it even lead to humanism? The answer springs from the application of the methods of natural science to human problems, and the consequent building up of new constructions of thought in the place of those which, with a crash or slowly bit by bit, have fallen before the nationalist attack. It springs in particular from a proper grasp of values.

IV

To the child most of the standards of value to which it is asked to conform its life are external, imposed from without. It is to be "good" because it is told to be good, and because it finds that obedience pays. It is to tell the truth because it is assured that to tell the truth is right, and that one day it will understand why it is right. So with most grown men and women up to a very late stage in history. They are to submit to events because events are the will of God: they are to do right in order—like performing dogs—to avoid punishment and to attain rewards; they are to carry out certain ritual and moral ordinances because these have been divinely revealed.

Even when religious and philosophic thought rises to higher levels and asserts the need for loving righteousness, for loving the sacrifice that at first thought seems so disagreeable, even for loving one's enemies—such precepts are almost invariably in relation to some fundamentally external standard, whether a divine command, or the necessity of being at one with some assumed absolute canon of right and wrong, or the desirability of closer union with God or the Absolute. Anthropology, the higher criticism, and the implications of the general principles of scientific law and order have between them, it seems to me and many others to-day, made these views untenable. Gone is the authoritarianism of revelation, gone the complacent assumptions of a simple personal theism and the consequences which followed so logically therefrom. Gone—clean gone—to an ever-increasing num-

ber of thinking men and women is all the necessary basis for that whole magnificent scheme of thought which has dominated the western world for over a thousand years, that comprehensive scheme of theology and philosophy which rose to its greatest heights towards the thirteenth century; and with its basis is gone all its compulsive force upon the mind.

But—and a most important *but!*—the realities by virtue of which that construction had life—they are found to persist. Orthodoxy prophesies for the inquirer and doubter the penalties of blank negation and hopelessness if he venture outside the orthodox scheme; and it is perfectly true that one can no more build a new house in place of an old without passing through a houseless stage, than one can break down old constructions of thought, philosophies, religions without at least passing through a time of mental homelessness.

But the values are there. They may be perceived practically by the man who ruefully surveys the self-caused ruin of his old beliefs; or they may be perceived intellectually by the scientific mind which has analyzed away the sanctions of the codes and theologies of humanity into myth, or false assumption, or error. The former will find that he still has within himself the mainsprings that prompt him to the same kind of conduct as before; the latter, if he be not superficial, will ask himself how it was that any purely external standards and commands could have caused the amazingly powerful effects which in point of fact they did.

Even the complete mechanist cannot escape the facts of life—he must acknowledge that the ecstasy of the emotion of beauty, the overpowering awe that sometimes seizes upon reflection, and the rapture of love are facts and have utmost value for men; and the more mechanist he be, the more will he wonder and glory in the fact that such phenomena are properties of human nature.

We find that some values are higher than others; there is a scale of values. Some are ends in themselves, some only means to ends. The ultimate values, which are ends in themselves, all result from the full realization and free exercise of our various human faculties; and the higher among them, by universal consent, are the values of truth, beauty, love, and goodness. Why should men be willing to die for their country, to slave on a pittance in pursuit of natural knowledge, to live in a garret in order to be free to write or paint as they desire, to go through fire and water to gain the object of their love, to suffer ostracism or martyrdom for their convictions? Not because of external commands, but because the value of those activities is to them above the value of the rest of life—because these have value in themselves, for their own sake.

To put it in another way, certain activities of man, to the evolutionary philosopher, are not only high or valuable in themselves, but the highest and most valuable phenomena of which we human beings have any certain cognizance. Indeed, it is possible to go farther and to assert that, in so far as we have definite knowledge (and it is a good principle to remain agnostic in regions where our knowledge is not definite), it is only in the interaction of objects with minds that value is generated. There is on record the definition, presumably by a bored philosopher, of existence as consisting in the moving of objects from one position to another. But this leaves out of account the setting of objects into relation with minds, and in so doing generating experiences which in their turn have value. The planets move in their courses whether we think about them or not; but the laws of their motion are a product of human mind. In the same way the order of the universe or the steady progress of evolution are only perceived as such (so far as we know) by our minds; and they acquire interest, significance, or grandeur only when so perceived.

The beauty of a mountain view, of a

tree against the sunset, or of a human face is a joint product of the external object and the mind which finds it beautiful. The mind of a sheep or a cow apparently does not co-operate with such objects to produce beauty—at any rate these animals are not observed to waste time in looking at them. And most moral philosophers agree that moral values are only possible because of freedom to go wrong. "It is better for a man to go wrong in freedom than to go right in chains."

In any case, science, in taking stock of the world, is brought up against the existence of values, and must then acknowledge that certain attributes of man possess the highest values known. And it is in this way that science is brought back to become the basis of a new humanism.

The search for truth for its own sake, irrespective of apparent value; the realization of the existence of value and of a scale of values as facts; and then the adjustment of mental knowledge and of the control born of that knowledge to the value-charged scheme of human thought —those are, it seems to me, the steps in the process.

V

But to what sort of a culture does this scientific humanism lead us? Even to attempt to answer this would be to expand this essay into a book; but I am tempted to touch on a few points. In the first place, of course it leads to naturalism, in however exalted a form. It leads to the view that artistic inspiration for instance, or religion, are human functions as natural, if not as universal, as memory or digestion.

Too often in the past, and even in the present, do we find the view that religion is a regimen imposed by an external authority, a spiritual patent medicine, to be "taken" like a gray powder, and administered by force if necessary—though it is only fair to add that in every age the truly religious have heartily repudiated this conception.

Religion has two functions, one individual, the other social—which naturally overlap and blend in certain places. For the individual it represents an attempt to bring the whole of his personality, including those hidden parts that are not called upon in every-day life, and may be scarcely realized by their possessor, into a relation of harmony and meaning —with as much as possible of the rest of the universe, the external environment in which, through no fault or desire of his own, he finds himself. In this external world there of course bulks very largely the society in which he is brought up.

Or we might alter our definition a little, though in reality keeping to its essentials, by saying that religion was an attempt to harmonize our scale of values with external fact, and to harmonize them not only theoretically (which is theology), but in everyday life (which is religious morality), and also by special expressions of religious emotion (which constitute worship, prayer, and mystical experience). And the social function of religion is, or should be, to provide a common basis for the behavior of society —a common basis which shall contain both intellectual and emotional elements, both feeling and belief, and out of which therefore action can readily spring. A religion, to exercise its social function, must concern itself with the realities of society. To point my moral, I may perhaps refer to some recent articles by J. M. Keynes in which he points out that the Communism of Russia acquires its force from being tinged with feeling. At one point he says, "to me it seems clearer every day that the moral problem of our age is concerned with the Love of Money," and goes on to assert that the present decay of orthodox religions is due to the fact that they "have lost their moral significance just because—unlike some of their earlier versions—they do not touch in the least degree on these essential matters. A revolution in our ways of thinking and feeling about money may become the growing purpose

of contemporary embodiments of the Ideal."

While not altogether agreeing with Mr. Keynes, I feel that he does clarify the matter considerably. The growth of science, of democracy, and of material and spiritual opportunity appear to many to-day to make it impossible for any supernaturalist and other-worldly religion to become the basis of future civilization. But if future civilization is to reach a fruitful maturity, it must have some religion; nor do I see insuperable difficulties in the way of its growth of some new religious form. What we call religious feeling is an inevitable outcome of human nature in any state of society which we can imagine as possible; and it is that which will always provide the motive power, it is that which will generate religions. When Lord Morley wrote that, "the next great task of science is to create a new religion for humanity," I do not think he was being accurate; her task is rather to construct a new framework for the flesh of the religious spirit to clothe, a new mechanism for the power of the religious emotion to operate.

Many people appear to regard dogma as unnecessary and even undesirable. For instance, some of my scientific friends, when I tell them that every morning on the way up to my laboratory I pass a large door labelled "Dogmatic Theology" evince a tendency to laugh, while others gloomily shake their heads. But dogma in some form, theology in some form, is a necessary part of any developed religion. Perhaps some of you read the articles on "My religion," recently contributed to one of the daily papers by a series of well-known authors. Most of them were in revolt against accepted orthodoxy and, in their distaste for what they believed to be false dogma, had overbalanced into a position in which they were without dogma at all. And the effect was often nebulous. A modern society with such absence of beliefs would be like an organism essaying motion on land without a skeleton—it would collapse gelatinously. A religion needs a definite intellectual framework for two reasons: in the first place to guard it against doing the wrong things; and in the second to help it to do the right things.

Organization is as necessary to a religion as to an animal or a business—though it is an organization of ideas that is needed. Without its tested framework of ideas it may tend to the excesses of intolerance and of exaggeration of its own importance, and will certainly proceed to draw false conclusions from half-baked premises if the utmost pains is not taken to do the baking in the most scientific way. In other words, an intellectual basis is needed for religion, because religion must overflow into action, and because in the long run the qualities and values of actions are always determined by the correctness of the intellectual premises on which they are based.

Science too has its dogmas, but is (or should be) willing to change them quickly and painlessly as occasion demands. In the same way, the set of dogmas for any future type of religion will need to be flexible and capable of development, so that they may not incur the evil repute which, not without considerable reason, attaches to the term at the present day.

VI

Here it is that I must call a halt, and content myself with a final throwing before you, without any particular arrangement, of a few more of the facts and ideas, all sprung from the advance of scientific knowledge, which will inevitably modify human life and human outlook in the future.

Human life, then, is no static affair, but is engaged in evolutionary movement upon a time-scale far vaster than anything previously imagined by the most unorthodox of speculative minds.

Human evolution during the historical period, however, has differed from other organic evolutions in that man has de-

veloped a new racial organ, namely tradition, with all that it implies—of tools, machines, history, and government; and that, therefore, the evolution of the human species during this period has been the evolution of his tradition, not of his innate physical or mental characteristics. Human evolution has also another distinctive feature: it can be guided by consciousness, and it is increasingly so guided. But our conscious knowledge is now opening to us possibilities of changing the innate character of humanity as well as modifying tradition.

It is exciting to contest nature; and our contest over nature is certainly reacting upon our mode of life, but a good many people are feeling a little skeptical about its advantages. Mr. Grant Robertson the other day seemed inclined to think that printing and the universal ability to read, between them had had as chief result only what he called "slums of the mind"; and certainly the modern inventions of telegraphy, journalism, cinema, radio, and the like have so far produced as their most prominent and obvious effect the substitution of effortless mental occupation for any pretence at thinking.

To take this view too seriously would be to forget that the cure for education is more education, as for democracy it is more democracy, and for progress more progress; and that in any case universal education is such an absurdly youthful phenomenon that we are no more entitled to draw any adverse conclusions about its ultimate value than a Martian would be in drawing adverse conclusions about the ultimate value of human beings if his experience of them were confined to a baby of a month old.

However, it is true that mechanical contrivances do not alter human nature, and that so long as human nature remains what it is, the bulk of humanity's spare time will be wasted in one way or another.

But what we most of us forget is the fact that there now exists a science of biology as well as one of physics and chemistry. Physico-chemical knowledge has already given human nature a vast increase of control over its non-living environment. Biological knowledge gives human nature the promise of control over itself. There is no reason whatever which we can see in the nature of things why human capabilities should be evolution's last word, instead of merely its *dernier cri*. Our faculties are no more superior to those of a cat than are a cat's to those of a sea-anemone; and there is no evidence that variation is less prone to occur in man than elsewhere.

Eugenics, in other words, is a possibility. A practicable eugenics seems to me to bear about the same relation to existing biological knowledge as flying would have done to the physico-chemical knowledge of the time of Empedocles, and stranger things than flying have come into being since then—things like wireless transmission of speech and television which the alert men of his time could not have imagined possible.

And then to-day we are continually reminded of the orderliness of nature—a view with which primitive man radically disagreed, and the realization of the necessity of organization, and of a certain type of organization, for ensuing efficiency and progress—and I do not use the terms efficiency and progress in the sense in which they are customarily employed by American advertising experts, but as meaning the smoothest possible working of our faculties, the greatest opportunity for self-realization, and a door open to improvement of what most deserves to be improved.

But the kernel of the changed outlook lies in this—that the control of the world-process known as evolution is being increasingly delegated to the latest child of evolution, consciousness—conscious knowledge, purpose and goodwill—as embodied in man. The cynic will continue to call men forked radishes or by other depreciatory names; but, forked radish or not, man is the highest thing that we know, and he is being offered the trusteeship of evolution.

WHAT BABBITT WON'T TALK ABOUT

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

OLD Man Barton was born just too late to fight for the Confederacy, and is now past hard work. So he has come up from the rural county seat in the cotton lands where he was born, and in a southern metropolis of hustling northern ways sits all day in the smart motor-service station kept by his middle-aged sons, sometimes vaguely and at leisure attending to the simpler wants of customers.

"Now that side-bar buggies have gone up the lane for eternity," Old Man Barton will tell you genially, "all I'm good for is talk."

Old Man Barton probably never had three years of formal schooling in his life. As a member of the industrial community, he may be, as the young helpers around the repair shop suspect, sunk in his dotage. Yet in the little space around his shaded seat in summer and his kerosene hand-warming stove in winter he keeps alive an ancient American practice from which the institutions of the republic once drew a wholesome vitality, now, it seems, sadly declining: the habit of critically observing and racily discussing what goes on in the world.

"That feller Mitchell," he would say of the early fall's aircraft sensation, "talks almost as fierce as an orator for the old prohibitionist party. Well, when a feller lets the air get that hot around him, you can always take pretty big odds that he ain't *altogether* right. . . . All the same, I'm for him to this extent. You've got to burn them old-fashioned army and navy officers once in a while to make 'em move at all. An' this Mitchell, he sure burns 'em where it hurts."

From time to time, too, there have been memorable conversations concerning "that feller Coolidge." For instance, after the presidential address on law enforcement last Memorial Day, Old Man Barton wanted to know what I thought of the chief executive as a "states righter." I replied, with the wisdom gleaned from various urban editorial writers on the Democratic and liberal side, that the President seemed, for a New England Republican, to have stolen an almost illegal amount of ancient Democratic thunder.

"Oh, yes," said the old man with pleasant irony, "he's a regular states' rights fire-eater, that feller Coolidge is. Why he actually believes that a state's got a right to choose between doing what Coolidge tells it to and being made to do it."

Again, I found him during the Dayton evolution trial "studying up" his Genesis for learned dissertations on inconsistencies in the accounts of creation. "Trouble with Bryan is," he said out of a clear sky one day, "he can always believe anything he wants to believe. Facts just don't interest him. He can even believe everything in Genesis all at once."

Indeed, in four years of close acquaintance, I have never yet found Old Man Barton at loss for an opinion on a consequential public issue, based on good critical faculties and well-digested general information, salted with wit, and cogently delivered.

Yet among contemporaries, social and

business acquaintances in the same city, I find nothing like it. Most of them are men—or women—of infinitely better educational advantages and of far more cosmopolitan social backgrounds than Old Man Barton. Here and there one of them talks well and convincingly of such public questions as directly affect his, or her, personal interests. But when events of a merely general connection intrude themselves in a conversation, after a round of apathetic and vaguely polite comments they are dismissed with an air of general agreement that such matters are no more interesting to sane adults than high-school algebra. The gentlemen, and the ladies, would rather, as a desperate alternative, discuss card tricks, or even literature.

"These young people who have been through high school and college think they've been taught everything," Old Man Barton frames the indictment. "So they figure they don't need to learn nothing any more, nor even to think. Us old-timers knew we didn't know much to start with, and so we've spent our lives mostly trying to study things out."

II

I was skeptical, but, curiously enough, in a few days, came confirmation of a sort, right in the Barton family. The old man's grandson is the pride of the flock. Two years out of a state university, where he was made a Bachelor of Arts in salesmanship, this youth rejoices in the distinction of being the town's youngest proprietor of a motor-car agency. Immaculately groomed for a demonstration engagement, he dropped in one evening to show the family his Company's new 1926 model. The old man, as it happened, was deep in some shrewd observations on the war-debt question.

"Aw, what good will it do us if these frogs and wops do pay up?" the rising young Babbitt inquired disgustedly. "The grafters will get it all anyway. . . . Say, granddad," he went on amiably, "why don't you cut the bull and take up golf?"

From a large round eye a-light with the salesman's professional jocoseness, he tipped me a wink. It was plain that he regarded his grandfather's interest in public affairs as a shameful confession of extreme old age and rather bad form to boot; but, being a tactful youth, he preferred to pass it off as a mild aberration, grotesquely amusing.

It was during the same week, I believe, that John Henry, the grandson, essayed to complain of prohibition and enlightened us as to his firm conviction —he wanted to bet on it—that that sorrowful régime was ordained by a corrupt popular vote at the same election which yielded a second term to President Wilson. When his grandfather mentioned President Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act and called the constitutional amendment process to his attention, he objected that we were "getting beyond his depth." And John Henry was off to the movies, thus serving polite notice that the privilege of "studying about" public questions is reserved for Nestors only.

III

But once the Nestors were young, and American talk was different.

The country was new then, or relatively so. To-day's Nestors hardly knew Revolutionary veterans, but their fathers certainly did. The tradition was still strong in their early manhood that we had done a marvelous thing in wrenching ourselves free from European sovereignty and setting up a government on our own account. The mere existence of the republic was a perpetually exciting, almost a unique fact. From his first schoolroom onward—where that fact was dealt with rapturously by the schoolmistresses of the vaguest sort of constitutional learning—the future Nestor was encouraged to be self-conscious about his status as a citizen of this unique free republic.

So, whether he was plutocrat or day

laborer, our shiny, brand-new, and supposedly original institutions, and the whirr of their machinery as they went round, were fatally attractive to the average citizen's curiosity and emotions. Not as a matter of duty, but simply as a matter of irresistible fascination, he devoted to them almost all the powers of observation, speculation, and argument that he had left over from his business and domestic life. He watched politics, he thought politics; and his newspapers rated only the most shattering disasters, the most gruesome murders, as on a par with the discussion of minor political issues. In fact, the possibility has to be faced that the Nestors, and their ancestors of three generations, overdid it.

At any rate, the old-time American inevitably talked politics. It made little difference whether the issue was local, national, or international in scope, he was ready for it. Except for his private affairs, it was what he was most interested in, and having his say on it was as instinctive as having his breakfast. He talked politics to his friends because a full and subtle comprehension of individual political opinions, even when they sometimes clashed, was the surest bond of intimacy. He talked them with strangers because such talk was the easiest road to acquaintance without familiarities, and there was a subtly hospitable courtesy involved in introducing an inexhaustible and mutually interesting topic. He talked them at his enemies because strokes could be dealt in political controversies whose fine points did not have to be explained to the onlookers.

So it went from the excitement over the Washington foreign policies down to the free silver campaign of 1896. Issues, were, it is true, tremendously vital, often direct in their bearings on the individual, relatively untechnical. One could have plausible and more or less convincing opinions about our proper relation to the Napoleonic wars, the United States bank question, the long contest over states' rights and slavery, the problems of finance and economic expansion which came with the generation after the Civil War, without being that offensive object in all informal neighborly discussions—the expert. But on the other hand, barring the complexities of the federal reserve banking system, the issues we have to-day are hardly more obscure or less intimate and consequential. The average man can surely think his way through to logical and more or less original conclusions on the questions of government regulation of private conduct and private business initiative; of disproportionate taxation; of American participation in world affairs—if he cares to take the trouble. The difference is that the old-time American did care.

So he shouted and marched in processions, and argued not only for Jackson, Lincoln, and Cleveland, but also for Hayes and Hancock, and for such amusingly uninspiring and uninspired statesmen as the presidents and presidential candidates of the '40s and '50s—surely no more seductive figures than the Coolidges and Davises of our day. So, as far back as the first decade of the constitution, he was sufficiently excited over issues to turn his theatrical entertainments, and occasionally his very religious gatherings, into demonstrations for and against the Federalist foreign policies, the alien and sedition acts, the Jeffersonian view of the rights of men. Down into a period remembered by middle-aged men, he was so enthralled by the political wisdom and personal idiosyncrasies of mere governors, congressmen, and state legislators that he would gladly discuss them for hours with his neighbors, and held the communication of his wisdom on these matters to be his first hospitable duty to strangers. Foreign observers found us unnecessarily concerned about political trifles and often wrote superciliously about it.

IV

Yet this over-concern had its good points. Opinions may have been more

biased in the nineteenth century than in the twentieth, but at least as a people we knew rather minutely what our governments, state and federal, were doing all the time, and we cared. We thought of the government as being intimately ourselves, and not an extraneous group of experts and political tricksters in Washington, and of irresponsible, fate-imposed federal policemen in our own bailiwicks.

Our constant argumentation probably changed few opinions in our unregenerate neighbors, but those neighbors were automatically forced to keep abreast of the information on their side in order to maintain it against us with an impressiveness satisfactory to their natural vanity. The information may have been partisan, but at least it was better than no information at all. Furthermore, we forced one another to a good deal more straight thinking on public affairs than probably came natural to us. The man who had the weak side of an argument may have stuck to it just to show that he could not be "influenced." But when the next issue came along he was more likely to choose, for his own safety at the country store conclave, the side on which was the greater wisdom.

Nor is it to be forgotten that a vast proportion of our political discussion was not controversial at all. It was simply the exchange of political information between friends who agreed. That was the best news of the day, its most interesting talk—better than gossip, more thrilling than sport—as important, even, as business. So it happened that men of only the slightest formal education, whatever their views, knew the great speeches of Calhoun and Webster and, later, those of Blaine and the Bryan of "free silver" days, almost paragraph by paragraph. And as far back as the 1790s, despite illiteracy, despite hopelessly inferior newspapers and the almost total absence of "journals of opinion," they had a keener sense of foreign policy and international politics than all but one out of a thousand of our contemporaries seem to have of world affairs to-day. If information was often erroneous, it was because the sources of information were bad.

Interest, at least, drove Americans of the first century of the republic to absorb such information as they could get. To-day, with facilities for information unexcelled in history, one is confronted on every side with otherwise intelligent and agreeable people who have no information at all. And instead of interest, one is confronted with their blank apathy.

At the height of the 1924 presidential campaign, I overheard a rash elderly gentleman—not exactly a Nestor but obviously a voter before 1896—introduce politics into the general conversation of a Pullman smoking compartment on a train between Los Angeles and the East. Even I, who am scarcely venerable, can remember the time when to introduce politics in such a place was the surest known means of vitalizing the conversation indefinitely. And the old-fashioned person began it carefully with a shrewd analytical reference to the merits of the Coolidge-Mellon tax reform proposals.

Vacationists and prosperous salesmen, the company were all business men with the sole journalistic exception of myself. The problem the elderly person suggested intimately concerned all of them.

But this was all that happened.

"Yeah, Coolidge is a good man," one of the salesmen admitted.

"Davis is a good man, too," said a vacationist.

A long silence. The conversation was plainly ready to die of malnutrition.

"Yeah, the country'll be safe no matter which is elected," another salesman yawned with finality. Then, with an air of contributing some extraordinary wisdom, "Coolidge and Davis are both conservative."

Thus the company had paid its polite tribute to the Nestor's incomprehensible interest in these tiresome matters. The talk went back to comparisons of Cali-

fornia hotels and golf courses, and the boosting spirit of its various towns. When I left, the Nestor himself was repeating the "wise cracks" the driver of the sight-seeing bus in Los Angeles had made about San Francisco. His audience appeared delighted.

V

One can tour the country to-day from coast to coast, from border to border, and scarcely hear public affairs mentioned above this languid key. Within the past twelve months I have traveled from San Francisco to Vermont and back by way of the Mexican border and the Middle West, and have checked up on friends who have made similar journeys. The unanimous impression is that by common consent public affairs have been dropped as an eligible subject for conversation among the so-called "average Americans" in their casual contacts. "The public," if such an expression properly denotes those who work at jobs which do not directly require an attention to public issues, apparently cares little more about them than it does about the politics of medieval Poland.

In the country store, the hotel lobby, the club, the Pullman smoker, the neighborhood drug shop, the friendly dinner party, one can start almost instantly a fairly shrewd and lively conversation about batting averages, golf scores, Jack Dempsey, Andy Gump, the cleverness of magazine advertisements, the vicissitudes of home-brewing and buying bootleg, the naughtiness of women's dress, the morals of "movie" stars, the social significance of "flappers." Where the air is not too thick with rancor and suspicion, the fundamentalist controversy and the Ku Klux Klan may arouse a little tall talking in their strictly theological and social significances. But mention public affairs in any more direct political sense, and the normal group responds with apathetic platitudes or bored cynicism—and a quick change of subject.

People are through with American-Japanese relations when the thoughtful sentiment has been uttered that we white races are the superior races and may some day have to show yellow persons where they get off.

When I came east last summer after several years on the Mexican border, the only individual who asked me shrewd questions as to how "that fellow Calles" was straightening out the affairs of the southern republic was a retired small-town merchant who will be eighty-five on his next birthday. Others were through with the subject when I had replied to their inquiries that real Mexicans were seldom like the "movie" version and that there were few good motor roads in the republic.

Similarly, one's fellow citizens are through with the League of Nations and the whole vital subject of our relation to post-war European developments when the group's first inspired "wise-cracker" has declared, "Aw, we voted to forget all that." It is not quite, perhaps, as though the war, with its temporary forcing of our attention upon international events and foreign policies, never happened. It is more as if we were adolescent students who had barely passed—or perhaps failed—a difficult and disagreeable course in a temperamentally uncongenial subject, and were now unanimously resolved to ease our wearied minds by dismissing the whole confusing business from memory. Indeed, the more one observes this instinct of "for God's sake, get Europe off our chests" functioning, the more it appears to explain the defeat of American affiliation with the League of Nations and the Harding administration's absurdly immaculate, but politically shrewd aloofness from that relatively harmless body. To-day, at any rate, the cogency of the constitutional arguments against League membership appears forgotten, but the "Aw, let's forget it" instinct continues to inspire the average American's sublime faith that the funding of the war debts is no more complicated a business,

economically, than collecting a one hundred dollar bank loan with the legal rate of interest.

It is in this universal insistence upon simplifying issues, when they are allowed to break into the discussion at all, that one finds perhaps the most striking sign of our new political decreptitude.

The old-time American was interested in the complexities of issues. They were his means of entrapping his enemies and of impressing his friends with his learning. Whichever his side was, he could sound and counter all the subtle constitutional notes in the states-rights' argument. He was at home among the syllogisms and the sophistries by which the cause of free silver was demonstrated and demolished. If this foreign debt question had arisen forty years ago, he would have been full of complicated economic theories and statistics, showing the effect of vast international money transactions on export and import trade and the prosperity of the nation. Not all, but an impressively large and articulate mass of voters would have been equal to the mental effort of acquiring an intricate view of the subject in order to reach conclusions which satisfied their consciences as being based on logic and a knowledge of the facts. Some of them would be deceived by propaganda information, and their thinking take on an intense and unattractive bias. But at least they were not afraid of the hard labor of thought.

But to-day between his (or her) interests in Freudian smatterings, carbureter efficiency, correspondence courses in personal efficiency, new niblicks, world's series prospects, service-club engagements, and bootlegging intrigues, the voter must rest that precious mind. Hence, if public affairs are going to ripple his interest at all, they must expect to do it in simplified form.

What time, he'd like to know, has Al Johnson—rising young real-estate agent with a big ad and sales campaign on for Boosterburg Heights, and chairman of the Shrine initiation committee, and runner-up for the Country Club championship, and candidate for next year's Lions Club presidency, and trustee of the First Methodist church, and director of a new bank, the Y.M.C.A., and the municipal Boy Scouts' organization—to be digging into questions of foreign exchange and what the "frogs" and the "wops" can afford to pay us? Let the bankers and the exporters and the importers figure it out—they've got a stake in it. Let Cal Coolidge and Secretary Mellon, and Senator Blatt and Congressman Logroll attend to it; they're paid to. Let the highbrows sniff around at it; maybe that's their idea of a pleasant evening.

But if you force Al Johnson to express an opinion, he'll tell the world these foreign debts are like loaning Eddie Billheimer five thousand dollars on a second mortgage and damn well seeing that he keeps up his payments. And that is that, as Al will witheringly inform you if you try to "confuse the issue" with world-trade statistics. He'd rather tell you about the wild women he met on a party when he was out at Hollywood last month anyway.

Similarly, when Colonel Mitchell diverted some popular attention from a local bathing-beauty contest to the state of American aviation, I remember overhearing a few of the outstanding leaders on a certain Main Street dismiss the issue with declarations that Mitchell was an "ass" or that the war department must be run by "boobs." But of the possibility that there might be a vital and complicated question of national defense involved, of practical interest to every American, not a word. When the Dayton trial flourished, it was easy to hear personal denunciations of Messrs. Bryan and Darrow and their respective theologies. But, except for one stranger, an elderly relic of the past, who began an unsought but agreeable conversation with me in a bank lobby one day, there was hardly a sign that a typical and fairly well-educated American population of fifty thousand appreci-

ated the delicate issue of young Mr. Scopes' constitutional rights or cared to investigate them.

Going farther back into history, I recall a somewhat cynical patriot remarking with bored bitterness to two companions in a Pullman smoker that he had "seen where" the supreme court decision on the Oregon school law compelled all Catholics to send their children to the parochial schools. The other man answered, "Is that so? I didn't know that." In the same flat tone he might have received information that the bees in Ecuador produced more honey per head than those of Peru.

Thus are the issues of the republic simplified out of all relations to reality. And sometimes they appear to be simplified out of existence altogether. During the significant struggle over the ratification of the child labor amendment, I never, on my particular Main Street, heard the question mentioned. Old Man Barton was having his winter lumbago!

VI

When the old man Bartons are all dead of their various ailments, will anybody but stigmatized "highbrows" ever discuss public affairs at all?

Surely no more ominous signs could be present than artificial efforts at resuscitation. When a man requires a pulmotor, his case is at least dangerous. When attention to public issues becomes a conscious "duty" to be performed only with the aid of organizations, "madame presidents," semi-monthly meetings and set programs with cinnamon toast afterward, the spontaneity which once made political discussion the republic's eighth lively art may be recognized as already a long way departed. Yet as public questions—barring prohibition which becomes more and more a private question of where and for how much can I get it—command less and less instinctive attention, the "current events circles" multiply. Chiefly among ladies of more or less maturity, it should be stated, for if men and flappers prefer private personalities to public events, they at least have the honesty to admit it.

At any rate, the "circles" have multiplied sufficiently to make life more complicated than nature intended for those who follow public affairs as a matter of professional obligation. There come to mind the confessions made to me by a newspaper editor and a professor of modern history.

Both were approached with duly winning courtesy by the well-informed ladies in delegation. Of the professor they wished some references regarding the proposed Franco-German security pact. The professor spent an honest working day in the university library and emerged with a schedule of compact elementary reading on the Rhine frontier in military and diplomatic history since the Thirty Years War.

"Oh," said the delegation's spokesman in the second conference, "but I'm afraid you didn't understand what we're after at all. We just want a little something about this security business and world peace, and how much the women have done to help the cause—what is it they're trying to secure anyway?"

To the newspaper editor came the wife of a distinguished advertiser demanding what a middle-aged woman ought to know about the Tacna-Arica arbitration. The editor mastered that tangled subject as best he could in the intervals of guiding a local political scandal story, and presented his references.

"It's awfully good of you, but I haven't time to go into all that," the lady thanked him. "You see, I just want to get up and give a simple little talk about Pershing's being sent down there to settle this thing, and how charming he is, and how the Argentinians (sic) and the Chileans will do anything he says, because good manners mean so much in South America. . . . Now can't you just tell me some little story about General Pershing's manners, and I'll never bother you again?"

Scholarly New England, and the alert-

minded Middle West produced these two ladies, but from a Southern metropolis hailed the eager spinster who confessed to me, "Our Current Events Club is doing *so* much to broaden the women. Of course, we can't discuss controversial topics, so this quarter we're studying Eastern European costumes; but we know almost as much about politics as you men do already."

I told her I was sure of it.

VII

For good or evil, this apathy and its absurdly artificial and ineffective counter-irritants are with us. How far do they indicate deterioration in the vital political fiber of the republic?

The prognosis is surely unfavorable, insofar as our languishing interest in public affairs and insistence upon kindergarten simplicity in their interpretation represent a tendency to let slogans and easy platitudes do duty for thought. In Old Man Barton's view, too many of us accept our college degrees and certificates of vague formal educations as excuse for going through life without "studying about" its political processes.

Insofar as we have permitted our institutions to become tiresome to us through familiarity; insofar as we cynically pronounce ourselves unable to shake off political incompetence and corruption whether interested or not; insofar as we let ourselves become afflicted with what Bryce called the "fatalism of the multitude" and evade all inquiry into public issues with the philosophy of "What's the use, let George do it while you and I talk about movie plots," we are approaching the borderline of unfitness for self-government. Insofar as we are trying to rest our lazy minds from the strain of trying to think internationally during the war, or are afraid that a too frank expression of our political views might now and then hurt us socially or in business, our grandparents ought to be ashamed of us, and, when they are still living, usually are.

Yet these unadmirable motives hardly explain altogether our evasion of the subjects that once most fascinated us. Partly the exaggerated nature of that fascination must explain it. Politics were for a century an obsession with us. Raging and wrangling and whooping up unwarranted enthusiasms, we raised them, important as politics are, ridiculously above their due proportion. The nation, it is to be remembered, made a Homeric hero and colossal statesman out of Gen. William Henry Harrison. It found a commanding intellect in William McKinley. After such romantically imaginative achievements we might do worse for a generation than to silence the windy pomposities, the ill-informed sophistries of our constant political banter and argumentation, with the leer of high-powered cynicism.

Behind much of our apathy lurks a determination to put popinjay debaters and Main Street world statesmen in their places. There is no caustic for such persons like not finding an audience, and caustics are curative. Their worth is to be measured to-day in the apparently increasing number of Americans one meets who, though their reading may be sound and considerable, are slow and deferential about uttering political opinions in casual company because they are not sure of all the facts.

Nor are we necessarily subject to criminal charges for letting other interests temporarily crowd public issues out of the procession. For the time being we may overdo the other interests. They have that fascinating newness for us to-day which the institutions of the republic once had when they were new. But a people which has a wide variety of sports and wholesome amusements to discuss, which has more books, more æsthetic and artistic interests than ever before, even if these be on the tawdry level of Mr. Harold Bell Wright and the more sensational movies; a people which has a constantly keener interest in the

human individuality and its problems even if this is sometimes to be measured by the debasement of psychoanalysis in the lower form of popular magazines—such a people surely is better on the way to learn what its business on earth is than a people for whom political "rag-chewing" and doctrinaire constitutionalism were the sole conversational diversions besides "shop" and domestic gossip. Certainly such a people is not in the throes of intellectual decadence.

Nevertheless, a degree of political apathy we have now with us, perhaps greater than at any period in our history. If less than half our eligible voters were at the polls in 1920 and barely half at the election of 1924, the fact that nothing in their daily human contacts had fired them to any political interest must be held primarily responsible. Of those who did go, how many, during these campaigns of subtle and complex bearing upon the future of the republic, were ever forced to defend their views against shrewd and vigorous opposition, or encouraged to formulate them in any constructive fullness among friends? Probably but an insignificant fraction of those who in 1896 and 1856 met such tests with gallantry and virile delight, and to the improvement of their mental resources and the character of their citizenship.

The danger is, that our apathy of to-day may become a fixed habit. We can breed up generations of slackers of democracy as easily as the other kind—perhaps more easily. Something of the old instinctive sense of the vitality of our institutions and of the citizen's intimate and individual relation to them must return, or we are likely to do it.

BUTTERCUP DAYS

BY A. A. MILNE

WHERE is Anne?
Head above the buttercups,
Walking by the stream,
Down among the buttercups,
Where is Anne?
Walking with her man,
Lost in a dream,
Lost among the buttercups.

What has she got in that little brown head?
Wonderful thoughts which can never be said.
What has she got in that firm little fist of hers?
Somebody's thumb, and it feels like Christopher's.

Where is Anne?
Close to her man,
Brown head, gold head,
In and out the buttercups.

THE NURSE

A STORY

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THERE is a curious institution, widely distributed, called the waiting room. You will find specimens almost everywhere, in railroad stations, in hotels, in department stores, and in business offices of every description. The waiting room is a fearful thing. At best it offers boredom, and at the worst it is a place where one sits through minutes that seem interminable, filled with apprehension or with despair.

Millie had had some experience of waiting rooms, and she dreaded them. She had been sitting in this particular waiting room at the employment agency for three days. She was a little woman, one of those women whose appearance suggests that they have been wrung dry by the torque and torsion of their own emotions; a little woman thin and taut and just now curiously tremulous. She was probably about forty-five years old and she sat among the others without taking any part in the occasional passages of conversation among them. She seemed to be unconscious of their presence, and her eyes, inflamed and weary, looked blankly straight before her. And sometimes, for no apparent reason, they became suffused with tears; not merely misted with moisture, but drowned in a swimming, drenching flood which flowed over her lids and down her dry cheeks until she remembered to wipe away these evidences of the grief which racked her.

On her first day, when she had tried to talk with a prospective employer, she had been unable to control her voice; and her eyes had thus gushed tears till the other woman said impatiently:

"Well, I certainly don't want you if you're the crying kind," and turned away.

Millie had then been rather relieved than disappointed. She always dreaded this necessity of seeking new employment while she was still in the throes of her latest loss. So she sat all that day and the next and into the third. And whenever it appeared that she must talk with one of those who came here seeking servants, she averted her eyes, weakly endeavoring to avoid attracting their notice, willing to put off the inevitable adventure of new employment.

But on the third day she found herself replying in a dull voice to the questions put to her by a woman, perhaps thirty years old, who introduced herself by a name which Millie scarcely heard. She was not interested in the names of her mistresses; she had had so many of them. They were a shadowy procession in the background of her life, those in the past no more definite in her mind than those who waited for her in the future. This woman's name might have been Smith or Brown. It happened to be Mrs. Jones.

Millie answered her questions in a dull and lifeless tone, telling as impersonally as though she spoke of someone else what her life had been. She had been a baby nurse since she was seventeen years old. It would be hard to pack into one sentence a more tragic biography. A woman who has loved one baby and lost it wears forever after in

her eyes the mark of her grief like a pale flower. But Millie had been condemned by life to love many babies and to lose them all.

Mrs. Jones asked question upon question, but Millie asked only one. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A little girl," Mrs. Jones replied, and Millie's ravaged face seemed to lighten faintly at the word.

"I always like the girls best," she confessed.

They arranged for Millie to come the next morning to take the place, and Millie was for the rest of that day a little more cheerful. Her aching grief found anodyne in the prospect of having another baby to love.

There is hardly another ordeal comparable to that of entering the home of strangers and finding yourself there at once an alien, an outsider, liable to instant dismissal, and at the same time in such an intimate relation to the life of the family as that held by the baby nurse. Millie was still sick with sorrow over the loss of her last baby, a loss as irrevocable and a grief as poignant as though the baby had died. But she had no more tears, and she entered this new household, hiding her misery behind a stony countenance.

Mrs. Jones was a friendly, kindly young woman, competent, sure of what she wanted, and at once firm and conciliatory. She was just out of the hospital, and there was still a trained nurse in the house. The little girl who was to be Millie's baby now was about six weeks old.

"Her name is Joan," Mrs. Jones explained to Millie. "This is her room, and you will use this bathroom, and you can keep her things on these shelves, and you will sleep here across the hall."

Millie, with every desire in the world to conciliate her new mistress, nevertheless found herself saying in an exacting tone:

"I always want to sleep in the room with my babies, so I can hear them in the night."

Mrs. Jones nodded willingly enough.

"If you prefer, that is quite all right," she assented. "I will have a cot put in here for you; but I think by the time Joan is three months old we can give up her night feedings altogether. We did with Johnnie."

Millie had already seen Johnnie, the son of the house, about six years old and a lively youngster. Although she had an infinite and understanding tenderness for little babies, she had long since learned that when they grew old enough to walk and to talk they began to escape from her. She knew that she could not, as the saying is, "get along with older children"; and she asked Mrs. Jones now:

"Do you want I should take care of Johnnie too?"

"He can dress himself," Mrs. Jones said proudly. "And he sleeps all night, and he has breakfast and lunch with us. Charles gives him his supper, and he goes to bed before our dinner. I will want you to keep his room in order; but you won't have much to do with him."

"I like to give all my time to my baby," Millie explained, and Mrs. Jones agreed:

"You'll have very little else to do."

The trained nurse left the next day, and Millie threw herself at once into the interminable routine of petty tasks which the care of a small baby brings in its train. Mrs. Jones had been unable to nurse the child more than two weeks, so that Joan was already on the bottle. Millie roused at about half-past five every morning, heated the first bottle over the small electric plate in the bathroom, and held it while Joan absorbed its contents. Afterwards the baby slept for an hour or more, while Millie had time to dress, to have her breakfast in the kitchen with Charles and Laura, and to do some of the enormous amount of washing which had to be done every day. At eight o'clock she took Joan up and bathed her.

Another bottle, another sleep, another waking and another bottle, fresh clothing, and so to sleep again. Thus the recurring days.

In the care of Joan, Millie was perfectly and passionately happy; but not in her other relations. From the beginning she disliked young Johnnie so definitely that at times her feeling amounted to hatred. He was, of course, disorderly, and even though she might be tired and her back might be aching, it was necessary for her to busy herself about his room, forever putting back in their places things which he as continually threw into confusion again. Also, he was noisy, and whenever his shrill voice was upraised she expected him to wake Joan; and if she was near enough, she always tried to command him to silence. But the second or third time this occurred, Mrs. Jones reproved her.

"You must expect Johnnie to be noisy, Millie," she told the nurse.

"He'll wake my baby," Millie jealously retorted.

Mrs. Jones smiled a little, and said, "I'm afraid we're a noisy household. Joan will have to get used to living with us. You mustn't keep hushing Johnnie. After all, he has his rights as well as Joan."

Millie was silenced, because she knew by experience that those considerations which seemed to her so overwhelming would have no weight with her mistress; and her position was weak, since Joan was from the first a sound sleeper, quite undisturbed by anything that went on in the big house. But the fact that Joan never did waken could not prevent Millie's being constantly afraid she would, and a remonstrance at Johnnie's noise was forever on the tip of her tongue.

There were many other disturbing sounds in the house, and they all jarred on her taut nerves; so that after each burst of laughter, or cry, or concussion of a slamming door, she would sit tensely listening for long seconds, expecting a wail of distress from the room where Joan was sleeping.

It did not matter what the source of these noises might be, she resented them all equally. When Johnnie was to blame she was furious; and when older folk were responsible her anger was even more intense. One night two guests came in to dinner and, since the weather was bad, Mr. and Mrs. Jones insisted that they stay over night. When the four of them came upstairs to go to bed, there was a good deal of talking and laughing in the halls; and Millie's anger overcame her prudence so that she put on her dressing gown, and—an absurd little figure with her small braid hanging between her shoulders—she came out into the hall and faced them with burning eyes, and said sharply:

"Joan has just gone to sleep. You'll have to keep quiet. I can't have her waked up now."

Mr. Jones himself replied sternly, "She never wakes, Millie. And even if she did, she cannot expect us to go whispering about the house all the time." He was a large man, his very bulk impressive, and Millie hated him as much as she feared him. But she dared make no reply and retreated to her own room full of bitter rage.

She soon found herself involved in continual discord with Charles, the house man who did the chores and served the meals, and with Laura, his wife, the cook. Millie had her meals with them in the kitchen, and it seemed to her that they were extravagant in their use of electricity and gas, and that they wasted food. The great love which she always gave her babies left in her nothing but angry resentment at the rest of the world; and, although she knew from experience that only trouble could come from any altercation between her and the other servants, she was unable to refrain from criticizing their methods to them and to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones at first received these reports without comment; but the situation became more and more acute

until she was compelled at last to silence Millie and to bid her attend to her own work and let the others attend to theirs.

"You are here to take care of Joan, Millie," she said definitely. "I do not ask you to supervise Charles and Laura. That is my business. They do their work and you do yours, and what they do or how they do it does not concern you."

Millie, knowing the danger in such a course, nevertheless could not refrain from a protesting word. "I can't have them wasting electric light the way they do," she said stridently. And Mrs. Jones replied:

"If you can't be happy here, Millie, you are perfectly free to go at any time; but I will not have you interfering with the other servants."

Millie made no reply. At this word, this suggestion of her leaving, she had been struck with such stark terror that she could not speak. At this time she had been only about two months in the Jones household. In the normal course of events she might expect to stay until Joan was two years old, and there was always a chance that another baby might appear in the meantime to prolong her sojourn. To leave now, while Joan was still small, would be to lose her baby; and she could not bear to contemplate that possibility. Already Joan had ascended to that throne in her heart which so many babies had occupied before. They had become shades, shadows of lost loved ones in the background of her thoughts; but Joan was alive, actual, twelve or fourteen pounds of substantial, tangible, sweet flesh; and she began already to know Millie, to look forward to her appearances, and to respond to her caresses and endearments with wide and toothless smiles.

This is the tragedy of the baby nurse, that she loves her baby so completely that she will endure anything human flesh can endure, rather than be separated from her charge. Millie would go to any length to avoid this catastrophe; and that afternoon, in a desperate desire to placate Mrs. Jones and to ameliorate the impatience which the other might be feeling, she made a cup of tea and took it up to her mistress with an apologetic word.

"I thought you might like it," she explained.

And Mrs. Jones thanked her, and the world was thereafter for a while serene.

Millie's life during the next few months was a succession of irritating incidents from which she found escape in the hours she spent with the baby. Joan now slept less. Her night feedings had been abandoned. She had bottles four times a day; and from about seven o'clock in the morning till the ten o'clock bottle, and from the two o'clock bottle until that which she had at six, she was awake. In the morning Millie brought her downstairs to sit in the dining room while Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Johnnie had their breakfast. In the afternoon she took the baby for a walk in her perambulator and stayed away from the house, when the weather was fair, as late as it was possible, reveling in the long hours alone with Joan. But she could not always be with her baby, and in her relations with Charles and Laura and with Johnnie there were continual irritations.

Between her and Charles there was a continuing feud. Charles was devoted to Johnnie, and he so contrived his time as to be able to help the little boy dress in the morning and undress at night. The two were boon companions. But Millie hated Johnnie, and he returned this feeling not with hatred, because he was too young to feel that passion, but with resentment of her attentions and with an inclination to become fretful and angry at her ministrations. She hated Johnnie; but the fact that he welcomed Charles and liked to be with the man aroused in Millie an infuriating jealousy. Sometimes she and Charles became involved in arguments as to the simple business of keeping Johnnie's room in order; and it seemed to Millie

that Charles encouraged Johnnie to rebel at her authority and to be impudent to her.

One morning when she brought Joan to the dining room she had had such a passage with the man, and it had so wrought upon her nerves that she was in tears. When she came in, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Johnnie were already at the table; and she burst out in explosive complaint, hating herself for doing it, knowing the risk she ran, yet unable to control her tongue. With tears streaming down her face she cried:

"Mrs. Jones, I want you to tell Johnnie that he isn't to talk back to me the way he does."

Mrs. Jones said quietly, "We'll discuss that by and by, Millie."

"He won't do anything I tell him to," Millie insisted. "And him and Charles just laugh at me."

Charles, coming in just then with the coffee, was driven to self-defense.

"Johnnie's all right, Mrs. Jones," he said stoutly. "She won't let him alone. She don't understand boys. I can take care of Johnnie all right if she'd just leave him alone."

Mrs. Jones said decisively, "That will do, Charles!"

"Yes, ma'am," Charles agreed and left the room.

But Millie, unutterably exasperated, cried again, "Johnnie's got to be made to behave, ma'am."

Mrs. Jones repeated, "We'll discuss that later, Millie!"

And Millie, though she was almost beside herself with weeping rage, felt the menace in the other's tone and left the room.

After her husband had gone, Mrs. Jones summoned Millie and said to her steadily:

"You are not to do such a thing as that again, Millie. I don't want Mr. Jones bothered by anything that goes on at home. If you have anything to say to me, wait until he has gone and come to me quietly."

Millie cried, "Well, I can't stand the way Johnnie treats me."

"Hereafter," Mrs. Jones told her, "you need have no contact with Johnnie except to keep his room in order. Charles will take care of him, and I am sure you will get along all right if you avoid trouble with Johnnie or with Charles."

"I can't stand it," Millie cried.

"If you can't be happy here with us," Mrs. Jones told her, "I would rather you did not stay. I don't want anyone in the house who is unhappy."

The words struck Millie with a sobering effect, as though Mrs. Jones had dashed cold water in her face. They silenced her utterly, and drove her from the room to fight down all that day her desperate fear. That afternoon she made Mrs. Jones another cup of tea.

She thought Joan the most beautiful of babies and she thought of Joan always as her baby, and Joan seemed to Millie to feel that Millie was her whole world, too. When Millie came to her in the morning, even before the nurse entered the room Joan was apt to begin to crow with delight at her coming. And when Millie bathed her, changed her garments, talked to her in that cheering, reassuring tone which, no matter what her own mood, she was always able to summon for Joan, Joan fairly wriggled with delight. When in the morning it came time for Mr. Jones to go to town and Millie was summoned to take the baby, Joan always came to her eagerly. And sometimes when either Mr. or Mrs. Jones offered to take the baby from Millie, Joan would laugh aloud, and throw her arms around Millie's neck and snuggle her face into the nurse's shoulder as though it were a game which she played.

Millie used to nurse the memory of these scenes, and to tell herself over and over that Joan loved her more than she loved either her father or her mother; and thus thinking, she would hug Joan with a fierce tenderness full of passion. At such times Joan chuckled and babbled with delight as though these ferocious

caresses were delightful to her. Millie reveled in these hours when she had Joan to herself, the rest of the world apart. But at those moments when she perceived that Joan had passed from one of the phases of babyhood to another, abandoning one little trick for the next, Millie felt a poignant alarm at the approach of the time when Joan would no longer be a baby at all and so would escape from her.

She stifled these forebodings, clinging to the present, refusing to consider the future, blinding herself to the inevitable end of all this happiness, insistently declining to look forward to the day when—one way or another—she would lose this baby, whom she loved, as she had lost so many before. Yet these fears, though they were stifled, had their effect upon her; her furtive dread sharpened her tongue, and she found herself saying and doing irritating things. At such moments she was full of regret, regret not so much because of what she had done as because by such actions she laid herself open to dismissal, ran the risk of losing Joan. And afterwards she would seek to make amends, throwing herself into her work with new zeal, seeking tasks outside her appointed duties, paying her mistress small attentions, bringing her a potted plant, making a dress for Joan, or serving Mrs. Jones a cup of tea in the afternoon.

Thus her life was a succession of crimes and repentances, a series of passions each followed by fearful remorse. And there were days, occasionally weeks, when she held such a rigid bridle upon her tongue that her silence made her seem sulky; and there were other days when the check which she kept upon herself slipped, and she loosed in bitter words the blind and venomous anger which she felt against the whole world.

Once or twice she caught herself talking to Charles and Laura of Mr. and Mrs. Jones in terms frankly slanderous, and for days thereafter she was full of bitter and terrified self-reproach, moving cautiously, watching the demeanor of her mistress for any sign that her words had been reported, shrinking with fear of the destruction she had invited. She was her own worst enemy and she knew this as well as anyone, but it became more and more difficult for her to keep a curb upon her tongue.

As Joan approached her first birthday, half a dozen influences combined to produce a cumulative nervous strain which Millie found more and more tormenting. For one thing the baby was maturing. Millie had wished to keep her as long as possible completely helpless and dependent, so she had prisoned her in her crib or in her perambulator, and Joan had not yet learned to creep. But Mrs. Jones at last insisted that Millie put the baby on the floor for an hour or two a day, to exercise those muscles which were ready to assume their functions.

The result was an increasingly rapid development of Joan's powers. She set herself to the task of learning to manipulate her small body with a persistency as deliberate as though she were quite conscious of what she did. And she would sit up on the floor, pull herself forward over her legs until she lay on her face, push herself back up to a sitting posture again, pull herself forward once more and roll on her back, and from this position again push herself up until she was sitting erect, following this routine over and over as though she had been set these tasks to do. She began also to exercise her voice, no longer in the meaningless outcries of infancy, but trying different tones, now shrill, now guttural; and some of these utterances assumed a form suggestive of speech, till it was easy to imagine she was trying to say something.

Millie had cared for so many babies that she knew what these signs portended She knew that Joan would soon escape from her ministering care, and this knowledge oppressed her dreams.

The nurse was also at this time under

an increased physical strain. Mrs. Jones was planning a birthday party for Joan, to which half a dozen other babies, a little younger or a little older, would be invited. Millie decided to make a dress which Joan should wear on that occasion; and into this work she threw all her energies, spending upon it every hour not directly devoted to Joan herself, working at it in the early morning, at moments snatched during the day, and late at night when she might better have been asleep. The result was that she was tired almost all the time, and this weariness served to break down in large and larger measure her self-control, till she was in continual conflict within herself, fighting to stifle the resentment which she felt against those among whom her life was cast.

There had long existed between her and Charles a state of open warfare; and this was brought to something like a crisis one evening when Mr. and Mrs. Jones had gone out to dinner. Charles, as he liked to do on such occasions, had put the young son of the house to bed. Millie was moved by some blind and senseless impulse, after Charles had gone downstairs, to get Johnnie up again and insist upon giving him a bath.

The little boy felt the injustice of this. "I don't want to take a bath," he cried.

"You're dirty," Millie told him. "You ought to be ashamed to go to bed as dirty as you are; and Charles ought to be ashamed to let you. Now you come right along into the bathroom and Millie will give you a nice bath."

"I had a bath this morning," Johnnie insisted bitterly. "I'm not going to take a bath now."

Millie's tone was soothing, yet there was in it at the same time something acidly venomous.

"Come right along," she retorted. "There's no use fussing. You've got to have a bath the way Millie says."

Johnnie still resisting, she undertook to compel him; but the result was such an outcry that Charles heard and came swiftly upstairs, and there followed a bitter altercation between the two servants, Johnnie clinging to Charles for protection, Millie reduced to a state of blind and incoherent frenzy.

But there was no way she could carry her point, since Charles was quite obviously the physical master of the situation. She surrendered because she had to surrender; but the episode remained in her mind and accentuated the developing enmity between her and Charles to such a point that the least incident was sufficient to set them into open wrangling. Millie, out of necessity, ate in the kitchen with Charles and Laura, and it is not to be wondered at that under the circumstances she had no relish for her meals, and her digestion suffered.

Yet still she tried desperately to control herself, to avoid giving further offense to her mistress in any way. But the very desperation of her efforts in this direction led her into error. Millie's greatest virtue had always been that she gave her babies perfect care; but now, once and then again, she was guilty of negligence even toward Joan. The first occasion followed a night when she had worked late upon the dress for Joan's birthday party, and her resultant weariness made her oversleep the hour for the morning bottle. The baby awoke and cried, and Millie did not even hear till Mrs. Jones came to her door. Millie's bitter self-reproach translated itself into anger against her mistress. She said sharply:

"You don't have to come after me. I heard her. She's all right to cry a little while. I'll get to her in a minute. You can't expect me to keep on the run all the time."

Mrs. Jones hesitated, as though to control her voice, but she only said:

"You had better take her up now, Millie. I don't want her to cry when it isn't necessary," and turned away.

The final incident occurred one afternoon when she was about to take Joan out for a ride in her perambulator.

Joan was by this time more and more vigorous and active, and when Millie put her in the baby carriage she did not buckle the safety strap sufficiently tight. She went back into the house to get her own hat and coat and while she was gone Joan, wriggling this way and that, managed to twist herself till she was hanging half out of the carriage and forthwith began to scream with fright and despair.

As luck woud have it, Charles heard her and ran out from the kitchen in time to avoid any serious result from the mishap. But Millie also had heard Joan crying and was only a second behind Charles; and the fact that he had interfered seemed to her so bitter a wrong that she upbraided him violently.

"Take your hands off my baby," she cried in a shrill and exasperated voice. "I won't have you touching her. I won't have you bothering her."

Charles said sternly, "It's lucky I did touch her. She'd have bumped her head. You ought to take more care the way you buckle her in."

"I don't need any man to tell me how to take care of babies," Millie screamed at him. "You get back into your kitchen, you scullery maid."

Charles laughed shortly. "Hard names never hurt anybody," he retorted. "If they did, I could think up one or two myself."

But the fact that he stood his ground, as though passing judgment upon the manner in which she now bestowed Joan in the perambulator, whetted Millie's anger to a pitch near delirium; and when Mrs. Jones, attracted by the sound of the nurse's shrill and frenzied voice, came to the door, Millie was in a perfect paroxysm of fury.

The result of this culminating incident was her dismissal.

"If you can't control yourself," Mrs. Jones said in a tone of finality, "I can't let you be about Joan any longer. I'm sorry, Millie, but you will have to go. I'll have a taxi come for you at three this afternoon."

Millie cried all that day, not silently, but with wild and explosive sounds, the tears streaming from her eyes. She at first accepted her dismissal without argument, but when Mrs. Jones insisted upon bathing Joan herself, and told Millie to go to her room and pack her things, the old woman for the first time fully realized that sentence had been passed upon her. Her agony of spirit was like that of a man condemned to death; and when Joan was asleep—for even now Millie would not do anything calculated to disturb the routine of the baby's life—the nurse went to Mrs. Jones' room and sought to bring about a change in the other's decision. Her abject grief, the craven pleadings to which in the end she was at last driven, worked upon her mistress intolerably; and there was a moment when one of these women was almost as unhappy as the other. But although she perceived how much of a tragedy this was to Millie, Mrs. Jones had made her decision and was strong enough to hold to it.

"I've only kept you so long," she said, "because you've been so good to Joan. You're a good nurse, Millie, but you're a most uncomfortable person to have around. If you would learn to be civil and to attend to your own affairs, you'd avoid so much trouble. I've made up my mind. I'll have to let you go."

Millie left the house in mid-afternoon. As her belongings were being packed into the taxi-cab which Mrs. Jones had summoned, she wept unbearably, and Mrs. Jones could not refrain from asking:

"Where do you plan to go, Millie?"

Millie said desperately, "I'll go somewhere. I don't know where."

"Shall I send you to a hotel till you can get another place?" Mrs. Jones suggested, and Millie shook her head.

"No," she replied. And she named a woman whom she knew and said, "I'll go to her house for a day or two."

When she said good-by to Joan she tried to control herself. She had dried

her eyes and she fought to achieve the smile and the soothing and agreeable tone which she always used to the baby. Mrs. Jones had Joan in her sitting room on the second floor, and Millie went in there, and Joan saw her enter and lifted both arms in an appeal to be taken up from the floor. Millie picked her up, pouring out upon her that meaningless flood of words which Joan always found so delightful, while Mrs. Jones watched the two unhappily.

After a moment Millie said:

"I'll not be here for her birthday party."

"You might like to come in that afternoon," Mrs. Jones suggested; but Millie shook her head, and the tears burst from her eyes.

"I left a dress for her on my bed," she explained. "I've been making it the last month."

"She shall wear it," Mrs. Jones assured her, unable to feel anything but pity for the little old woman, and fighting for strength to maintain her decision that Millie must go.

Joan was pounding at Millie's face with her small hands, and Millie for a moment forgot Mrs. Jones, turning her attention to the baby again. "Good-by," she said. Joan wrinkled her nose and screamed with delight, and as she slapped Millie's cheeks the tears splashed under her hands. "I'm sorry I'm going, Joan," Millie told the baby. And Joan crowed, and Millie turned to Mrs. Jones and said:

"Take her."

Mrs. Jones held out her arms to the baby, but Joan had played that game before, and she knew what was expected of her. She laughed gleefully, threw her arms around Millie's neck, and snuggled her face into the nurse's shoulder; and Millie gave a little gasping cry and turned abruptly and set Joan down upon the floor and fled from the room. Only in the doorway she paused for a moment to turn and look back and to say over and over:

"I'm so sorry, Joan. I'm so sorry. Millie's so sorry. Good-by, Joan. Good-by."

She stood there a moment longer, drenched in tears; and Joan, sobered by this spectacle, stared at her in perplexity and waved a small hand in a doubtful way.

"Yes, yes," Millie gasped. "Yes, Joan! Bye bye!"

So she waved an answering hand; then turned and fled, blind and stumbling, toward where the taxi waited at the door.

A waiting room is a fearful place. Millie had had some experience of waiting rooms and she dreaded them. She had been sitting in this particular waiting room at the employment agency for three days; a little woman, thin and taut, and just now curiously tremulous. Her eyes, inflamed and weary, looked blankly straight before her. And sometimes, for no apparent reason, they became suffused with tears; not merely misted with moisture, but drowned in a swimming, drenching flood which flowed over her lids and down her dry cheeks until she remembered to wipe away these evidences of the grief which racked her.

On the third day she found herself replying in a dull voice to the questions put to her by a woman who introduced herself by a name which Millie scarcely heard. She was not interested in the names of her mistresses; she had had so many of them. This woman's name might have been Brown or Jones. It happened to be Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith asked question upon question, but Millie asked only one.

"Is the baby a boy or a girl?"

"A little girl," Mrs. Smith replied. And Millie's ravaged face seemed to lighten faintly at the word.

"I like little girls best," she confessed.

They arranged for Millie to come next morning; and Millie was for the rest of that day a little more cheerful. Her aching grief found anodyne in the prospect of having another baby to love.

ENGLISH POTS AND AMERICAN KETTLES

A STUDY IN MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

ADVOCATES of Anglo-American friendship seem to me as a rule to do more harm than good by their arguments. If they are Americans they are too Anglophil for their brethren. If they are English they imply either that the English covet American wealth, or that England is politically and financially in such extremity that without American aid she will perish. I hope I shall not give such false impressions. My own view is that the English and the Americans (I use that order for euphony's sake, and say "English" rather than "British" because I am an Englishman) ought to be friends, but that in all matters of business and politics they should refrain from asking or expecting sentimental treatment. I want the Americans to "see America first," and the English to mind their own affairs. I also want them not to worry as much as some of them now do about what is said in English papers about Americans, and what is said in American papers about the English. A large number of the complimentary references are what the young person in "The Yeoman of the Guard" called "mere politeness to comparative strangers"; most of the unfavorable comments are rubbish. Both England and America have hundred per cent patriots whose chief work it is to create enmity by foolish bellowing; and, as far as I can tell, the hundred per cent patriot in any country is usually a half-breed with a sense of national inferiority which has reached the borders of hysteria.

Before I come to a discussion of the difficulties of Anglo-American friendship, let me briefly explain what I mean by friendship. And also let me give my reasons for wishing friendship to subsist between the Americans and the English. Some of these last are common reasons, already urged *ad nauseam;* others are personal. Friendship, for me, must be based upon mutual confidence. And it must be based upon self-respecting admiration for the other person or persons. The liking may be thereafter expressed in as warm, as emotional, or as undemonstrative a manner as the parties please. But confidence and admiration for qualities outside one's own range are, to my thinking, essential to friendship, whether it is between individuals or between nations. Have the English and the Americans that requisite respect, that requisite admiration for each other? Can they go forward to like and trust each other? A very brilliant English friend of mine says that the Americans despise the English. Most of my American friends seem, upon the other hand, to regard the English as insufferably haughty towards Americans. If one or other of these two opinions is indeed true, then friendship between the two nations is impossible. I think neither is true.

The reasons I should give for Anglo-American friendship may be expressed thus. We are coming more and more to a comprehension of the fact that just as, with human beings as individuals, to know all is to pardon most, so with large aggregations of human beings an essen-

tial factor in the search for world peace is mutual understanding between the nations. If national jealousies are to continue, then national animosities must be perpetual. Therefore, national jealousies must be combatted by us all, by every possible method. The first and only true method is that honest dealing which begets friendship; and between two of the great nations, as far as I can see, there is no barrier to honest dealing. America and England, whatever their differences, are the two existing nationalities which have most in common. Both are fundamentally and incurably Puritan in morals. Both—whatever the world may say—are disinterested to a degree which I believe to be unknown elsewhere. An individual American, like an individual Englishman, wishes to do right for right's sake, and not merely for his own advantage. He believes that honesty is not only the best policy but the other person's due. In spite of innumerable acts to which an adverse critic could no doubt call attention, I think that the governments of both nations share this spirit of disinterestedness as far as their responsibilities allow. Governments cannot be as unselfish as individuals, because upon their choice depends the safety and well-being of the state itself. But British and American governments in general legislation can proceed only in accord with the public opinion of their own countries, and it is to such public opinion, rather than to outside opinion, that they listen first of all. This is the democratic idea, and both countries are democracies.

So much for the obvious reasons. I will now come to one which may provoke derision, but which I regard as of the deepest importance. In general attitude of mind, and particularly in the faculty of humorous self-criticism, the two nations stand alone. To both, the weapon of pure ridicule is common. It is not the scathing ridicule of the German cartoonists; not the witty sarcasm of the French, or the serious scorn of the Italians; but it has a teasing quality peculiar to itself. Neither Americans nor English, whatever the exceptions, seem to me to be primarily witty—the Puritanism in both nations would probably prevent that; but they are both humorous. They make fun. They make fun of pretentiousness and of vanity and humbug in themselves as no other nations are in the habit of doing. They are more afraid of seriousness than they are of death, and so they joke in the face of despair. There may be individual humbugs (as there must be individual cowards), each with thousands of gullible patrons; there may be many hundreds of solemn fools in the countries of England and the states of America; but in the large view these hundreds are negligible. We are dealing with a national trait, and the facts are as I have said. Hence the oddness which men of other countries find in the English and the Americans. It is an oddness which the French, for example, are continuously at a loss to explain. To them ridicule is a political weapon, and not a moral purge. When Mark Twain wrote that the English were mentioned in the Bible, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," he was making a joke, and an ironic comment, which only the English and the Americans could appreciate. Men of all other countries would see the irony, and miss the joke. I will say nothing about the bond of spoken and written language which exists between the two nations, because one can misunderstand one's next-door neighbor, whose language is indistinguishable from one's own; but will say only that they have the same spiritual language. Apart from high dignitaries, the peoples use ridicule as their chief weapon. They are both shrewd and simple-minded. They are the two nations whose politics are interpenetrated with morals. They are both philistine nations which have produced and will ever produce great poets, great prose writers, and great artists. Not, perhaps, musicians of the first class; and certainly not academic critics. They

ought to be able to understand each other.

But what difficulties there are in the way of such understanding! In the first place the characteristic of shyness. In the American this takes the form of over-sensitiveness to the opinion of others; in the Englishman, of stony silence. Then there is the traditional American and there is the traditional Englishman. The traditional American (for the English) is a lanky yellow-faced man with a goatee beard, who says, "Wa-al, I guess," and spits everywhere. He has a drawl and a nasal whine, has a six-shooter at his hip, and is always bluffing, particularly at poker. The traditional Englishman (for the American) wears a monocle, Dundreary whiskers, is exceedingly supercilious, talks with a "Bah Jove" affectedness, has no sense of humor, and is a thoroughly objectionable cad. So much for tradition. In England we now have a picture of Americans as very pale, long-faced men, with prominent teeth, who measure everything by its cost in thousands of dollars, who try to look shrewd and wise by means of tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses, who try to appear shrewd and wise by speaking very slowly and as if they chewed every word; of shrill-voiced women, also with tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses, who speak loudly of "Noo Yoik," and of the deficiencies of the English, their homes, and their climate; and who are in constant trouble with the pronunciation of words such as "Savoy," "Cadogan," etc. In America there is a picture of an Englishman who is completely incomprehensible in speech, is whiskerless but still monocled, still supercilious, who is ill-bred in face of every kindness shown him, looks everywhere for defects, is bored and disgusted, and who patronizes America for the sake of what money he can take away from her. Readers of this essay will know how false is the conventional English idea of an American. As to the Englishman—when I was in America two years ago a man who had attended one of my lectures came after me as I was leaving the hall, and said, "Mr. Swinnerton. I just want to shake hands with you, and to say that, like all the other Englishmen I've met, you're not a bit like an Englishman."

Now I am going to make an admission. There *are* Englishmen who strongly resemble the popular American idea of an Englishman. There are monocled, supercilious, insufferable Englishman. There are supercilious, insufferable Englishwomen. There! The admission is made! I love England, and after long experience of all classes of them I think it would be hard to beat the English for lovable qualities. I returned to England two years ago after an absence in America of four months, and, although I had been as happy as possible in America I was, in seeing my home again, deeply stirred at one thought. It was that men of my own kin, my own country, setting out long since from this tiny island in a corner of the earth, should have made their land so great in the world's history that the name "Englishman" can never, even now, the world over, be pronounced with indifference. It was not of the Empire and its wealth that I thought, but of the English character, its simplicity, its tenacity, its honesty. When I saw the greenness of the English countryside I was filled with love and with pride at the knowledge that this land, so astoundingly radiant, was my own. And it so happened that within a few hours I left England again, in order to go to Italy. And the *train de luxe* for Rome was crowded with English people who conformed to the American popular notion of the English. They were intolerable. They carried about with them an air of superiority, of right which I resented as bitterly as any American could have done. I disowned them. These were not *my* English. But they were there. They are always there. Impossible to escape from them. I cannot deny that among the English are some who deserve every word of the

condemnation and the caricature which some Americans pour upon the whole nation. But I am not yet finished. The sting of the tale is yet to come. At an hotel at which I subsequently stayed on the Continent there were several of these traveling English. They were terrible. But there was one who was worse than any of the English. She was an elderly American woman.

I shall not pause to dilate upon the fact that both English and Americans ought really—in the interests of international friendship—to censor those who travel from their own lands to the lands of others. It is unnecessary for me to do so. How many Americans have groaned at the thought that this one or that one of their countrymen and countrywomen will be taken as representative of America? Will it not be believed that the English also groan at their traveling representatives? At home such people are merely ridiculous individuals: abroad they become serious and even dangerous manifestations. Think of the way in which our liking or disliking of a Christian name is caused and colored by the persons bearing that name who have been known to us. How much more is our thought of a country influenced by the individuals hailing from that country whom we happen to have met. It is prejudice; but prejudice so potent that it becomes a menace to understanding. In our own countries we observe an insufferable person as an insufferable person pure and simple. We never think of his nationality. If he comes from another country, however—if, for example, he is an Englishman—the American says "that darned *Englishman*." Equally, the Englishman, if he dislikes an individual American, will say "these—Americans." Thus is cousinly regard fostered. There are faults upon both sides.

Now I think what really constitutes the difference between my view of these traveling English and the American view is that I recognize them as members of a class. The American thinks of them merely as "English." When I speak of "the English" I think of my own friends, the many hundreds of men and women with whom I have talked since I was a child, and all that I know about Englishmen, public and private. I am convinced that when any one of these people goes abroad he or she is unnoticed. But all the gasbags who travel force themselves upon the attention. They are bounders and snobs, ridiculous and repulsive to a degree. I have seen them all over the Continent. But I too have traveled; I too am English. I have the notorious English dislike of talking to strangers in railway carriages (and never—to my chagrin—travel in a railway carriage without being forced into conversation by one of these supposedly repressive English). I am slow to converse, slow to make friends. And in spite of these and innumerable other English traits, although the many Americans I have met must have formed opinions regarding my defects of character, I think no American would ever accuse me of being like one of these traveling Englishmen. Yet—and this is the point I want to make—the bulk of the forty-odd million persons who compose the population of the British Isles are very much more like myself than they are like the typical traveling Englishman and typical traveling Englishwoman.

Again, there is the stay-at-home Englishman who belongs to this same class. He has never seen other countries and is perfectly ready to regard the Americans as savages. Two American friends of mine, coming to Europe for the first time a few years ago, brought letters of introduction to several persons. From one of these persons they received, and cheerfully accepted, an invitation to dinner. Upon arrival at the house they were shown into their host's drawing-room and, as he and his wife were long in appearing, the strangers could not resist the temptation offered them by a large sheet of paper which stood, like a notice,

upon the mantelpiece. It was a list of engagements for the week. It read:

Monday: J. D. Brown and wife
Tuesday: F. L. and G.
Wednesday: two Americans

and so on. One can imagine the sensations of my friends, who were thus solemnly pilloried as if they had been "two cannibals," "two roadsweepers," or "two queer fish." They were embarrassed. Their temptation was to fly from such queer hospitality. Fortunately, they laughed. Their host proved to be one of the solemn Englishmen. They were completely dashed and, if they had been like some other visitors, might have generalized rapidly about English manners and the English temperament. They stayed a long time in England; they have returned to England more than once since then. Never once have they experienced anything comparable. Nor have they had any complaint to make about English haughtiness, English coldness, or English lack of hospitality. The beginning was bad; but it was a solitary case. Do I make my meaning clear?

To return to travelers. In the same way as there is the traveling Englishman, there is the traveling American. In spite of all the quiet and likeable Americans who visit England (and who—forgive me!—are taken for Englishmen wherever they go), the American who impresses his nationality upon all beholders is the noisy, ill-mannered man who has made money quickly and wishes everybody to know it. His family travels with him. I met in a smallish town in the Middle West a man who had visited England for a fortnight. He had a poor opinion of England. He was a business man, and he thought nothing of England. It had not been built quickly enough for his taste. He had seen no signs: "Watch us grow!" Similarly, a popular American writer who came to England recently complained everywhere that there were no motion-picture men at Southampton to photograph his arrival. He found England entirely lacking in enterprise. He thought England was a *rotten* country. He thought England was "played out." The omission of the motion-picture men entirely soured his view of the country, which he quitted hastily. His protests were loud and he made few friends. That man was quite obviously an American, and he did more harm to the English notion of Americans than a dozen of the real sort could remove. Simply because he was vocal and because his Americanism was ostentatious. I need not say that no Englishman, in reaching New York, expects or desires motion-pictures of his arrival to be taken.

I mention these two cases—and could multiply them by tens and twenties—because I have heard so much of the bad behavior of Englishmen in America. It is my belief that all the nice Englishmen who come to America are taken for Americans from New England. But as soon as a really blatant fellow turns up, or as soon as somebody corresponding to the traditional type makes himself obnoxious to reporters, I fancy he is not quickly forgotten. His "Englishness" is remarked and underlined. By ninety-nine interviewers in America I was described as very un-English. By the hundredth (a woman), who called as I had stepped into a bath after two days on the train, I was ribaldly described as "typically English: he takes baths and keeps his handkerchief in his sleeve."

II

I should now like to come to the question of mutual criticism. What I have just been saying fringes this subject but does not attack it. We are all familiar with the criticism of our enemies, which generally consists in saying nothing at all. We are familiar with the criticism of our friends. Nobody will for one moment suggest that these two forms of criticism compare at all with the criticism of our relations. I, fortunately, have few near relations; but the passionate anxiety all these relations have

always shown lest my head should become swelled has revealed to me how hard to bear the criticism of relations can be. I see in some of the English papers remarks about America—advice to America, abuse of America, candor towards America, etc.—which touch the border of what is allowable. But these remarks do not, upon the whole, exceed in impertinence remarks which are made in some American papers about England. I know, because I have seen them. There is no doubt that these remarks, if they were printed in *The New York Times*, or in *The Times* or *The Manchester Guardian*, would cause something of a shock. They might embitter the relations of the two countries. But if one knows the papers in which they appear, if one realizes that in such papers yesterday's views are already forgotten, it will seem as though such criticisms were negligible. They are only not negligible because it is as impossible for an American to appreciate the exact standing of any English paper as it is for an Englishman to discriminate between the innumerable journals which every city in the United States multiplies at will. There are very few periodicals in any country in the world which express the considered views upon any international matter of those competent to form an opinion. And the less considered the views, and the more incompetent the author of them, the more vehement will be the expression.

But the final point to which I should like to refer is a great social difference which, I think, is often not understood. The English are very much more formal than the Americans. It is a heritage from times when men and women were very formal indeed, and it is only now beginning to yield to more modern manners. In England if one is asked to dinner one either accepts or declines, and if one accepts one presents oneself punctually at the appointed hour. Dinner to which guests are bidden is a strict and unalterable function. One may meet during the day one's oldest friend, who is in London for twenty-four hours; but one goes alone to the dinner-party. In America, in the same circumstances, one telephones to one's hostess. One names the circumstances. The hostess replies "Why, bring him along. Surely." And the friend makes a half-a-dozen new friends. In England the hostess might after dinner hear of the friend. She might say, regretfully, "Oh, why didn't you telephone? Your friend could have come too." But the thing is not done. The English custom is otherwise. It may almost be set down as a fact that in England one does not dine with one's friends, but only with one's acquaintances. With one's friends—and by this I mean one's real intimates—one does not have formal meetings at all, and as a rule they are out of town.

When an Englishman goes to America, upon the other hand, he finds that apparently everybody knows everybody else, and that nobody has any formal engagements which interfere with his pleasures. The desire to make him happy, to show him attention seems to override every other occupation. I often think how cold our English welcome must seem to Americans used to such customs, and I know that the same embarrassment has occurred to other Englishmen who are able to contrast the habits of London and New York. Whereas, in America, there is a natural spirit of camaraderie and gregariousness which simplifies the social whirl, in England one has strict engagements entered in one's little notebook for perhaps three weeks ahead. There is no absence of hospitality. English hospitality is not inferior to any in the world. But there is certainly a defect in its free exercise. I confess the difficulty, and see no solution of it. Most Americans who come to England and find themselves greeted with a puckered brow and an engagement book are patient and courteous to a degree, and as a rule an accommodation is reached; but if an American *should* happen to look for something more hearty,

what is to be done? I do not know. I state the problem and leave it upon record that the problem is recognized in England, and regretted.

It amounts, then, to this, that in England there are certain habits, and that in America there are certain other habits. And whatever is habitual seems to all of us to be right. A habit is, to ourselves, a law of nature. A contrary habit is a queer thing—a monstrosity—an offence. That both ours and the other man's are habits only does not make them any the less lawful or unlawful. Indeed, habits, which in fact represent what are merely superficial differences between men, are the most noticeable things of all, and the most decisive in any spontaneous national liking or aversion. The American habit of holding the fork in the right hand, when the English find it more convenient to hold it in the left; the American habit of drinking iced water and coffee, when the Englishman (with every drink in the world to choose from) rarely drinks except from sociability; the American habit of saying "skedule" where the Englishman says "shedule"; the American habit of saying "beat it" when the Englishman says "hop it"—these are the points of difference that strike a newcomer to either country. There are many more serious differences, of course (we have no Ku Klux Klan; we have no color problem; but we have other vital questions to settle in which an American could take but a distant interest), and I must not be supposed to have ignored them because I have not dealt with them. These are problems: they are not trivial obstacles to friendship. I could multiply instances of difference in habit between the two nations until a whole number of this magazine was filled with the tables; but there is no need for me to mention any more of them. Any visitor to one or the other country can see them for himself. And it is my claim that the Americans and the English should be lenient with each others' habits, since habits are frequently inexplicable and indefensible. Nor, in the matter of present intolerance, do I think there is much to choose between Americans and English.

Let me mention here, as a conclusive example of this, one experience of my own. When I first traveled upon an American railroad I took the strongest possible dislike to it. I disliked the suffocating heat of the car, the violent discomforts of undressing and dressing while bending double and knocking my head and my elbows against the berth above, the midnight shocks and joltings of couplings and shuntings, the clutch of the conductor's paw in the morning, the crowded public toilet under the eyes of earlier-comers who smoked and stared. I thought I had never experienced anything so nasty. And as I recalled the delectable privacy of English railway trains, their sweet motion, etc., I suddenly heard an American expressing to an untraveled friend his vehement abhorrence of these same English trains. He said, "They rush along seventy miles an hour. Not open and free like this. You're shut up in little boxes smaller than this smoking car, and locked in—can't get out; can't get a wash or go to the lavatory. Nobody to tell you where your station is. Nobody to talk to. As for the sleeping cars—my God!" It was at this moment that I learned forever how that thing to which we are accustomed is for us the best there is; and anything different is revolting. Unconsciously the American had replied to almost every one of my objections to the American railways. Would he have learned as much if, having *thought* his dislikes, he had heard me giving vent to mine? I think he might have done so. But in any case it was that coincidence which made me feel that matters between our two countries—the important matters, which are not questions of state but questions of taste, habit, and prejudice—could best be settled by a little patience, and a little comprehension.

NOTES ON WOMEN IN BUSINESS

BY HELEN WOODWARD

The author of these notes began to earn her living at nineteen. She held numerous positions as typist, clerk, and stenographer. Through stenography she became an advertising copywriter and from this made her way up through the advertising business. Her work and her ideas always call forth a picture of a robust tall woman, and advertisers who had never seen her were always surprised when they saw how small and slim and delicate she was. The complete story of her career, from which these excerpts are selected, will shortly appear in book form under the title *Changing Windows.—The Editors.*

Stenography as an Opening.—In my stenographic days I was never technically a good stenographer. I never learned the shorthand system right, I was a rather careless typist. But I had such an intense interest in the people and in the work of my department and such a love for playing with words that I was a good secretary. I remember a secretary of my own in later years, pretty and gentle; she never made a mistake; technically she was proficient, but she had no interest in anything I was saying—she never seemed to think that the dictation had any relation to life, even when it was about fashions, perfumes, and cosmetics—in which, aside from her work, she was much absorbed. She was a nice girl, but as a secretary she was tiresome. There was another girl who had been a stenographer for eight years (she went to work at fifteen) and still made mistakes, but her enthusiasm was lively. She detested her work, and so had to get away from it and became one of my best advertising copywriters. Three years after she came to work for me at forty dollars a week a large advertising agency was paying her a hundred dollars a week. The stenographer who is willing to remain only a stenographer is usually just waiting to be married. And often she is ashamed of being a stenographer, and says, "I'm doing secretarial work." And, naturally, what she is ashamed of doing she does badly.

I do not mean the woman who, without title and without pay, runs the boss's job and the boss's business. There are thousands of such women in the United States—thousands. In certain big law offices finely trained lawyers at small pay sit and dig out the law and the tricks and the decisions, while the showier members of the firm get the money and the glory. So too in many an office an imposing man or woman draws the big salary while some devoted able secretary not only does the work but makes the decisions. Many of these women, quite unconsciously, are in love with their employers, and think them a little like gods. Others do it because it is their nature to run things, and modern business is not yet modern enough to give them the opportunity they need.

It is my opinion that, except love, money, or pull, stenography is a woman's shortest cut to a big job. Everybody knows the business world is full of people who entered it with such powerful introductions that they will always be cared for no matter how incompetent they may be. It is not only the sons of rich men who have such influence. In one advertising agency where I worked

there was a large rubber-tire account which was being adequately handled by a copywriter who was bright and not overpaid. One day in came a new tall young newspaper man from the Middle West. He was introduced as a new copywriter to learn the business.

"He's a nephew of Mr. So-and-So," said the copy chief to me—Mr. So-and-So being the president of the tire company.

This inexperienced young man, who had until then made forty dollars a week on a Chicago newpaper, was paid four hundred dollars a month and soon was handling the rubber-tire account, with the help and advice of lesser slaves. Other advertising accounts were handed him and his salary was raised; and he has since become a highly successful, highly paid member of the organization. He was intelligent and did just as good work as the other young man who handled the business before him, but he was paid about four times as much as his predecessor. And without the pull he would never have had the job at all.

As for love, who would be so foolish as to deny that a man in love with a woman will try to help her in a business way if he can, or that a woman who loves a man would do the same thing? Or even that that lighter thing, better expressed by the French word *amour*, will be used in the same fashion?

Most girls have not any influence or any money and have an objection to using love . . . so to my mind stenography remains the best way.

I have heard many a stenographer say that women have no chance in business because they are set at typewriting or clerical work and expected to do only that. Of course, everybody is expected to do only that. But why do what is expected? It happened that I got bored taking letters from dictation, so I asked if I might write my own. My boss, busy enough, said, "Go ahead." Some of the letters were wrong and some were right. After a little time all were right. Then I got bored with that and ached to write an advertisement. I wrote some secretly. They seemed to me very bad. When I could no longer resist I said to the advertising manager for whom I worked, "On that big series of Ridpath ads, won't you let me write some?"

"You bet," he replied. "Try it."

I wrote three or four advertisements. He used perhaps one paragraph out of all of them. To a starving ambition this seemed real food. It was a year later and in another job before I wrote a whole advertisement that was used.

I know there are situations out of which one cannot climb. I have had some like that myself. There are women who have sufficient private income to leave under such circumstances. There are others who have to stay or starve. I never had enough money, during all these early years, to afford to leave a job at all. But I often was reckless enough to leave anyway.

Character and Dollars.—I was discharged from my first job at the end of one week for incompetence. The five dollars a little furrier paid me for keeping a set of single-entry books was not his only loss—it was necessary to buy new account books and ledgers, for of his old ones I had made a mere mess of blots.

It was a black day for me. I had a contempt for business and disliked it—considered myself superior to it—yet here in one week I was defeated by one of its most insignificant jobs.

I thought myself a failure, because of the distorted ideas that had been pounded into me in schools. There it had been held that enthusiasm, exactitude, and hard work are needed to make money. They are not. They help to hold a job. They have nothing to do with making money.

Schools do not intend to distort reality. Many teachers naïvely believe that certain qualities of character are important for the making of money, qualities like Honor, Courage, Knowledge, Steadfastness. Business also talks of these same

abstractions, but it knows that fortunes are founded on one motto, "Keep Your Eye on the Dollar and Get It."

Incompetent Confusion.—If there is any such thing as a rule for a certain amount of happiness in a business career, it is, if possible, to suit one's work and one's surroundings to one's personality. And yet this is a ridiculous thing to recommend under the present organization of business. Not one person in a thousand has any choice about his business surroundings and, if such a choice exists, he has not enough experience and knowledge to know how to exercise it. Business is such an incompetent confusion that it is only by sheerest accident that anyone ever does the work he can do best.

The Class System.—In one job none of the girls liked me except the few who worked for me in my own department. They had good reasons for this. I was in the amorphous position of passing from stenography into a higher state: not quite a subordinate—not quite an executive. I did not fit into any mental pigeon-hole. The personnel of an American office is sharply divided into classes. The job defines your class, as birth might define it in England. You go to lunch with your own class, you gossip with it, you go home on the subway with it. Any social relation with a higher caste, especially if you are a girl and the other person is a man, is suspect.

The Unexplained Job.—In one office my work was explained at the beginning, but in most organizations you are allowed to wander in a fog until your natural intelligence, like the sun, clears up mysteries, or, more often, like the moon, dims them forever in a haze. There are people who work for years, going from one place to another, and who seem only to get more muddled as time goes on—until at sixty, bookkeepers all their lives, they are unable to keep a set of books. I shall never forget the slow graying of one man's face as day after day he saw his job slipping away from him. No one has ever explained anything to these people. They have been thrown into the bewildering mysteries of new offices over and over again, and before they can fight their way to an understanding, they are pushed into a new tangle. But who is to tell them what to do? Few people know how to explain anything.

On your first day in a new office you may say to some young man who has worked there for four or five years, "Who is that man walking down the aisle?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Green."

"What does he do?"

"Well, he O.K.'s the orders."

"What orders?"

"Well, if you want a pencil or a pad."

"If I want to order printing or booklets—does he O.K. that?"

"Well, sometimes he does."

"When does he?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just depends."

This vagueness is partly due to the muddle-headedness of the person directing you, but it comes about also because people's duties in offices are seldom clearly defined. When you are engaged on a new job you think your employer knows what he expects you to do. But he seldom does know exactly. Nearly always you make your own job. Nobody knows just what you ought to do and ought not to do—everybody is a little mixed up; there are no definite lines of work. Authority is not clearly defined. Here's a man who seems to be only the chief comptroller—you find that gradually he has assumed charge of personnel, and everybody accepts his orders with a certain relief. "Let him have the bother if he wants it." Some girl in the editorial department of a magazine, who is supposed to write on fashions, is inexplicably and mysteriously urging children to get subscriptions. The editor-in-chief suddenly turns out to be in charge of circulation, while the business manager writes editorials, and another editor makes speeches at banquets.

Mis-hiring—Mis-firing.—In twenty years of work the most amazing thing I saw was the persistent placing of people in the wrong work. Hiring in most offices is done without sense or reasons, but by whim and fancy—and usually by people who do not understand others.

Sinclair Lewis, who has cut out so sharply the patterns of American men and women, declared to me not long ago with his usual explosive energy, "You don't know why you like people—I don't know why I do. You meet a man to-day and his tie isn't to your taste, and you never want to see him again. Or I see a fellow and I just like the way he says hello, and I begin to make a friend of that man. Or you fall in love with a woman because of the kind of hat she's got on. You make a lifelong friend of someone because he walks the way you'd like him to walk and shakes hands your way. Maybe the man who's got his hat on the wrong way would be just the fellow you'd like if you knew him. But that hat settled it."

This is too often true. Of course, there is always the thought that the kind of drink a man takes or the way he wears his tie or his hat or the way a woman walks is the symptom of some deeper characteristic. In London it means nothing for a man to carry a cane; in New York it means that he likes a little useless luxury; in Boston that he is ready to defy convention. One can judge something from a surface.

But the hiring of people in American business is done on the flimsiest of personal whims. The cultivation of prejudice is a science. Advertising accounts are given out because two men play golf together; and salesmen study the liquor-drinking habits of their customers in order to sell them goods. Many firms do have elaborate questionnaires and demand letters of reference, but these are of little help.

Hiring the right people for the right job is hard. It needs a person who understands, not merely thoroughly but quickly; who knows the motives of human action, has imagination, experience, and intuition, and knows the needs of the business with which he is associated—who, in short, is a kind of genius.

The Cult of Hard Work.—Most of us have not yet found out the emptiness of the cult of bustling hard work. It is one of the religions in which we are brought up and it is tangled up illogically, as is the way of superstitions, with the American religion of exercise. Only gradually did I discover that for me nothing was more inefficient than to get up bright and early in the morning, take a cold shower and a good walk, and arrive briskly at the office for a good day's work. Alas! the brisk day's work never materialized. The snappy beginning was all there was to that day. I worked most easily when I abandoned all these religious rites and went my own atheistic way.

At nine in the morning, instead of leaping brightly into the arena, I rang a sybaritic bell for breakfast. It came on a green-and-yellow tray designed for the lazy. This had a removable glass top and side pockets that held books and newspapers. When the breakfast had been taken away, the tray became a desk. On it I wrote, I rested the telephone—it even held a small typewriter. I was ready for the day's work. The office called up at about ten o'clock and told me the business news. My own telephoning was that of a person impecunious in energy—only the briefest calls. Such copy as I wrote in later years was dictated right there, either to a copywriter or to a secretary. If difficult copy or plans had to be written, I would stay in that room all day. On most days I reached the office at about twelve o'clock, with no physical energy used up and with my day's work pretty well done.

I found out that if I arrived earlier in the morning I was immediately met by irritations, questions, jokes, callers; and the freshness and concentration with which one naturally wakes in the morning were scattered.

But most business women have not yet

learned how to get rid of work. Women's training at home has always over-emphasized the importance of details, and so when she works outside she is afraid to let them slip out of her hands. She knows that an executive should not do a single thing which anybody else in the office can do for her. But between knowing a thing and doing it there is a long space. When I gave up my work I turned a large part of it over to a friend, who had held a job crammed with activity. The first few months of the new work exhausted her because she watched over and did a thousand things which I had never even noticed. She soon learned better. Her secretaries, like mine, came to have the kind of job which secretaries love. They telephoned to make appointments, both business and social; they bought everything for her that she did not have to select herself—everything but dresses, hats, and shoes. They bought railroad tickets, took dictation, and paid her bills.

Jealousy in Offices.—Women are jealous in business, but no more so than men. In my early days as a stenographer women were jealous of me a good deal, but since then in all the years I have met this only once—when one of my assistants lost a good chance because she envied me too much to work for me.

But men are jealous of women. When a man and a woman in an office are making equal amounts of money and the woman has more ability than the man, he often is jealous. And when she reaches the point where she makes more money than anybody else in the office the situation becomes strained, friendships break, and new connections have to be made. Once I was with an agency where I had an affectionate regard for many of the people, and they were fond of me. After several years the annual statement showed that I had earned more money than the head of the firm. There was nothing unfair about my earning more money than he, since on my commission arrangement I had succeeded in getting more business. But I understand why he felt resentful. A man is expected to do better than a woman. He is trained to feel ashamed when he does not. Anyway, from that time things began to be strained and I had to break a business relation which I had loved more than any other. I lost a friend. But this is not peculiar to business—it is life.

Hidden Drama.—Offices—neat and square—are one thing, but the life in them is turbulent with foolishness, confusion, and beauty.

When you first go to work in an office you are faced by a group of masks, faces which say little—for we are carefully trained in America, we Jews and Italians and Russians as well as Anglo Saxons, to hide all feeling. Is that one reason perhaps why Americans love France and Italy—because there the faces are alive and the eyes tell stories, while at home we seem always busy trying to hide rather than to speak? Or why Russia gives more to certain arts than America, because Russians are always expressing emotion, while in America half of even the creative artist's energy goes into hiding what he feels?

In an American office the hiding is greater than anywhere else, because the inhabitants themselves believe the notion that business is a place in which to function as a job-holder, not as a person. So it takes a little while before you learn what is going on behind the masks. The minor clerks gossip freely, so they usually know most about it. The heads of offices rarely know; the little employees are afraid to tell them. Perhaps because I am a woman the young people sometimes brought me their gossip. The talk in itself was often not revealing, but it opened a window in the passionate undercurrents.

There was a telephone girl in one office who handled her switchboard, her husband, and her lovers all with good nature and efficiency. She died because a man threw her over. There was a fat, sweetish woman of fifty who was dying by inches because her lover for thirty years

had left her; a stenographer, a sensitive child of twenty, who ran away with her morose, bullying boss; a quiet stenographer who turned out to be, under another name, the center of a flaring newspaper scandal; one who threw up her job because her boss did not admire her baby; a woman who told us that if the job went well she was going to get a divorce from her husband, but he didn't know it yet; a man who used to do exquisite crocheting and embroidery; a mean trickster who left his money-hunt once a week to make bird houses for fun in the country.

A sharp-nosed girl sat at a cold flat desk in our office, pretending to be dead—to be only a clerk. A thin bit of a thing—as though life and hope had been squeezed from her. One day a scandal exploded. She had been taking bribes from a company which sold us goods. The sensation flashed across our daily doings like a comet. "Did you hear?"—"How awful!"—"What did she do with the money?"—"I don't know."—"They're shut off in the big conference room."—"If you find out, tell me."—"Lord, the poor thing!"—"She looks starved and never a decent suit or hat."—"Gets good pay too."

Meantime in the conference room she was weeping wildly. To me, looking at that wasted face, her confession seemed grotesque. For the first time I noticed her little eyes were round and childish. She had given the money to some man. But she had not been dead after all. It is better to be alive in hell than dead in heaven.

Clothes in the Office.—I suppose it is because so many people think offices inhuman efficiency incubators that they are always laying down rules about how women in them should act and what they should wear and how they should have high collars and long sleeves and not bob their hair. I cannot in any other way explain to myself this impertinent interference with the lives of office women. They should wear just exactly what they feel like wearing. Why should anyone take it upon himself to give advice about such a matter? A girl who is able to earn her own living can be trusted to have enough sense to know what she ought to wear. And if she hasn't it's her own affair—nobody else's.

Girls in New York one summer came to work in dresses that stopped just below the knee and had no sleeves.

"It isn't dignified or in good taste," one of the women in the office said to me. "I don't even like the idea of little thin, light dresses in an office."

"You think I oughtn't to wear that white dotted swiss dress to my office, don't you?" I said.

"Yes, to be frank. It has sleeves and all that—but the material isn't suitable."

"Why not?"

"It's not correct. An office is an office."

"You think it's all right for a girl at Southampton or Newport to wear a thin dress with or without sleeves, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that girl has nothing in the world to do except to keep cool. Now these girls have a lot to do besides keeping cool. They have every reason for keeping fresh and rested all day long if they can. They are the ones who ought to wear the cool dresses in the summer, more than the girl in Southampton."

These busy advisers seem to expect women who work to become suddenly inhuman. The long day is the best time most girls have to look pretty. Then why shouldn't they look just as seductive and dangerous to men as they know how during these important hours? If they should not do it at their work, then no woman should do it at any time. I don't see why it is more immoral for a girl to wear a sleeveless dress at a typewriting desk than for other women to wear them at an evening dinner.

"It Isn't Dignified."—I was often reminded all through my business life that I was merely a woman. One thought kept me from becoming a feminist—the thought that the trouble did not come from any innate antagonism on the part

of men, but from a basic economic situation. It was evident enough from what I saw that as soon as the work of enough women was needed outside the home the discrimination against them would disappear. It seemed foolish to feel resentment against men as men for the difficulties that came to me as a woman. It wasn't their fault or mine; we were both living in a changing civilization and were equally victims of a general condition. Nearly every job or account that I secured in the advertising business was given me reluctantly because I was a woman. In each case the advertiser would have preferred a man with my training and turn of mind. It was harder for me to get accounts than for men because I had to prove in advance more of what I could do. For the same reason it was a little easier for me to hold these accounts afterward.

In 1912 there were almost no women in advertising agencies. So in 1912, because I was a woman, I had to fight my way into an agency. In 1913 I was still only a subordinate in a large advertising agency, working for a salary. Often I did the most difficult work of the office—that on copy and plans in the fight for new accounts. And I wasn't getting as much as men who did less. So I asked for more money. The Vice President wanted time "to think the matter over." I waited two weeks and tried again. He hesitated and said, "they didn't know what they could do about it."

"You know you're getting mighty good salary for a woman," he said to me.

I have always hated to ask for a raise—always I have felt humiliated and resentful. But only twice have I received a raise without asking for it. This time I had had enough of haggling. If it possibly could be avoided I should never work for a salary again. Like most decisions, this one was made in a moment and rationalized afterward.

So I remarked one day to the Vice President, "I wish you'd forget about that raise in salary. From this Saturday on I want to work on a commission basis."

"Why, what an idea! We've never had a woman working on a commission basis. There isn't one in the whole agency business."

"Then I'll be the first one. I like to start new things. Why not?"

"But that wouldn't be fair to you," he expostulated. "You'll be taking such a chance. Now you're working for a salary and every Saturday you know it's there—sure and certain."

"Yes, but that's just it. I don't like sure and certain things."

"Do you realize that on a commission basis you mightn't make nearly as much money?"

"I know it," I replied, feeling the uncertainty vividly at the moment. "But right now, to begin with, I've got one account that would not be here without me. I want to start with that. And then I think I can get other accounts. You can pay me the usual five per cent commission as you do to salesmen."

I could see that my suggestion spread a fog of bewilderment in his mind. There was really nothing about my proposal that could have mattered to the Agency except a certain undefined feeling in the advertising business that it wasn't *nice* to have women do the actual selling. But from the look of determined jocularity on his face one would have thought that the future of the American nation was about to be decided.

After awhile he said with the joshing manner that we are all used to in offices, "What do you think you are anyway . . . the president of a bank . . . or a man or something? You know we don't pay all salesmen five per cent."

"I know you don't, but you pay all salesmen who write their own copy five per cent. And I'll write the copy on any account I bring in."

"But look here—an experienced advertising man like Carraway gets only three per cent."

"Yes, and he only brings in the client

—talks to him, sells him. He couldn't prepare an ad to save his life."

"Well, I'll have to talk it over with the chief. I don't think he'll like the idea of a woman working on commission. It isn't businesslike. Don't you see that? It isn't dignified for a large agency like this to have a woman working on commission."

"Oh, pshaw!" was my reply to this.

"You're such a feminine sort of woman. There's something unfeminine about working on such a risky basis."

At this I just laughed, and he laughed. What else was there to do? And yet he was more or less sincere. He felt, as did nearly everybody else, that there was something undignified, unbusinesslike, and unfeminine about the idea of a woman getting accounts for commissions like a man.

I said, "Now don't talk like a child." I have found myself saying that to men many times in the years that followed!

Luncheons on the Run.—About lunches for workers, I think we are really stupid. This doesn't apply in the least to executives, who take from two to three hours a day for their leisurely eating and talking. The girl clerk dashes out at half-past twelve for a bite to eat, swallows a sandwich and coffee, or a piece of cake and chocolate, or a salad. In order to be decently dressed on a slim income she has usually to do a little shopping every day, buy a collar or a yard of silk or a sweater. She hurries into a department store, lingers at some counter to look at something she cannot afford to buy, does her little errand, and comes back breathless at one-thirty. At four o'clock she has indigestion and at five she is exhausted. She gets on the subway at half-past five and arrives home too tired and too nauseated by the bad air of the subway to eat dinner.

In later years I tried to encourage my girls to stop work and have a cup of tea and a cracker at four o'clock, but it was difficult because it interfered with the workings of the rest of the office. How funny we thought it in 1905 when an English house established in New York served tea to employees and visitors! How barbarously we resisted with ridicule the sensible innovation!

There isn't an employer who doesn't know that he will get more work out of his people if they are not too tired. There are some who would rather get less work. To these being boss is merely a sadistic gratification expressing itself in mean tyranny and, like all passions, is liable to disregard sense as well as decency. But to the sensible employer I would suggest the following:

An extra two hours once a week to each girl for shopping—that is from one to three o'clock in the afternoon.

Some kind of a kitchen with a maid, or if possible a cook.

An hour and a half for lunch and an extra half hour of work at night.

Tea or fruit and an interval of ten minutes' rest at half-past three or four o'clock, with all the windows open.

"What old ideas!" exclaims the social worker, who has experimented and figured with the health and working capacity of employees. "We've said all that for years." You have indeed. And some offices have acted on your advice. But I have worked for a dozen companies and never in one single instance have I seen any of these ideas adopted—not even the smallest one. And I did not stop work until December, 1924. I am hoping, quite against hope, that these old suggestions, coming from me, who have been an office worker and have employed so many others, may impress some employer who distrusts theoretical knowledge.

There is this to be said for employers. They have tried some of these ideas and found that the employees did not take to them. Employees do not like innovations. The old way looks rather safe. There's a chance that the new way may be better, but why take a chance? So improvements must be made gradually, perhaps given to a few as a privilege or a sort of grace, and then extended to an entire establishment.

Religion and Life

THE DESIRE FOR IMMORTALITY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ON EASTER morning in a Christian church not what goes on in the chancel but what goes on in the nave is much the more interesting. From the chancel the familiar Easter hymns are announced, the triumphant anthems sung, the confident sermon preached, the Scriptures read in which ancient believers expressed their ardent faith. But in the nave are all sorts of ordinary people who in their secret thoughts harbor every imaginable kind of idea about the mystery of death and what comes after it. To one who sees both sides of the matter a startling hiatus divides the resounding certainty of sermon, creed, and anthem from the thoughts which multitudes of individuals secretly entertain about immortality.

In a typical metropolitan congregation this coming Easter how many different sorts of thinking will be going on! Some will be convinced that, after all, a man would better satisfy himself with one life at a time, make the most of that, and not worry about any other. When Thoreau was nearing death, his friend, Parker Pillsbury, asked him whether he could see anything on the other side. "One world at a time, Parker," said Thoreau. That attitude strikes many people as practical common sense.

Others will be there to whom life already has been so difficult and wearisome that they are not anxious for any further adventuring on the other side of the grave. When they are through living they want to be through. That is not often said in public, but one hears it in secret. A burdensome and disillusioning life might be supposed to issue in desire to try life again under better conditions, but sometimes it issues in utter willingness to finish once for all the whole bewildering business of trying to live anyway. Swinburne caught the mood when he sang:

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever gods may be
> That no life lives forever;
> That dead men rise up never;
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Still others will come to church on Easter morning to whom all the symbolism with which hopes of the future life have clothed themselves is so disturbing and even revolting that before service is over they will find it difficult not to "sit in the seat of the scornful." Heaven, hell, angels, crowns, thrones, choirs, harps, palms, golden streets, pearly gates—all this poetic imagery, once so meaningful to our fathers, is to them utterly unreal. It is like the Greek mythology in which even our English poets once supposed they had to phrase their thoughts. What poetry outgrew, however, religion still preserves. We still body forth our hopes in mythological terms and, what is worse, our wooden-headed Western literalism has often used this symbolism as though it

were fact. Less than twenty years ago in New York State an evangelist went up and down among us saying this: "Hell has been running for six thousand years. It is filling up every day. Where is it? About eighteen miles from here. Which way is it? Straight down—not over eighteen miles, down in the bowels of the earth." Even when the picturesque symbolism of heaven and hell has been used more intelligently than that, to how much glib and superficial certainty have we had to listen from those who, as we knew well, had no more bona fide information than we had about the things which with such exactitude they were describing. The folly of literalism and dogmatism in this realm is colossal, and on Easter morning some will be so scornful of picture-thinking, projected into the future world, that they will miss the main issue altogether.

Others will be there whose difficulties with immortality lie in another realm. They dislike the selfish motives associated with the world to come. Be good that you may win heavenly recompense; avoid evil that you may escape future perdition—such they think is the church's message and the church's central interest in immortality, and not from low motives but from high they revolt against such calculating incentives to right living. Seneca, the Stoic teacher, in one of his parables, pictured a mariner struggling with a storm-tossed boat upon an angry sea and crying, "O Neptune, thou canst save me if thou wilt, or thou canst drown me. But whether or no, I will hold my rudder true!" That seems to many a nobler way to live than working for a heavenly crown. Whatever happens after death, they say, we will steer a straight course now, and you may keep your dreams of a rewarding Paradise, if goodness for its own sake seems inadequate.

Still others will be in church on Easter Sunday—those to whom this present life with its opportunities and tasks, its multitude of things to know and do, is so engaging that immortality seems a pallid, far-fetched issue about which they need not much concern themselves. They used to hear that if they should give up faith in immortality they probably would plunge into self-indulgent living, but they no longer think that true. The tasks which invite human effort—knowledge to be gained, inventions to be made, beauties to be enjoyed, evils to be overcome, social reforms to be achieved—seem to them engrossing opportunities, ample to absorb the energies and centralize the purposes of men. Let us give ourselves to human service, they say, not thinking of immortality of personal life but of immortality of influence, a heritage of good work done to be handed down to our children after us. Many highminded people feel that. In one of our greatest women's colleges a professor says to his classes, "The modern belief in immortality costs more than it is worth . . . its disappearance from among the most civilized nations would be, on the whole, a gain."

Even another class of people may be in church on Easter morning—those who would dearly like to believe in immortality but cannot. They have given hostages to fortune in friends and family who have passed through death into the unknown. They would be happier far if the resounding assurance that death is swallowed up in victory awoke an answering conviction in their minds. But how can they believe that? These swarming millions of humanity on this negligible planet in the sky, each one compounded of physical elements, with his spiritual aspect as much a transient product as is the fragrance of a flower and as sure to perish when the unsubstantial fabric shall dissolve—that picture comes between their minds and the triumphant words of creed and anthem. They feel as one man once wrote me after hearing a sermon on immortality, "How much I wish that I could share your hopes!"

In varying numbers representatives of all these groups are likely to be in our churches on Easter morning, drawn

there by family ties, by traditional habit, by a general desire to support the church, by an innate religiousness that while refusing the form desires the substance, or perhaps by a wistful curiosity as to what the preacher will say about the matter this year. And all around these minority groups—with here and there a spiritualist sure of communion with the unseen world—will be the majority: devout believers untroubled by any doubts of life eternal, the bereaved to whom passionate desire for reunion with their dead submerges all other considerations of mind and heart.

SUCH is the picture which presents itself to one who for a time forgets the chancel and remembers the nave. Nor can a thoughtful man regard that picture with the sympathy that it deserves without wondering what he himself thinks in his secret soul about immortality. Especially, what difference does it make? What is at stake in immortality? That solace, comfort, hopes of happy reunions after death are at stake is obvious. But is that all? Is faith in immortality only another "defense mechanism" by which in hours of bereavement we make life more endurable? What fundamental difference does it make whether man retains his confidence that death does not end all?

Certainly it does make a difference in our thought of ourselves. The deepest, obscurest, most difficult mystery in the universe is not far off among the stars but within ourselves. The relationship between those nine billion brain cells with which we do all our thinking, on the one side, and on the other our personalities, our thoughts, ideals, purposes, loves, and expanding possibilities of character is the most baffling problem in the universe.

At first sight it might seem simple and plausible to hold that the brain cells, as it were, secrete our thought, by subtle organization create what we call ourselves; but how can that be? Everything physical moves in paths of least resistance. Was it brain cells, obeying that law, which by some fortuitous concatenation produced our higher mathematics or the "Ode to a Skylark" or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? Did the cells of the Broca convolution move in paths of least resistance one happy day to such good effect that they produced the Sermon on the Mount?

This merely physical explanation of ourselves becomes the more difficult the farther one goes into it. For suppose some fluoroscope so ingenious that one, looking through it, could observe the brain cells of a man at work. Then suppose that some mirror could make the instrument introspective so that a man could watch his own brain cells at work. It would be a curious experience. *For who would be doing the watching?* It does not seem credible that the brain cells could be cleverly looking at themselves.

Some chemists with a flair for statistics have been analyzing the average man—five feet ten inches high and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds—and have put into picturesque terms what he is made of: enough fat to make seven bars of soap, enough iron to make a nail of medium size, enough sugar to fill a shaker, enough lime to whitewash a chicken-coop, enough phosphorus to make twenty-two hundred match tips, enough magnesium for a dose of magnesia, enough potassium to explode a toy cannon, together with a little sulphur. And they say that these chemical elements at current market rates are worth about ninety-eight cents. It is an amazing mystery—our saints, prophets, and martyrs, our Shelleys, Raphaels, Livingstones, and Lincolns, all compounded of ninety-eight cents worth of chemical material!

The question of immortality, therefore, involves much more than a postponed hope about what is going to happen after death. It vitally concerns what we are now. Do we honestly think that it is an adequate statement of the truth to say that chemical elements, worth some sixty-six cents a hundred-

weight, cleverly organized by nature unaware of what she did, issued in our Isaiahs and Platos, our Galileos and Darwins—forgive the irreverence, in Jesus Christ himself? Or do we think something else—that within and reliant on this flesh, as within a scaffolding, personality may be built as a temple, the abiding spirit within the transitory frame, so that when at last the scaffolding is taken down the permanent consequence shall remain?

However one may answer that, one cannot say that it makes no difference. It makes a tremendous difference. It would make a difference if no question of comfort in the presence of death were involved at all. Many people seem to think that immortality is a future matter. Upon the contrary, it is an imperious assertion about what we are now. We may be merely gaseous vertebrates, as we have been called, or it may be true that "now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be." Only exceedingly superficial thought could suppose that that does not make a very great difference indeed.

A university student once came to see me with a desperate moral problem on his hands. He had started out feeling free to do as he pleased and he now faced the inevitable nemesis—he was not free to stop. Out of a clear sky came his unexpected ejaculation, "if I could believe in immortality I think that I could see it through." He did not mean that he wanted the fires of hell to scare him or a heavenly crown to reward him. He meant that if, sitting there, he was simply a chance collocation of chemical elements it did not seem to him worth while to face the desperate, sacrificial struggle that moral victory would cost. But if he were an abiding spiritual personality—well, what Phidias would not carve more sacrificially at marble than at sandstone?

A man's thought of himself must always make a difference to his life and immortality is the supreme assertion of abiding spiritual value in man.

BELIEF in immortality makes a difference also in one's thought of the creative process as a whole. Is creation purposeful, working for large ends which when achieved will justify the agony that the process now is costing? A good deal of our modern philosophy dodges that question, goes off on small side paths when that major interrogation comes stalking down the main avenue, even scoffs at those who waste time thinking about it. But by that attitude modern philosophy only reveals its own mental weariness, too tired of large issues to deal with them longer, and retreating to nearer and more spindling questions, as though the central inquiries concerning human destiny could really be forgotten. They will not be forgotten. Lowell, in "The Cathedral," summed up an unescapable experience of man when he spoke of the futility of life:

> Fruitless, except we now and then divined
> A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through
> The secular confusions of the world.

To be sure, this universe so far from looking like a Father's house, as Christianity pictures it, seems rather like a gigantic mechanism ruthlessly crashing on. Well, there are mechanisms that men make which ruthlessly crash on. A railroad system is a mechanism, and to see a great locomotive drag a train out of the Grand Central Station on its steel rails is to see one of the most ruthlessly mechanical procedures which can be imagined, but, for all that, there is purpose in it. That train is going somewhere. Get on it and it will take you to Chicago. So I do not mind this universe being a colossal mechanism if it is going somewhere, if only there is a purpose which achieved will justify the agony that it has cost.

This idea of purpose in the universe has been, I think, not weakened but helped by the discovery of evolution. How long man has been on this earth we do not know, but he has been here for a long time and he came from lowly

origins. We know something about him since the days of the cavemen. We see him win his fight against the great beasts, the great forests, the great cold. We see him creating tools, framing the miracle of language, learning nature's laws and mastering her forces, founding governments, and rising to high thoughts of God and immortality. At the climax of this amazing development of human life upon the planet some strange and promising things have eventuated: character at times of such quality and impressiveness that one does not know just what are the limits about the spiritual life in man that might sometime come to be; relationships like parenthood, true love, and friendship—so promising that around their expanding possibilities one does not know where to put the boundary; creative power to make things useful and beautiful, great inventions, great books, great music, noble art, until one does not know where the horizons are to man's possible creativeness; social hopes, at last, of a kingdom of righteousness upon the earth. It does look as though there were an adventure going on upon this planet with something like purpose at the heart of it.

One thing, however, man never has been able to escape—death. That has always been the problem which man faced when he thought of his possibilities. Many people seem to suppose that this problem of death is merely a matter of individual concern and that immortality is only a matter of individual consolation. That is nonsense. Any sensible man would dispense with his personal continuance if on the whole that seemed best. Death is not merely an individual problem; it is a racial problem. Without immortality all our fathers are finally dead, and we shall be finally dead, and our children will be finally dead, until at last every human being will be dead—nothing left to conserve the spiritual gains of all this sacrifice upon the earth. I cannot believe that. I cannot believe that this ascending struggle of humankind is doomed to end in a hopeless cinder heap. And I am sure that it makes a difference what one thinks about this as he tackles the problems of life.

ON EASTER Sunday morning, therefore, some of us will be in church who do not belong to any of the groups we named at first. We have come through doubt to confidence that this mortal must put on immortality. We cannot credibly explain personality in general and Jesus Christ in particular as a transient, accidental effluence of flesh, nor think that this universe at last will be as though he and mankind, whose noblest exemplar he is, had never lived in it at all. We cannot submit to the mental confusion, the triumphant irrationality of existence where death finally is victor over all.

If some one says that we cannot demonstrate immortality, we grant that to start with. "We do not believe in immortality," said Martineau, "because we can prove it, but we try to prove it because we cannot help believing it." That attitude is familiar in science as it is in religion. Some things in science we believe because we can positively demonstrate them. But toward some others, not capable of complete demonstration, like the universal sway of the conservation of energy or the uniformity of law, we keep pushing out our proof as far as we can reach, because we cannot make sense of the world without believing them. So in religion there are two kinds of truth. The power of prayer to stabilize and strengthen the inward life of man—that can be demonstrated. But immortality is not like that. Unless you accept spiritualism you cannot prove immortality. But from man's first groping endeavors to find meaning in life he has tirelessly tried to prove it because he could not help believing it. Without it human life is ultimately shadowed and undone with a sense of unutterable irrationality and futility. As John Fiske said, "I believe in the immortality of the soul as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

THE ANATOMY OF JAZZ

BY DON KNOWLTON

FIVE years ago it was proper to loathe jazz. To-day it is the smart thing to hail it as the only truly American contribution to music, and to acclaim it as Art. Either attitude is ridiculous.

Jazz bears much the same relationship to music as does the limerick to poetry. It is a form of musical expression, and an extremely circumscribed form. In fact, I know of no other variety of musical composition in which so little latitude of construction is allowed. In this country to-day the form has been developed to the ultimate, within its limitations—but that fact does not make jazz as an institution worthy of a special corridor in the musical hall of fame. Of the thousands of jazz compositions most are abominable—as are most limericks. There have been some excellent "rags" written, just as there are a few good limericks, and these are deserving of recognition as being especially fine pieces of workmanship, considering the vehicle of expression used. But Hamlet could not well die to a limerick, and neither may the æsthete soar on the wings of jazz. The devotee of Wagner and Stravinsky who condemns jazz unconditionally displays merely an utter ignorance of its purposes and structure; and the "jazz-hound" who cries that American "blues" should follow Beethoven in the musical encyclopedias betrays a total loss of musical perspective.

II

For all the publicity so efficiently instigated by Irving Berlin, it seems probable that the basic principle of jazz—namely, its essential rhythmic exaggeration—is a contribution of the Negro.

Syncopation in popular music first came into evidence in the old "coon" songs of minstrel-show days. Remember "But I Want Them Presents Back"? Next came such childishly simple attempts as "Under the Bamboo Tree" and "Rainbow," songs that could not attain popularity to-day, which succeeded because they were the first to stress syncopation in a form which could be reached by the masses. Then along came Irving Berlin—and we were off. The ragtime piano player and then the jazz orchestra developed, until to-day we have "symphonic" jazz.

Old-timers such as "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam," "Omar Khayyam," and "Maple Leaf Rag" began to establish a conventional form for jazz. Since that time there has been no essential change in its structure, the development having been confined almost entirely to internal elaboration.

The idea of exaggerated syncopation was first presented to America in a more or less respectable way. "Coon songs" and real Negro melodies were not considered damaging to one's social or business reputation. Syncopation itself had a well-developed and honorable lineage at the time. If the socially elect had adopted syncopation it might have been *comme il faut* from the outset, and we might have heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra rendering a legitimate jazz symphony years ago. But musicians of the radical type were developing

scientific dissonance. Strauss discovered new uses for the cymbals, and Bloch conducted a series of fashionable experiments in the resistivity of the human ear. So syncopation was picked up by the dance hall, cabaret, and vaudeville group, who of course turned it toward their particular purposes.

Jazz has won and held universal popularity, I believe, not merely because of its exploitation by the lower musical order, but because of its own intrinsic qualities. These are: firstly, fundamental rhythm; secondly, simple harmonies; thirdly, standardized form.

Note that I have not included "melody" in my mention of the intrinsic qualities of jazz. This is not in the least because melody is not essential, but because it belongs to jazz no more and no less than it belongs to any other form of music. To write a story, one must have something to say: this is the tune. Shall it be said in ballad, symphony, anthem, or blues? Jazz is one form of expression; the tune is the thing expressed. The effect depends vastly more upon the method adopted than it does upon the tune itself. Take that good old Methodist hymn "Shall We Gather At The River." Play it on the organ, with its old-fashioned draggy sonorousness; snap it into a Boy Scout March; try it for a one-step; slow it up, syncopate it, throw in a few minors where majors used to be, and you will almost think you have a "Mammy" song. Everything in music has a tune, otherwise it could not move from beginning to end. Jazz tunes may be distinctive, but I doubt it. As Sigmund Spaeth has pointed out in *The Common Sense of Music*, many of the best jazz melodies have been appropriated from the old masters. Composers have always had for one of their mottoes "never throw away an old melody." But the tune does not make jazz. On the contrary, jazz breathes life into many a tune which alone could not carry itself for four measures without dying of stagnation.

It requires no mental effort to enjoy jazz. A moronic musical intelligence can absorb without effort all that it has to offer. The text of the "lyrics" appears to be incidental. The musical form of the thing is what has captivated the masses, because they can understand it. Its simplicity is amazing. The marvel is that so many variations have been accomplished within the prescribed limitations.

For purposes of this discussion, we will omit the waltz, which is not jazz, and the so-called "ballad." Just how is the typical "rag" built?

III

A popular song stands or falls upon its chorus. Its verse is merely introductory. The standard chorus consists of thirty-two measures, broken into eight phrases of four measures each. At the end of the first sixteen measures is a cæsura. The eight measures following the cæsura usually repeat substantially the theme of measures one to eight (as in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Jealous," "The Girl I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," and a thousand others), although sometimes this repetition occurs in the last eight measures (as in "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and "I Want To Be Happy"). In any event, the repetition of the opening refrain is certain. Measures thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen end with a rising inflection; measures twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, and thirty-two conclude with a positive statement. The musical thought-content of a typical piece may be paralleled crudely in words by the following:

> I like eggs for breakfast—
> Do you like eggs?
> I like eggs for breakfast,
> And eat them every morning.

It requires just about as much literary erudition to digest the above as it does musical intelligence to understand jazz. Hence its popularity.

IV

Jazz harmonies are amazingly standardized. Popular songs (in the chorus, which is all that counts) never change key. They all use thirteen chords or less (with variations in some of them, such as lowering a major third to a minor, or adding that note one tone below the basic note of the chord, which gives direction to the progression). Some songs are built upon three chords (such as "I Want To Be Happy"). Many are based upon four. I know of very few indeed which use all thirteen. Most employ six or seven. No matter how elaborated the modulations in modern "symphonic" orchestration, they are based upon these thirteen chords or less, with the exception of transitions from one piece to another, borrowing from the classical, and similar passages in which the arranger has gone outside the strict field of popular music.

This simplicity of structure of course accounts for the fact that anybody who has any "ear" at all can "fake" jazz. In playing the banjo, mind you, a change of key involves no change of fingering. The player simply slides his hand up or down upon the neck of the instrument until he strikes the proper basic pitch. There he plays his thirteen chords (with their few variations) exactly as he does in any other key.

The case is much the same with the ukulele, and hence the mail-order advertisements that guarantee "Ukulele Mastered At Home in Six Lessons." The instruction book gives the fingering for the more frequent basic chords, and numbers each. Then it indicates accompaniments, not by note, but by chord number! The "uke" accompaniment to the first eight measures of "By the Light of the Stars" might be written thus:

1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1

each numeral covering one measure. Naturally, advertisers are careful to pick simple pieces, and do not go into such complications as minors or the chord which the "faker" calls the "barber-shop." But it is actually true that after some five or six hours of application, the business-college beginner can follow on her "uke" by this method such tunes as "Barney Google" or "Follow the Swallow" while father retires to the coal cellar and mother has visions of a Musical Career.

V

Rhythm is the backbone of jazz. While I hesitate to go as far as some and ascribe a Freudian motivation and a phallic symbolism to jazz, nevertheless, the fact remains that the beat of the tom-tom which drives savages into orgiastic ecstasies and the beat of the drum which sets the pace for the dance orchestra are identical. Jazz serves primitive rhythm on a civilized platter.

Some popular music uses the old *one*-two, *one*-two rhythm ("Oh, Katerina," "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers") but this is not the typical jazz rhythm. It is simply the old marching time, popular now as always. The real jazz tune goes *um*-pa-*tee*-dle, *um*-pa-*tee*-dle to each measure—four dotted eighths on the accented syllables and four sixteenths on the alternate syllables, to a basic one, two, three, four.

"DOWN HOME RAG"

"KITTEN ON THE KEYS"

Upon this foundation are superimposed certain alterations of rhythm which are the true components of jazz.

First comes what I term "anticipation," which consists of a sort of hurrying of the melody, whereby the latter beats the base to the stroke of the rhythm by a fraction of a second.

Second, is true syncopation. This, as I have said before, is a well-established musical device and is merely exaggerated in ragtime. Of itself it does not make ragtime, popular and musical opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. If syncopation created "rag," Brahms's "Lullaby and Good-night" would be a dance-hall favorite. Syncopation in jazz serves a twofold purpose: it makes it possible to accent certain words in the "lyrics," as in "I *want* to be happy, I *want* to be happy"; and it attracts the listener's interest by its divergence from the normal, which is maintained in the bass or by the drum—the underlying one, two, three, four, which carries the entire structure. Syncopation is of value not intrinsically, but merely in its variance. Alone, it is meaningless. The irresistible sweep of the fundamental rhythm makes syncopation stand out violently against the background. This is the reason why a jazz tune is so flat and unconvincing in the absence of piano or orchestral accompaniment. The contrast upon which syncopation depends for its startling effect is lacking when only one of the two necessary rhythmic elements is expressed.

Thirdly, there is the imposition of a *one*, two, three element in rhythm upon the one, two, three, four fundamental. This, I believe, is the only characteristic of jazz which is truly of American—or rather, of Afro-American—origin.

A Negro guitar-player once asked me, "You know the difference between primary rag and secondary rag?"

His primary rag was syncopation; his secondary rag was this superimposition of *one*, two, three upon the basic one, two, three, four.

Graphically, it may be expressed thus:

1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2	*3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1*
1 2 3 4	1 2 3 4

Although originally presented in the melody as in the "Down Home Rag" (see musical score) and sometimes accentuated there even to-day, as in "Kitten on the Keys," the idea rapidly shifted from melody into accompaniment and, as it is a rhythmic rather than a melodic principle, it has found its exponents principally in the banjo and the drum. Its true function seems to be one of superimposition upon the melody and primal rhythm alike. The Negro guitar-player was right—it is a "secondary rag." And it is this subsidiary *one*, two, three on top of the underlying tempo that makes shoulder-muscles twitch, that bedevils hips, that provokes wiggles and twists on the dance floor, and causes blue-noses to cry out that jazz is a great immoral influence. The soprano saxophone has been blamed for the sins of the secondary rag. In fact, that silvery screecher merely releases impulses which the constant tickling of *one*, two, three upon one, two, three, four has brought clamoring to the surface.

The relegation of this rhythm to the

accompaniment is illustrated by the score opposite, showing the opening measures of "Hot Lips".

The skillful drummer even varies this rhythmic variety. He may omit from the *one*, two, three a stroke in sequence, making it *one*, (blank), three, *one*, (blank), three—or, *one*, two, (blank), *one*, two, (blank)—and so forth. The rhythm may be expressed merely by a *one*, two, three stroke upon a single object (such as the tomtom) or may be accentuated by striking three objects in rotation, such as *cymbal*, tomtom, wood-block, *cymbal*, tomtom, wood-block. Literally beneath this rhythmic superstructure—to be exact, with the drummer's right foot—the fundamental one, two, three, four continues without interruption, setting the pace and creating the tempo-foundation for the entire orchestral effect. The result would provoke Jonathan Edwards himself, were he alive to-day, to the Charleston, the hip-flask, and the lesser carresses of the road-house table.

In this connection the references to Krehbiel in Gilbert Seldes' *The Seven Lively Arts* are interesting.

> Krehbiel, to be sure—does refer to the "degenerate form" of syncopation which is the basis of our ragtime, and that is hopeful because it indicates that ragtime is a development—intensification, sophistication—of something normal in musical expression. The free use of syncopation has led our good composers of ragtime and jazz to discoveries in rhythm and to a mastery of complications which one finds elsewhere only in the great composers of serious music. In describing the Dahoman war dances at the Chicago World's Fair, Krehbiel says: "Berlioz in his supremest effort with his army of drummers produced nothing to compare *in artistic interest* with the harmonious drumming of these savages. The fundamental effect was a combination of double and triple time, the former kept by the singers, the latter by the drummers, but it is impossible to convey the idea of the wealth of detail achieved by the drummers by means of exchange of rhythms, syncopation of both simultaneously, and dynamic devices."

Krehbiel caught the thing—a simple superimposition of one rhythm upon another. Yet it is doubtful whether Seldes realized the significance of the very paragraph he quoted. Seldes' chapter, "Toujours Jazz," is delightful in comment, criticism, reference, and deference to the jazzicists of the higher order, but he does not analyze generic jazz structure; nor does he recognize that it is the rhythmic principle (of savage origin) referred to by Krehbiel which has built jazz, much more than the ingenuity, dexterity, or even genius of the individual composer.

This principle I am inclined to regard as rather new to civilized musical thought. Brahms and others have superimposed 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 upon 1, 2, 3, 4 it is true, and pianists with classical educations, who have slipped back into the more profitable lap of jazz, use to-day that device with considerable effect. But never, outside of American ragtime, have I heard the particular *1*, 2, 3, *1*, 2, 3, *1*, 2 upon 1, 2, 3, 4 in dotted eighths and sixteenths, which is so characteristic of jazz. However, I have never heard native tom-toms calling a jungle tribe to worship or to war.

VI

Jazz has many other standard characteristics, trimmings hung upon the main frame. Among them may be listed what the orchestra player knows as the "break," usually occurring during the cæsura in the middle of the chorus. Here the melody often is sustained upon a single note, usually the fifth, and the balance of the orchestra is enabled to break forth into a sudden spasm of superimposed rhythm.

Borrowing a device from the most approved musical circles, jazz now and then uses dissonance with great effect. It is amusing to see the followers of Strauss and Stravinsky berating the jazzists for employing the very devices which the former apparently most earnest-mindedly admire. Jazz dis-

"HOT LIPS"

sonances are simple and few. They are popularly known as "blues." D E-flat G-sharp A is typical. (See score, p. 585.)

All this, mind you, takes place within the limitations of thirty-two measures, phrased in eight groups of four measures each—and expressed in thirteen chords or less!

VII

This limitation of form, by the way, has a quite practical excuse entirely aside from the advantage of mass appeal to the musically unintelligent listeners. To make money upon a popular song, the publisher must sell many thousands of copies. His market consists of the million Maggie Smiths who took piano lessons for a year and then "just played."

Maggie will not practice, and her ear is none too good. Her technic is atrocious. She can barely follow a bass, chord, bass, chord, in the left hand, and the melody, together with a few harmony-determining notes, in the right. Consequently the "popular" song is printed for her in kindergarten form, embodying only the fundamental rhythm plus syncopation. The element of "anticipation" is not there; neither is the *one*, two, three superimposed upon the bass, unless it happens to occur in the melody itself. As a result, the popular song as written is a poor thing indeed. Nobody would buy it for its own sake. It must first be popularized by being presented to the public in full form—that is, with the two missing rhythmic qualities included. The trade calls this "song plugging." The public buys a song because it has heard it and liked it—but the printed song which it buys is quite different from the song which it heard. It buys a primer edition only.

The piano player at the sheet-music counter never plays a song as written. She adds (as do all good jazz pianists) "anticipation" and "secondary rag"—she inserts "breaks" and dissonances—she plays three times as many notes as appear upon the printed copy from which she purports to read.

Professional "song pluggers" hired by publishers appear at movies, theaters, dance halls, sheet-music counters, and radio stations, and everlastingly ding the song into the public memory; and of course their accompaniments, piano or orchestral, contain all of the elements of good jazz.

But it is in the dance orchestras that the most complete transformation of a popular song is effected. Have you ever heard a rousing good "rag" at a dance, bought the number at a music counter the next day, taken it home and played it—and wondered why your interest had been caught by such an empty and meaningless succession of noises? The fact is, that the thing you bought at the counter and the thing you heard at the dance were alike in name and skeleton only. The sheet-music edition of the piece bore the same relationship to the orchestration as the framework of a house bears to the completed dwelling.

The man who arranges popular music for dance orchestras is rapidly becoming, in jazz fields, even more important than the composer. It is the arranger who provides life and color and contrasts and lively dissonances and blasts of indigo harmony and contrapuntal runs. He is given a bare stage, and upon it he builds a paradise.

The arranger, while adhering to the formal limitations of jazz, employs in its decoration all of the devices which he can steal from classical music. He opposes progressions with the dexterity of Bach; he snatches a frenzy from Liszt; he borrows a bit of the lyrical purity of Mozart, and inserts Wagnerian crashes in the brass. I recall one orchestration of "Spain," in which the saxophones carry a pure lead, the piano pounds through the old Spanish rhythm of "L'Amour" in Bizet's "Carmen," the drum maintains the fundamental one, two, three, four of all ragtime, and the banjo superimposes the "secondary rag." The ingenuity of the arranger is amazing. For the orchestra the simplest piece is built up with the utmost care, and jazz orchestrations are as correctly done, as well balanced and as effective in rendition as are those produced for our symphony orchestras.

The days of playing by ear are rapidly passing. Each man must play his part as written, for it has been carefully calculated with respect to every other part. And not only that—these arrangers, betraying their origins, have inserted, in introductions and "breaks," passages lifted bodily from the classics, which cannot be "faked." Many a time, in the last two years, I have been startled on the dance floor by a measure or two from one of the standard works of MacDowell, Gounod, or Rachmaninoff.

In fact, they are going even farther. Not long ago, at one of Cleveland's noonday dancing places, a thirteen-piece orchestra played the "Storm" from "William Tell" exquisitely. Their rendition retained all of the essential qualities of the original orchestration, altered only to such an extent as to fit the requirements of a small band, and to conform to the essential one, two, three, four rhythm of the dance. At the conclusion of the number, a sweet young office-blossom rushed up to the conductor and gurgled:

"Gee, that's a peach of a number! Can I get it at Woolworth's?"

No, she can not get it anywhere in a form in which she can play it, for William Tell is not built upon a kindergarten structure, and so cannot be reduced to a form of sufficient simplicity to be within reach of Maggie Smith. On the other hand, "Ukulele Lady," essentially simple, and conforming to standard jazz limitations, can be built up by orchestration to produce an effect surprisingly equivalent in musical values to that of "William Tell." When Maggie buys and plays "Ukulele Lady" she is satisfied because the sounds which she makes on her piano are sufficiently similar to her dance-hall recollections to reproduce in her mind, in part at least, the effect of the piece when she first heard it, with all elements included.

VIII

With all this truly able orchestration, why are the "lyrics" of popular songs so inane?

I do not believe that it is because they must be supremely twaddlesome in order to appeal to the masses. Rather, I think it is because the men who are capable of writing real verse have not been willing to descend to jazz "lyrics," and the latter have been done, not by writers of English, but by musicians, vaudeville actors, and cranks. The popular song writer is notoriously "low-brow." Years ago, someone started the spoon-hug-kiss-slush theme in ragtime words, and it has stuck, apparently, not so much because the public insisted upon it, as because it was the only theme which was given to the public. The "lyricists" of jazz knew nothing else. It was conventional. That the public would welcome a bit of humor in place of sentimental garbage is evidenced by the success of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which not even the most methodical of Methodists can construe as immorally suggestive. It is the music and not the words which has carried jazz.

On the other hand—perhaps because the word-writers of popular songs were

A TYPICAL JAZZ "BREAK"
It employs both superimposed rhythm and dissonance

not sonneteers—the lyrics of jazz possess a quality which makes them infinitely more singable than the words of any other type of song. They are sung exactly as they would be spoken. Musical emphasis is identical with conversational accent. Certainly this is natural and healthy. In jazz, the jaw-straining soprano cannot yammer through a vocal skinning-the-cat upon what would normally be an unaccented syllable in every-day speech. The popular song gives each word and each syllable its proper stress—no more, no less.

Obviously, in order to do this, words and music must be written together. The words are not set to music; neither is the music set to words. In this, jazz has followed honorable precedent. To the coincidence of musical and conversational accent the comedies of Gilbert and Sullivan owe much of their enduring popularity. May I recommend that in this respect our modernists of the studio-and-recital aristocracy might well take a leaf from the book of jazz?

IX

The discouraging thing about jazz is the fact that it has been viewed in such false perspectives—either condemned completely or inordinately exalted.

The encouraging thing about jazz is that in its orchestrations it is initiating countless thousands into sound principles of harmony and counterpoint, and thus definitely raising the average level of musical intelligence. Snort if you will, but the fact remains that the shop girl who has heard Paul Whiteman has taken a step toward appreciation of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

WHAT SHALL WE EDUCATE FOR?

AN INQUIRY INTO FUNDAMENTALS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

BEFORE considering how to educate it is well to be clear as to the sort of result which we wish to achieve. Doctor Arnold of Rugby wanted "humbleness of mind," —a quality not possessed by Aristotle's "magnanimous man." Nietzsche's ideal is not that of Christianity. No more is Kant's: for while Christ enjoins love, Kant teaches that no action of which love is the motive can be truly virtuous. And even people who agree as to the ingredients of a good character may differ as to their relative importance. One man will emphasize courage, another learning, another kindliness, and another rectitude. One man, like the elder Brutus, will put duty to the State above family affection; another, like Confucius, will put family affection first. All these divergences will produce differences as to education. We must have some conception of the kind of person we wish to produce before we can have any definite opinion as to the education which we consider best.

Of course an educator may be foolish, in the sense that he produces results other than those at which he was aiming. Uriah Heep was the outcome of lessons in humility at a Charity School, which had had an effect quite different from what was intended. But in the main the ablest educators have been fairly successful. Take as examples the Chinese literati, the modern Japanese, Doctor Arnold, and the men who direct the policy of the American public schools. All these, in their various ways, have been highly successful. The results aimed at in the different cases were utterly different, but in the main the results were achieved. It may be worth while to spend a few moments on these different systems, before attempting to decide what we ourselves should regard as the aims which education should have in view.

Traditional Chinese education was, in some respects, very similar to that of Athens in its best days. Athenian boys were made to learn Homer by heart from beginning to end; Chinese boys were made to learn the Confucian classics with similar thoroughness. Athenians were taught a kind of reverence for the gods which consisted in outward observances and placed no barrier in the way of free intellectual speculation. Similarly, the Chinese were taught certain rites connected with ancestor-worship, but were by no means obliged to have the beliefs which the rites would seem to imply. An easy and elegant skepticism was the attitude expected of an educated adult; anything might be discussed, but it was a trifle vulgar to reach very positive conclusions. Opinions should be such as could be discussed pleasantly at dinner, not such as man would fight for. Carlyle calls Plato "a lordly Athenian gentleman, very much at his ease in Zion." This characteristic of being "at his ease in Zion" is found also in Chinese sages, and is, as a rule, absent from the sages produced by Christian civilizations, except when, like Goethe, they have

deeply imbibed the spirit of Hellenism. The Athenians and the Chinese alike wished to enjoy life, and had a conception of enjoyment which was refined by an exquisite sense of beauty.

There were, however, great differences between the two civilizations, owing to the fact that, broadly speaking, the Greeks were energetic and the Chinese were lazy. The Greeks devoted their energies to art and science and mutual extermination—in all of which they achieved unprecedented success. Politics and patriotism afforded practical outlets for Greek energy: when a politician was ousted he led a band of exiles to attack his native city. When a Chinese official was disgraced he retired to the hills and wrote poems on the pleasures of country life. Accordingly, the Greek civilization destroyed itself, but the Chinese civilization could be destroyed only from without. These differences, however, seem not wholly attributable to education, since Confucianism in Japan never produced the indolent cultured skepticism which characterized the Chinese literati, except in the Kyoto nobility, who formed a kind of Faubourg Saint Germain.

Chinese education produced stability and art; it failed to produce progress or science. Perhaps this may be taken as what is to be expected of skepticism. Passionate beliefs produce either progress or disaster, not stability. Science, even when it attacks traditional beliefs, has beliefs of its own, and can scarcely flourish in an atmosphere of literary skepticism. In a pugnacious world, which has been unified by modern invention, energy is needed for national self-preservation. And without science democracy is impossible: the Chinese civilization was confined to the small percentage of educated men and the Greek civilization was based on slavery. For these reasons the traditional education of China is not suited to the modern world, and has been abandoned by the Chinese themselves. Cultivated eighteenth-century gentlemen, who in some respects resembled Chinese literati, have become impossible for the same reasons.

Modern Japan affords the clearest illustration of a tendency which is prominent among all the Great Powers —the tendency to make national greatness the supreme purpose of education. The aim of Japanese education is to produce citizens who shall be devoted to the State through the training of their passions, and useful to it through the knowledge they have acquired. I cannot sufficiently praise the skill with which this double purpose has been pursued. Ever since the advent of Commodore Perry's squadron the Japanese have been in a situation in which self-preservation was very difficult; their success affords a justification of their methods, unless we are to hold that self-preservation itself may be culpable. But only a desperate situation could have justified their educational methods, which would have been culpable in any nation not in imminent peril. The Shinto religion, which must not be called in question even by university professors, involves history just as dubious as Genesis; the Dayton trial pales into insignificance beside the theological tyranny in Japan. There is an equal ethical tyranny: nationalism, filial piety, Mikado-worship, etc., must not be called in question, and, therefore, many kinds of progress are scarcely possible. The great danger of a cast-iron system of this sort is that it may provoke revolution as the sole method of progress. This danger is real, though not immediate, and is largely caused by the educational system.

We have thus in modern Japan a defect opposite to that of ancient China. Whereas the Chinese literati were too skeptical and lazy, the products of Japanese education are likely to be too dogmatic and energetic. Neither acquiescence in skepticism nor acquiescence in dogma is what education should produce. What it should produce is a belief that knowledge is attainable in a measure, though with difficulty; that

much of what passes for knowledge at any given time is likely to be more or less mistaken, but that the mistakes can be rectified by care and industry. In acting upon our beliefs, we should be very cautious where a small error would mean disaster; nevertheless, it is upon our beliefs that we must act. This state of mind is rather difficult: it requires a high degree of intellectual culture without emotional atrophy. But though difficult, it is not impossible; it is in fact the scientific temper. Knowledge, like other good things, is difficult, but not impossible; the dogmatist forgets the difficulty, the skeptic denies the possibility. Both are mistaken, and their errors, when widespread, produce social disaster.

Doctor Arnold's system, which has remained in force in English public schools to the present day, had another defect, namely, that it was aristocratic. The aim was to train men for positions of authority and power, whether at home or in distant parts of the empire. An aristocracy, if it is to survive, needs certain virtues; these were to be imparted at school. The product was to be energetic, stoical, physically fit, possessed of certain unalterable beliefs, with high standards of rectitude, and convinced that it had an important mission in the world. To a surprising extent, these results were achieved. Intellect was sacrificed to them, because intellect might produce doubt. Sympathy was sacrificed, because it might interfere with governing "inferior" races or classes. Kindliness was sacrified for the sake of toughness; imagination, for the sake of firmness.

In an unchanging world the result might have been a permanent aristocracy, possessing the merits and defect of the Spartans. But aristocracy is out of date, and subject populations will no longer obey even the most wise and virtuous rulers. The rulers are driven into brutality, and brutality further encourages revolt. The complexity of the modern world increasingly requires intelligence, and Doctor Arnold sacrificed intelligence to "virtue." The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there. The modern world needs a different type, with more imaginative sympathy, more intellectual suppleness, less belief in bulldog courage and more belief in technical knowledge. The administrator of the future must be the servant of free citizens, not the benevolent ruler of admiring subjects. The aristocratic tradition embedded in British higher education is its bane. Perhaps this tradition can be eliminated gradually; perhaps the older educational institutions will be found incapable of adapting themselves. As to that, I do not venture an opinion.

The American public schools achieve successfully a task never before attempted on a large scale: the task of transforming a heterogeneous selection of mankind into a homogeneous nation. This is done so ably and is, on the whole, such a beneficent work, that on the balance great praise is due to those who accomplish it. But America, like Japan, is placed in a peculiar situation, and what the special circumstances justify is not necessarily an ideal to be followed everywhere and always. America has had certain advantages and certain difficulties. Among the advantages were: a higher standard of wealth; freedom from the danger of defeat in war; comparative absence of cramping traditions inherited from the Middle Ages. Immigrants found in America a generally diffused sentiment of democracy and an advanced stage of industrial technic. These, I think, are the two chief reasons why almost all of them came to admire America more than their native countries. But actual immigrants, as a rule, retain a dual patriotism: in European struggles they continue to take passionately the side of the nation to which they originally belonged. Their children, on the contrary, lose all loyalty to the country from which their

parents have come and become merely and simply Americans. The attitude of the parents is attributable to the general merits of America; that of the children is very largely determined by their school education. It is only the contribution of the school that concerns us.

In so far as the school can rely upon the genuine merits of America, there is no need to associate the teaching of American patriotism with the inculcation of false standards. But where the old world is superior to the new, it becomes necessary to instill a contempt for genuine excellences. The intellectual level in Western Europe and the artistic level in Eastern Europe are, on the whole, higher than in America. Throughout Western Europe, except in Spain and Portugal, there is less theological superstition than in America. In almost all European countries the individual is less subject to herd domination than in America: his inner freedom is greater even where his political freedom is less. In these respects the American public schools do harm. The harm is essential to the teaching of an exclusive American patriotism. The harm, as with the Japanese, comes from regarding the pupils as means to an end, not as ends in themselves. The teacher should love his children better than his State; otherwise he is not an ideal teacher.

II

When I say that pupils should be regarded as ends, not as means, I may be met by the retort that, after all, everybody is more important as a means than as an end. What a man is as an end perishes when he dies; what he produces as a means continues to the end of time. We cannot deny this, but we can deny the consequences deduced from it. A man's importance as a means may be for good or for evil; the remote effects of human actions are so uncertain that a wise man will tend to dismiss them from his calculations. Broadly speaking, good men have good effects, and bad men bad effects. This, of course, is not an invariable law of nature. A bad man may murder a tyrant because he has committed crimes which the tyrant intends to punish; the effects of his act may be good, though he and his act are bad. Nevertheless, as a broad general rule, a community of men and women who are intrinsically excellent will have better effects than one composed of people who are ignorant and malevolent. Apart from such considerations, children and young people feel instinctively the difference between those who genuinely wish them well and those who regard them merely as raw material for some scheme. Neither character nor intelligence will develop as well or as freely where the teacher is deficient in love; and love of this kind consists essentially in *feeling* the child as an end. We all have this feeling about ourselves: we desire good things for ourselves without first demanding a proof that some great purpose will be furthered by our obtaining them. Every ordinarily affectionate parent feels the same sort of thing about his or her children. Parents want their children to grow, to be strong and healthy, to do well at school, and so on, in just the same way in which they want things for themselves; no effort of self-denial and no abstract principle of justice is involved in taking trouble about such matters. This parental feeling is not always strictly confined to one's own children. In its diffused form it must exist in anyone who is to be a good teacher of little boys and girls. And as the pupils grow older it grows less important. But only those who possess it can be trusted to draw up schemes of education. Those who regard it as one of the purposes of male education to produce men willing to kill and be killed for frivolous reasons are clearly deficient in diffused parental feeling; yet they control education in all civilized countries except Denmark and China.

But it is not enough that the educator

should love the young; it is necessary also that he should have a right conception of human excellence. Even those who love all mankind may err through a wrong conception of the good life. I shall try, therefore, to give an idea of what I consider excellent in men and women, quite without regard to practicality, or to educational methods by which it might be brought into being.

We must first make a distinction: some qualities are desirable in a certain proportion of mankind, others are desirable universally. We want artists, but we want also men of science. We want great administrators, but we want also ploughmen and millers and bakers. The qualities which produce a man of great eminence in some one direction are often such as might be undesirable if they were universal. Shelley describes the day's work of a poet as follows:

> He will watch from dawn to gloom
> The lake-reflected sun illume
> The honey-bees in the ivy bloom
> Nor heed nor see what things they be.

These habits are praiseworthy in a poet, but not—shall we say—in a postman. We cannot therefore frame our education with a view to giving every one the temperament of a poet. But some characteristics are universally desirable, and it is these alone that I shall consider.

I make no distinction whatever between male and female excellence. A certain amount of occupational training is desirable for a woman who is to have the care of babies, but that only involves the same sort of difference as there is between a farmer and a miller. It is in no degree fundamental, and does not demand consideration at our present level.

I will take four characteristics which seem to me jointly to form the basis of an ideal character: vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence. I do not suggest that this list is complete, but I think it carries us a good way. Moreover, I firmly believe that, by proper physical, emotional, and intellectual care of the young, these qualities could all be made very common. I shall consider each in turn.

III

Vitality is rather a physiological than a mental characteristic; it is presumably always present where there is perfect health, but it tends to ebb with advancing years, and gradually dwindles to nothing in old age. In vigorous children it quickly rises to a maximum before they reach school age, and then tends to be diminished by education. Where it exists there is pleasure in feeling alive, quite apart from any specific pleasant circumstance. It heightens pleasures and diminishes pains. It makes it easy to take an interest in whatever occurs, and thus promotes objectivity, which is an essential of sanity. Human beings are prone to become absorbed in themselves, unable to be interested in what they see and hear or in anything outside their own skins. This is a great misfortune to themselves, since it entails at best boredom and at worst melancholia; it is also a fatal barrier to usefulness, except in very exceptional cases. Vitality promotes interest in the outside world; it also promotes the power of hard work. Moreover, it is a safeguard against envy, because it makes one's own existence pleasant. As envy is one of the great sources of human misery, this is a very important merit in vitality. Many bad qualities are of course compatible with vitality—for example, those of a healthy tiger. And many of the best qualities are compatible with its absence: Newton and Locke, for example, had very little. Both these men, however, had irritabilities and envies from which better health would have set them free. Probably the whole of Newton's controversy with Leibniz, which ruined English mathematics for over a hundred years, would have been avoided if Newton had been

robust and able to enjoy ordinary pleasures. In spite of its limitations, therefore, I reckon vitality among the qualities which it is important that all men should possess.

IV

Courage—the second quality on our list—has several forms, and all of them are complex. Absence of fear is one thing, and the power of controlling fear is another. And absence of fear, in turn, is one thing when the fear is rational, another when it is irrational. Absence of irrational fear is clearly good; so is the power of controlling fear. But absence of rational fear is a matter as to which debate is possible. However, I shall postpone this question until I have said something about the other forms of courage.

Irrational fear plays an extraordinarily large part in the instinctive emotional life of most people. In its pathological forms, as persecution mania, anxiety complex, or what not, it is treated by alienists. But in milder forms it is common among those who are considered sane. It may be a general feeling that there are dangers about, more correctly termed "anxiety," or a specific dread of things that are not dangerous, such as mice or spiders. It used to be supposed that many fears were instinctive, but this is now questioned by most investigators. There are apparently a few instinctive fears—for instance, of loud noises—but the great majority arise either from experience or from suggestion. Fear of the dark, for example, seems to be entirely due to suggestion. Vertebrates, there is reason to think, do not feel instinctive fear of their natural enemies, but catch this emotion from their elders. When human beings bring them up by hand the fears usual among the species are found to be absent. But fear is exceedingly infectious: children catch it from their elders even when their elders are not aware of having shown it. Timidity in mothers or nurses is very quickly imitated by children through suggestion. Hitherto, men have thought it attractive in women to be full of irrational terrors, because it gave men a chance to seem protective without incurring any real danger. But the sons of these men have acquired the terrors from their mothers, and have had to be afterwards trained to regain a courage which they need never have lost if their fathers had not desired to despise their mothers. The harm that has been done by the subjection of women is incalculable; this matter of fear affords only one incidental illustration.

I am not at the moment discussing the methods by which fear and anxiety may be minimized; that is a matter which I shall consider later. There is, however, one question which arises at this stage, namely: can we be content to deal with fear by means of repression, or must we find some more radical cure? Traditionally, aristocracies have been trained not to show fear, while subject nations, classes, and sexes have been encouraged to remain cowardly. The test of courage has been crudely behavioristic: a man must not run away in battle; he must be proficient in "manly" sports; he must retain self-command in fires, shipwrecks, earthquakes, etc. He must not merely do the right thing, but he must avoid turning pale, or trembling, or gasping for breath, or giving any other easily observed sign of fear. All this I regard as of great importance; I should wish to see courage cultivated in all nations, in all classes, and in both sexes. But when the method adopted is repressive, it entails the evils always associated with that practice. Shame and disgrace have always been potent weapons in producing the appearance of courage; but in fact they merely cause a conflict of terrors, in which it is hoped that the dread of public condemnation will be the stronger. Fear should be overcome not only in action, but in feeling; and not only in conscious feeling but in the unconscious as well.

The purely external victory over fear, which satisfies the aristocratic code, leaves the impulse operative underground and produces evil twisted reactions which are not recognized as the offspring of terror. I am not thinking of "shell shock," in which the connection with fear is obvious. I am thinking rather of the whole system of oppression and cruelty by which dominant castes seek to retain their ascendency. When recently in Shanghai a British officer ordered a number of unarmed Chinese students to be shot in the back without warning, he was obviously actuated by terror just as much as a soldier who runs away in battle. But military aristocracies are not sufficiently intelligent to trace such actions to their psychological source; they regard them rather as showing firmness and a proper spirit.

From the point of view of psychology and physiology, fear and rage are closely analogous emotions: the man who feels rage is not possessed of the highest kind of courage. The cruelty invariably displayed in suppressing negro insurrections, communist rebellions, and other threats to aristocracy, is an offshoot of cowardice, and deserves the same contempt as is bestowed upon the more obvious forms of that vice. I believe that it is possible so to educate ordinary men and women that they shall be able to live without fear. Hitherto, only a few heroes and saints have achieved such a life; but what they have done others could do if they were shown the way.

For the kind of courage which does not consist in repression, a number of factors must be combined. To begin with the humblest: health and vitality are very helpful, though not indispensable. Practice and skill in dangerous situations are very desirable. But when we come to consider, not courage in this and that respect, but universal courage, something more fundamental is wanted. What is wanted is a combination of self-respect with an impersonal outlook on life. To begin with self-respect: some men live from within, while others are mere mirrors of what is felt and said by their neighbors. The latter can never have true courage: they must have admiration, and are haunted by the fear of losing it. The teaching of "humility" which used to be thought desirable was the means of producing a perverted form of this same vice. "Humility" suppressed self-respect, but not the desire for the respect of others; it merely made nominal self-abasement the means of acquiring credit. Thus it produced hypocrisy and falsification of instinct. Children were taught unreasoning submission, and proceeded to exact it when they grew up; it was said that only those who have learned to obey know how to command. What I suggest is that no one should learn how to obey and no one should attempt to command. I do not mean, of course, that there should not be leaders in cooperative enterprises; but their authority should be like that of a captain of a football team, which is suffered voluntarily in order to achieve a common purpose. Our purposes should be our own, not the result of external authority; and our purposes should never be forcibly imposed upon others. This is what I mean when I say no one should command and no one should obey.

There is one thing more required for the highest courage, and that is what I called just now an impersonal outlook on life. The man whose hopes and fears are all centered upon himself can hardly view death with equanimity, since it extinguishes his whole emotional universe. Here, again, we are met by a tradition urging the cheap and easy way of repression: the saint must learn to renounce self, must mortify the flesh and forgo instinctive joys. This can be done, but its consequences are bad. Having renounced pleasure for himself, the ascetic saint renounces it for others also—which is easier. Envy persists underground and leads him to the view that suffering is ennobling, and may

therefore be legitimately inflicted. Hence arises a complete inversion of values; what is good is thought bad, and what is bad is thought good. The source of all the harm is that the good life has been sought in obedience to a negative imperative, not in broadening and developing natural desires and instincts. There are certain things in human nature which take us beyond self without effort. The commonest of these is love, more particularly parental love, which in some is so generalized as to embrace the whole human race. Another is knowledge. There is no reason to suppose that Galileo was particularly benevolent, yet he lived for an end which was not defeated by his death. Another is art. But in fact every interest in something outside a man's own body makes his life to that degree impersonal. For this reason, paradoxical as it may seem, a man of wide and vivid interests finds less difficulty in leaving life than is experienced by some miserable hypochondriac whose interests are bounded by his own ailments. Thus the perfection of courage is found in the man of many interests, who *feels* his ego to be but a small part of the world, not through despising himself, but through valuing much that is not himself. This can hardly happen except where instinct is free and intelligence is active. From this union of the two grows a comprehensiveness of outlook unknown both to the voluptuary and to the ascetic; and to such an outlook personal death appears a trivial matter. Such courage is positive and instinctive, not negative and repressive. It is courage in this positive sense that I regard as one of the major ingredients in a perfect character.

V

Sensitiveness, the third quality in our list, is in a sense a corrective of mere courage. Courageous behavior is easier for a man who fails to apprehend dangers, but such courage may often be foolish. We cannot regard as satisfactory any way of acting which is dependent upon ignorance or forgetfulness: the fullest possible knowledge and realization are an essential part of what is desirable. The cognitive aspect, however, comes under the head of intelligence; sensitiveness, in the sense in which I am using the term, belongs to the emotions. A purely theoretical definition would be that a person is emotionally sensitive when many stimuli produce emotions in him; but taken thus broadly the quality is not necessarily a good one. If sensitiveness is to be good, the emotional reaction must be in some sense *appropriate:* mere intensity is not what is needed. The quality I have in mind is that of being affected pleasurably or the reverse by many things, and by the right things. What are the right things, I shall try to explain.

The first step, which most children take at the age of about five months, is to pass beyond mere pleasures of sensation, such as food and warmth, to the pleasure of social approbation. This pleasure, as soon as it has arisen, develops very rapidly: every child loves praise and hates blame. Usually the wish to be thought well of remains one of the dominant motives throughout life. It is certainly very valuable as a stimulus to pleasant behavior, and as a restraint upon impulses of greed. If we were wiser in our admirations, it might be much more valuable. But so long as the most admired heroes are those who have killed the greatest number of people, love of admiration cannot alone be adequate to the good life.

The next stage in the development of a desirable form of sensitiveness is sympathy. There is a purely physical sympathy: a very young child will cry because a brother or sister is crying. This, I suppose, affords the basis for the further developments. The two enlargements that are needed are: first, to feel sympathy even when the sufferer is not an object of special affection;

secondly, to feel it when the suffering is merely known to be occurring, not sensibly present. The second of these enlargements depends largely upon intelligence. It may go only so far as sympathy with suffering which is portrayed vividly and touchingly, as in a good novel; it may, on the other hand, go so far as to enable a man to be moved emotionally by statistics. This capacity for abstract sympathy is as rare as it is important. Almost everybody is deeply affected when someone he loves suffers from cancer. Most people are moved when they see the sufferings of unknown patients in hospitals. Yet when they read that the death-rate from cancer is such-and-such they are as a rule moved only to momentary personal fear lest they or some one dear to them should acquire the disease. The same is true of war: people think it dreadful when their son or brother is mutilated, but they do not think it a million times as dreadful that a million people should be mutilated. A man full of kindliness in all personal dealings may derive his income from incitement to war or from the torture of children in "backward" countries. All these familiar phenomena are due to the fact that sympathy is not stirred, in most people, by a merely abstract stimulus. A large proportion of the evils in the modern world would cease if this could be remedied. Science has greatly increased our power of affecting the lives of distant people, without increasing our sympathy for them. Suppose you are a shareholder in a company which manufactures cotton in Shanghai. You may be a busy man, who has merely followed financial advice in making the investment; neither Shanghai nor cotton interests you, but only your dividends. Yet you become part of the force leading to massacres of innocent people, and your dividends would disappear if little children were not forced into unnatural and dangerous toil. You do not mind, because you have never seen the children, and an abstract stimulus cannot move you. That is the fundamental reason why large-scale industrialism is so cruel, and why oppression of subject races is tolerated. An education producing sensitiveness to abstract stimuli would make such things impossible.

VI

I will now pass on to the last of the four qualities we enumerated, namely intelligence.

One of the great defects of traditional morality has been the low estimate it placed upon intelligence. The Greeks did not err in this respect, but the Church led men to think that nothing matters except virtue, and virtue consists in abstinence from a certain list of actions arbitrarily labelled "sin." So long as this attitude persists, it is impossible to make men realize that intelligence does more good than an artificial conventional "virtue." When I speak of intelligence I include both actual knowledge and receptivity to knowledge. The two are, in fact, closely connected. Ignorant adults are unteachable; on such matters as hygiene or diet, for example, they are totally incapable of believing what science has to say. The more a man has learned, the easier it is for him to learn still more—always assuming that he has not been taught in a spirit of dogmatism. Ignorant people have never been compelled to change their mental habits, and have stiffened into an unchangeable attitude. It is not only that they are credulous where they should be skeptical; it is just as much that they are incredulous where they should be receptive. No doubt the word "intelligence" properly signifies rather an aptitude for acquiring knowledge than knowledge already acquired; but I do not think this aptitude is acquired except by exercise, any more than the aptitude of a pianist or an acrobat. It is, of course, possible to impart information in ways that do not train intelligence; it is not

only possible, but easy, and frequently done. But I do not believe that it is possible to train intelligence without imparting information, or at any rate causing knowledge to be acquired. And without intelligence our complex modern world cannot subsist; still less can it make progress. I regard the cultivation of intelligence, therefore, as one of the major purposes of education. This might seem a commonplace, but in fact it is not. The desire to instill what are regarded as correct beliefs has made educationists too often indifferent to the training of intelligence. To make this clear, it is necessary to define intelligence a little more closely, so as to discover the mental habits which it requires.

The instinctive foundation of the intellectual life is curiosity, which is found among animals in its elementary forms. Intelligence demands an alert curiosity, but it must be of a certain kind. The sort that leads village neighbors to try to peer through curtains after dark has no very high value. The widespread interest in gossip is inspired, not by a love of knowledge, but by malice: no one gossips about other people's secret virtues, but only about their secret vices. Accordingly, most gossip is untrue, but care is taken not to verify it. Our neighbor's sins, like the consolations of religion, are so agreeable that we do not stop to scrutinize the evidence closely. Curiosity properly so called, on the other hand, is inspired by a genuine love of knowledge. You may see this impulse, in a moderately pure form, at work in a cat which has been brought to a strange room, and proceeds to smell every corner and every piece of furniture. You will see it also in children, who are passionately interested when a drawer or cupboard, usually closed, is open for their inspection. Animals, machines, thunderstorms, and all forms of manual work arouse the curiosity of children, whose thirst for knowledge puts the most intelligent adult to shame. This impulse grows weaker with advancing years, until at last what is unfamiliar inspires only disgust, with no desire for a closer acquaintance. This is the stage at which people announce that the country is going to the dogs, and that "things are not what they were in my young days." The thing which is not the same as it was in that far-off time is the speaker's curiosity. And with the death of curiosity we may reckon that active intelligence, also, has died.

But although curiosity lessens in intensity and in extent after childhood, it may for a long time improve in quality. Curiosity about general propositions shows a higher level of intelligence than curiosity about particular facts; broadly speaking, the higher the order of generality the greater is the intelligence involved. Curiosity dissociated from personal advantage shows a higher development than curiosity connected (say) with a chance of food. The cat that sniffs in a new room is not a wholly disinterested scientific inquirer, but probably also wants to find out whether there are mice about.

If curiosity is to be fruitful it must be associated with a certain technic for the acquisition of knowledge. There must be habits of observation, belief in the possibility of knowledge, patience, and industry. These things will develop of themselves, given the original fund of curiosity and the proper intellectual education. But since our intellectual life is only a part of our activity, and since curiosity is perpetually coming into conflict with other passions, there is need of certain intellectual virtues, such as open-mindedness. We become impervious to new truth both from habit and from desire: we find it hard to disbelieve what we have emphatically believed for a number of years, and also what ministers to self-esteem or any other fundamental passion. Open-mindedness should therefore be one of the qualities that education aims at producing.

Courage is essential to intellectual probity, as well as to physical heroism.

The real world is more unknown than we like to think; from the first day of life we practice precarious inductions, and confound our mental habits with laws of external nature. All sorts of intellectual systems—Christianity, Socialism, Patriotism, etc.—are ready, like orphan asylums, to give safety in return for servitude. A free mental life cannot be as warm and comfortable and sociable as a life enveloped in a creed: only a creed can give the feeling of a cosy fireside while the winter storms are raging without.

This brings us to a somewhat difficult question: to what extent should the good life be emancipated from the herd? I hesitate to use the phrase "herd instinct," because there are controversies as to its correctness. But, however interpreted, the phenomena which it describes are familiar. We like to stand well with those whom we feel to be the group with which we wish to co-operate —our family, our neighbors, our colleagues, our political party, or our nation. This is natural, because we cannot obtain any of the pleasures of life without co-operation. Moreover, emotions are infectious, especially when they are felt by many people at once. Very few people can be present at an excited meeting without getting excited: if they are opponents, their opposition becomes excited. And to most people such opposition is possible only if they can derive support from the thought of a different crowd in which they will win approbation. That is why the Communion of Saints has afforded such comfort to the persecuted. Are we to acquiesce in this desire for co-operation with the crowd, or shall our education try to weaken it? There are arguments on both sides, and the right answer must consist in finding a just proportion, not in a whole-hearted decision for either party.

I think myself that the desire to please and to co-operate should be strong and normal, but should be capable of being overcome by other desires on certain important occasions. The desirability of a wish to please has already been considered in connection with sensitiveness. Without it we should all be boors, and all social groups, from the family upwards, would be impossible. Education of young children would be very difficult if they did not desire the good opinion of their parents. The contagious character of emotions also has its uses, when the contagion is from a wiser person to a more foolish one. But in the case of panic fear and panic rage it is, of course, the very reverse of useful. Thus the question of emotional receptivity is by no means simple. Even in purely intellectual matters the issue is not clear. The great discoverers have had to withstand the herd and incur hostility by their independence. But the average man's opinions are much less foolish than they would be if he thought for himself: in science, at least, his respect for authority is on the whole beneficial.

I think that in the life of a man whose circumstances and talents are not very exceptional there should be a large sphere where what is vaguely termed herd instinct dominates, and a small sphere into which it does not penetrate. The small sphere should contain the region of his special competence. We think ill of a man who cannot admire a woman unless everybody else also admires her: we think that in the choice of a wife a man should be guided by his own independent feelings, not by a reflection of the feelings of his society. It is no matter if his judgments of people in general agree with those of his neighbors, but when he falls in love he ought to be guided by his own independent feelings. Much the same thing applies in other directions. A farmer should follow his own judgment as to the capacities of his fields which he cultivates himself, though his judgment should be formed after acquiring a knowledge of scientific agriculture. An economist should form

an independent judgment on currency questions, but an ordinary mortal had better follow authority. Wherever there is special competence there should be independence. But a man should not make himself into a kind of hedgehog, all bristles to keep the world at a distance. The bulk of our ordinary activities must be co-operative, and co-operation must have an instinctive basis. Nevertheless, we should all learn to be able to think for ourselves about matters that are particularly well known to us, and we ought all to have acquired the courage to proclaim unpopular opinions when we believe them to be important.

The application of these broad principles in special cases may, of course, be difficult. But it will be less difficult than it is at present in a world where men commonly have the virtues we have been considering. The persecuted saint, for instance, would not exist in such a world. The good man would have no occasion to bristle and become self-conscious; his goodness would result from following his impulses and would be combined with instinctive happiness. His neighbors would not hate him because they would not fear him: the hatred of pioneers is due to the terror they inspire, and this terror would not exist among men who had acquired courage. Only a man dominated by fear would join the Ku Klux Klan or the Fascisti. In a world of brave men such persecuting organizations could not exist, and the good life would involve far less resistance to instinct than it does at present. The good world can be created and sustained only by fearless men, but the more they succeed in their task, the fewer occasions there will be for the exercise of their courage.

A community of men and women possessing vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence in the highest degree that education can produce would be very different from anything that has hitherto existed. Very few people would be unhappy. The main causes of unhappiness at present are ill-health, poverty, and an unsatisfactory sex-life. All of these would become very rare. Good health could be almost universal, and even old age could be postponed. Poverty, since the industrial revolution, is due only to collective stupidity. Sensitiveness would make people wish to abolish it, intelligence would show them the way, and courage would lead them to adopt it. (A timid person would rather remain miserable than do anything unusual.) Most people's sex-life at present is more or less unsatisfactory. This is partly due to bad education, partly to persecution by the authorities and Mrs. Grundy. A generation of women brought up without irrational sex fears would soon make an end of this. Fear has been thought the only way to make women "virtuous," and they have been deliberately taught to be cowards, both physically and mentally. Women in whom love is cramped encourage brutality and hypocrisy in their husbands and distort the instinct of their children. One generation of fearless women could transform the world by bringing into it a generation of fearless children, not contorted into unnatural shapes, but straight and candid, generous, affectionate, and free. Their ardor would sweep away the cruelty and pain which we endure because we are lazy, cowardly, hard-hearted, and stupid. It is education that gives us these bad qualities, and education that must give us the opposite virtues. Education is the key to the new world.

EBLIS

A STORY

BY THEODORA DU BOIS

NOW I can't vouch for this story. *I* saw neither the djinn, nor the unicorn, nor Eblis. All I know is that rumor reached me that Dorothy Middlefield had suddenly become tamed and domesticated. And when we met down on the sands of Nantucket last summer and I asked her what tremendous cataclysm of the soul had induced her to take up gardening and sewing—this is the tale she told, and Paul, her husband, backed her up.

It was gospel truth, he said, and although Dorothy isn't beyond adorning the plain face of fact with a touch of the rouge and lip stick of fiction, good old Paul is veracity itself. As one of the men in his class said when the classic figures of Beauty, Justice, and Truth were being hoisted into their niches in the new college library, "Drape old Paul in a sheet and give him a scroll and a trumpet and he'd make a niftier Truth than any marble dame."

But I don't want you to think I'm running Paul down by making him appear a prude. He's all right, and everybody was glad when he married Dorothy Wells. She had just that touch of flame in her to set Paul alight. Small and dark with curly black bobbed hair, and a vivid enthusiastic face, very red lips, and ears a tiny bit pointed.

I suppose Pines Park was rather dull for her. Paul liked it, but Paul would enjoy residing in the seventh select circle of the Inferno if Dorothy were there. He simply worships her. You can see it in his eyes. And Dorothy loves Paul too. There's no question of that. But Dorothy was restless, one of these riders of the wind.

Of course Pines Park bored her. She had been brought up in a circle of people who talked about the color of their souls and the reality of illusion and illusion of reality and fringes of consciousness and all the new books and plays and music, and that sort of thing. She never could reconcile herself to discussing nothing but gardens and babies, and when some of the women would be deep in an argument about the merits of cross stitch or smocking she would puff out a cloud of cigarette smoke dreamily and say:

"You ought to dress them in samite the color of their auras. It would be so quaint," or something like that. Of course her neighbors thought her a fool. Who wouldn't?

But she really was interested in auras. She said she saw one once. It was blue and orange around a ticket seller in a theater. Doesn't that seem an odd person to have an aura? But Paul said she really must have seen it because she grabbed his arm and could scarcely wait till they were in their seats to tell him. It was at one of the old Washington Square Players' shows. Paul went out between the acts and took a good look at the fellow, but the aura was gone by then.

Paul is a darling and as a matter of fact, the Pines Park people liked him better than they liked Dorothy, although she wasn't a social outcast by

any means. She danced well and was attractive and wore good clothes, and that helps. Their drinks were good too. But she hadn't been really absorbed in the place, not happily merged in it as you must be to know the soul of any settlement or city. And the soul of Pines Park was good. It was wholesome and clean and sane. But Dorothy couldn't settle down to it. She wasn't even contented when her children came. She had one of these trained babies' nurses for them, the kind who has traveled all over the world taking care of the infants of the lesser English nobility and won't let you have anything to do with your own children except kiss them good-night. This Nanna trained young Clara and Paul into stocky red-cheeked creatures without one interesting problem about them. They bored Dorothy too.

After about six years of it the lid flew off for her. She'd just arrived at the point where she thought she would scream if she heard another discussion of asparagus beds and hot frames. It was spring, you see, and the one and only possible topic was gardens, which she professed to despise. Well, they went to a dinner at the Sanders and she sat next to a man who talked about string beans all through the entire meal. She was nearly frantic. And the man on the other side of her was deaf. So she simply had to bear the beans as best she could and she sat, smoldering through six courses and sulked and smoked after dinner with the women in the living room while they discussed perennial borders. She was wearing a black and ember-colored brocade gown that night and must have looked like a kind of small modernized Fury. After dinner things were better. A man was there who had just come back from India and he talked entertainingly of Gandhi and the evils of the British imperialistic system. He was all for getting back to the simplicity and mystery and the glamour of the past. Dorothy had been wanting to talk to him all evening, but he kept away from her until just after eleven o'clock. Then he came over to her and, curiously, as if they had known each other always, took out a small white jade phial from his pocket and said:

"I've been saving this to show you."

"What is it?" she asked. It was quite lovely with a strange delicate tracery of gold and a stopper that looked like a ruby. She thought it held perfume, she said, and started to take out the stopper, but he said quickly:

"Look out, there's a djinn in it."

"How delightful!" she said. "How did he get in there?"

"Solomon bottled up a lot of them, you know. They were too powerful."

It was just the sort of mental game she liked. "If I let him out will he grant any wish I want?" she asked, and he answered, quite seriously:

"Of course, that's traditional. What is your wish?"

"My wish," she said, overwhelmed suddenly with her rebellion and boredom and restlessness—"It's something different—if I hear any more talk about cooks and chrysanthemums and croup and crocuses, I'll go crazy—it's choking me. I want something these beastly suburbs never dream of—things like unicorns and devils—bring on your djinns!" So she took out the stopper and the man looked at her with a sardonic sort of smile. His eyebrows went up in an odd way that was rather uncanny, she said. And when she took the stopper out nothing happened at first but a faint perfume of attar of roses.

"You were mistaken about the djinn," she said, but the man smiled again and whispered:

"Wait."

And then somebody said:

"Oh, I say, Harry, look how your fireplace is smoking," and somebody else said:

"I thought you said it had given up smoking for Lent." And everybody laughed, and then a woman remarked:

"But Lent's long over, old dear. It

can begin again." And they all roared. Cocktails and highballs had been flowing pretty freely and everyone was in that pleasant mellow state of easy mirth.

But Dorothy wasn't mellow, nor was she listening. She was watching the smoke, and gradually she saw it take form and shape itself into a vast vaporous figure, a man, naked save for a loin cloth, with ugly pendant lips and muscles that reminded her, she said, of the Village Blacksmith. It was rather horrid because she could see him and yet see through him. He towered above the mantel, and you could see Harry Sanders' clipper ship model through the creature's hairy chest, and the portrait of Harry Sanders' great-grandmother through his face. Paul said he happened to look at Dorothy and she had turned quite pale and was sniffing the jade phial under the apparent impression that it was smelling salts. But as Paul stepped up to her, the man said:

"I wouldn't smell that any longer if I were you, Mrs. Middlefield," and took it from her.

Well, Dorothy got home as quickly as they could after that. The cars were all jumbled up in the Sanders' drive and it took quite a while to straighten out, but the air did her good and she was quite herself again by the time they got home. But Paul hadn't seen the djinn. That is, he'd seen the smoke and, when he came to think about it, he remembered that it did have sort of a funny shape to it, but he was inclined to think that the cocktails they had had before dinner were responsible for the shape. And he would have gone on thinking that, undoubtedly, if it hadn't been for what happened the next day.

The next morning Dorothy was doing bills in her upstairs study. Everything in the house was just as usual. Subconsciously, she heard the whole life of it revolving about her—the hum of the vacuum cleaner in her bedroom, the whirr of an egg-beater in the kitchen, the chugging of the mail man's car stopping before the door. Off in the nursery young Paul and Clara were contending with Nanna about sweaters.

"It's too hot for sweaters under our jackets," they protested; and it was too hot. But Dorothy heard the sweaters being put on. That muffled howl came from a shout, stifled by heather-mixture wool pulled forcibly over the head and mouth.

Then came the bustle of feet down the hall, another combat over seeing mother a minute, and again the laurels of victory to Nanna and the small cautious thumps of rubbered feet going down stairs. Then shouts outside, diminishing in the distance. The clang of an oven door. The vacuum cleaner's whirr again through long minutes while she pored over the cost of shoes and coats and night clothes. Then a warm delicious smell of cake floated in through floor and walls and keyhole. Half the bills were finished, thank heaven! Then heavy footsteps came thudding up the stairs—the cook, running. What could be the trouble? There was an ominous knock at the door and Bridget burst in, very red, very greatly perturbed.

"What is it, Bridget?" Dorothy turned in her chair and Bridget stood panting, disheveled.

"Shure, ma'am it's a stray animal in the yard."

"Somebody's horse, I suppose."

"Well it looks like a white horse but it's got a horn onto it."

"Oh, well, just a cow then, I'll notify the police."

"It's no cow ma'am. That I do know."

"But it must be a cow if it has horns."

"One horn, ma'am, it has onto it, stuck in the middle of its face. It's more of a circus animal. An outlandish creature."

Dorothy said that of course she thought at once of a stray rhinoceros, but that was too ridiculous.

However, she went down with Bridget, and there, wandering around among the flowering forsythia and lilac bushes, was —a white unicorn.

"Well, you could have knocked me down with a crowbar," Dorothy said—which is her superlative of astonishment. At first she didn't believe it. She couldn't. But she hadn't had anything stronger than coffee that morning and she had had her eyes examined only a few weeks before.

There was the unicorn wandering about, exceedingly decorative and, apparently, exceedingly hungry. The poor thing came up to her at once, most trustingly, and stuck its soft nose in her hand. The cook screamed in the kitchen doorway and backed into the waitress behind her, but Dorothy smoothed the creature and thanked heaven for the high privet hedge about their place. If the neighbors saw her petting a unicorn they would certainly think her queerer than ever and stop inviting her to any dinners at all. But it was a lovely beast, she said, and looked as if it had been embroidered in white silk against a patterned background of lacy green leaves and lavender and yellow blossoms. It looked at her so appealingly, so hungrily, that she was troubled and offered it a handful of grass, which it nibbled a second and then dropped, politely, but quite definitely. That was too common fare. Anybody could eat grass.

"We ought to have some grain for it—oats or something," she said, and the cook hopefully suggested:

"There's some oatmeal left over from breakfast, ma'am."

But Dorothy said she couldn't quite see herself offering a glorious white unicorn cold slabby oatmeal even in small Paul's silver porringer.

"Puffed wheat, madame?" the waitress suggested, and that seemed more possible.

They tried it and the creature ate it, but only when it was well covered with sugar and cream. "Fortunately," Dorothy said, "we were going to have ice cream for dinner. We had to use the whole lot up, two whole half pints. But the unicorn did seem to enjoy it so, the darling. Even Bridget seemed quite impressed with him although she rather resented using the porringer. But a yellow kitchen bowl would have been too incongruous, like serving President Coolidge with soup in one, although he isn't the least like a unicorn of course."

Well, after a package of puffed wheat had disappeared, the creature daintily picked a daffodil or two out of a flower border, ate them, and strolled off toward the garage. The door was open that led into the tool room and providentially he wandered in there, and Dorothy was able to shut the door on him, thinking to keep him till Paul came home. And he did stay there perfectly contentedly all day, only several times she heard sounds of fallings down as he knocked over spades and things, but she had taken out the pitchfork first so there was nothing really to hurt him.

Along about teatime—but the telling of this part of it belongs to Paul. He came in at about quarter past five, he said. It was raining a little, one of these light misty spring rains that seem half water, half fragrance. . . . Not that he said that, he said there was a good smell of spring in the air. . . . But when he got in he saw that Dorothy and the children were in the living room around the fire and someone else was there too. A man. And tea was in progress and the children were toasting marshmallows, but not allowed to eat any, of course.

Paul took off his coat and hat, hung them up in the closet, and walked into the living room. The man wasn't a bad-looking chap; dark, with a lean face and although there seemed something queer about him Paul couldn't make it out in the shadows of the firelight.

"Hello, Paul old dear," Dorothy said. "You remember Eblis." Just like that, no Mr. or anything, and Paul thought it rather strange and he didn't remember him from Adam. "Will you have some tea?" Dorothy asked, and Paul said:

"Yes, but I'll go upstairs and wash first. Glad to see you, Mr. Eblis."

"Oh, just plain Eblis." The man gave a queer sort of laugh that Paul didn't like.

And all the time he was washing his hands Paul was wondering who the deuce plain Eblis was. The name was familiar enough. He must be some old flame of Dorothy's, or one of that Westlake crowd.

It wasn't until Paul was going downstairs that he realized with a horrid shock what Eblis meant. "What a beastly nickname," he thought and went into the living room and there was that fellow in the smoky glow of the firelight with flames dancing behind him. He was standing, with his back to the fire and, Paul said, you could see the tips of his horns quite plainly and—he was toasting a marshmallow on the barbed point of his tail!

The children were enchanted, although a little in awe of him. They sat in their small rush-bottomed rockers and gazed at him, speechless. The fellow was talking most entertainingly about city politics. He seemed to have been in the thick of the last administration and was tremendously amusing about it. "But, of course, I had to get out when they began opening the meetings with prayer," he said, whimsically, and Dorothy laughed.

But Paul was worried. He sat in a deep chair and stirred his tea moodily. He didn't know what in thunder to do. The fellow was a gentleman. You couldn't say to a gentleman, "See here, you've got a tail and horns, get out or I'll kick you out." It just wasn't done. He was perfectly amiable and well mannered and entertaining and disarmingly matter of fact about his—well, peculiarities. He removed the toasted marshmallow from his tail as if it were the most natural action in the world, and Dorothy accepted it absent-mindedly and ate the cursed thing. The marshmallow was very thoroughly cooked and it dripped down over her chin, and she licked it off with her tongue, and the children and Eblis burst into delighted laughter. Soon after that Nanna called the children away and they went with their pretty bow and courtesy, and Eblis said charming things about them that made Paul's blood run cold. But after all he couldn't really find any fault with the fellow. They sat and talked a long time after that about books and plays and music. It seemed Eblis had done a lot in those lines too, and after awhile he went off with most polite good-byes.

"I don't think much of your friend," Paul said, uncomfortably, after he'd gone, and Dorothy answered:

"Oh, he's not so bad, Paul. He's interesting, if you're careful."

"Well, all I've got to say is then be careful."

"Of course I will, you old duck," and then she burst out with, "but Paul, I have the most astonishing thing in the tool house!"

They put their rubber coats on and went out and looked in the tool house and, there among the spades and lawn mowers, in the beam of their flashlight was the unicorn, turning its head and looking hungrily at them with its great beautiful sad eyes.

"Good gosh," Paul groaned and rubbed his head.

"It's a unicorn," Dorothy told him and he snapped, rather irritably:

"Did you think I thought it was a kangaroo? What is the beast looking at us like that for?"

"It wants some more puffed wheat, I expect. Would you mind getting some in small Paul's porringer with plenty of sugar and cream?"

So they fed the beast. He was exceedingly hungry and it seemed extravagant to use so much cream at thirty cents a half pint, but what could you do?

"What's to be done about him?" Paul asked, "We can't keep the creature." And Dorothy smoothed its silken nose lovingly and said:

"It's a perfect duck. I do wish we could."

"We can't advertise," Paul considered, and Dorothy chuckled.

"Imagine—'Found, a white unicorn. Owner please communicate with Paul Middlefield, Pines Park.'"

"Good gosh." Paul groaned again. "I say, Dorothy, lock the thing up and lets come in and have a good stiff drink of hot milk."

So they did.

And after all the unicorn wasn't as much of a problem as might have been expected. Apparently it had a habit of sleeping all day. So Paul fixed up one end of the tool room beyond a barricade of children's sleds and old baby carriages, and every morning before he went to the city he'd feed the animal and tuck a huge old green rag rug over him that Dorothy had had cleaned. The unicorn was really a nice beast, he said. It was so appreciative. Sometimes it would give his ear one gentle lick as he bent over it, and then, when it was all tucked in, it would sigh contentedly and drop off to sleep, with its head on a bag of grass seed. And there it would stay all day long, and the man about the place never happened to see it. He never cleaned the tool room or garage if he could help it, so the unicorn was really perfectly safe. As for the maids, they left the very next morning, protesting angrily that it made them nervous to stay in any place where there was a circus animal being fed cream, like human beings; so Dorothy got a couple of phlegmatic Finns who never looked two inches beyond their own work.

In the evenings, when small Paul and Clara were pinned in their beds, and the maids were having their dinners, Paul and Dorothy would let the unicorn out. He was very fond of daffodils, as dessert, and Dorothy said he was really too lovely, in the dusk, dripping daffodils from his soft black lips. And sometimes she would take a handful of flowers and toss them up, high in the air, and the unicorn would neigh with delight and throw back his beautiful white head and try to spear the blossoms with his horn. Dorothy in her green-silk tunic embroidered in gold, tossing daffodils for the unicorn! It must have been a pleasant sight. Paul admitted that it was, but it would have been pleasanter, apparently, if Eblis hadn't been around so often enjoying it too.

Eblis was there a great deal at that time, and Paul was at his wit's ends with worry. The man seemed to have fascinated Dorothy, and yet, when he wasn't there, she spoke of him almost with horror.

"I don't know what it was about him," she said, quite frankly. "I really didn't like him. I was afraid of him and yet there was something about him so different, so interesting, you couldn't help being drawn to him. He was a very compelling person."

"He had a rotten line of talk," Paul growled and Dorothy said:

"Well, not really rotten. Of course he was very cynical but tremendously vital. He talked a lot about expressing yourself and not inhibiting your natural desires and your urges. He said I was stifling myself in an uncongenial atmosphere and he was most sympathetic. Tremendously stimulating, he was."

"Yah, so stimulating I wanted to give him one swift kick back to where he came from."

"Well, why didn't you?" Dorothy asked, and he said:

"How could I? Nobody kicks a gentleman out of his front door. You'd find yourself behind the bars in three minutes if you did."

"Well, I did the best *I* could," Dorothy protested. "I told him I didn't want him around the house all the time. I was most emphatic about it. But you know he only laughed at me. He said I didn't mean what I said—all women were like that, protesting purity of thought and loyalty and all that nonsense, and all the time all they wanted was attention—and passion. That was all they were made for."

"The beast!" Paul growled. . . .

But he hadn't done anything about it. Matters seemed to have been coasting down hill toward some lurid catastrophe, and Paul had no more power to stop them than if he had been standing at the top of an iced slide, watching Dorothy and Eblis tobogganing down toward certain collision. Why, he didn't even prevent Dorothy's riding with Eblis at night.

"How could I?" he said. "You can't shut your wife up in the cellar, can you?" and she answered:

"Well, I had to do it, didn't I? I couldn't let the unicorn die of lack of exercise."

So it seems she took to riding the unicorn at night, with Eblis on his own black horse. He had suggested it and brought a saddle and helped Dorothy paint the creature's horn black. Poor thing, it didn't like it at all, and kept pulling back and shaking its head and splattering drops of paint all over Dorothy's orange smock.

Those night rides must have been pretty wild experiences. The unicorn, of course, was fresh and tremendously swift anyway, and Eblis in his black cape rode like the tempest. Dorothy said they would fairly fly over the roads, cutting into the darkness like sword blades. The winds would whip through her hair and the stars would whirl overhead, and sparks from the hooves of Eblis' horse would shoot upward into tongues of flame.

One night they rode out toward Westlake, along the crest of the hills, and through the woods beyond, the moon kept rolling toward them like a monstrous copper ball.

Then they rode on the path through the woods where young white birches, pure, like virgins, waited breathless for the embrace of the moon. And at last they came to Deep Cove where the Allans had built their marble temple against the great black pines. A small temple, but very beautiful. The water lipped its very steps and pines breathed over it softly. An enchanted temple, that night that Dorothy and Eblis rode through the woods and saw it beneath the ivory-white moon. But soon a crowd of laughing, shouting people came rushing through the pines and down its smooth steps, plunging uncouthly into the waters. At first Dorothy thought they were her own crowd there on some party, and she felt badly at not having been invited, but then she saw that she had been mistaken. They were a lot of nymphs and satyrs and pretty soon—well it began to be rather worse than one of Mr. Aldous Huxley's books and she didn't like it at all. Whatever prim white-capped Puritan ancestor she had within her awoke and held up her eyebrows in horror.

"Please, I want to go home at once," Dorothy said and turned the unicorn. He, poor dear, hadn't liked it either. But Eblis laughed.

"Are you afraid to look at life?" And the Puritan in Dorothy answered quite sharply:

"I'm tired of all this nonsense about life—buttons and oatmeal are just as much life as orchids and orgies. I'm going to go home and have some hot milk and go to bed."

He laughed, mocking her and, quickly leaning over, put his arms roughly about her shoulders and kissed her lips. It was as if flame had scorched them and she felt burning pain and yet a frightening wild exhilaration, as if, riding on a storm at night, a star spark had fallen from the sky and lighted on her mouth.

"Some night you are going to tear off your garments of convention and ride with me, off over the black edges of the world, and we will gallop down among the lower stars, down the vacant steeps of night to my palace—black marble on the brink of the gulf of the infernos—lighted by its own three clear green moons. If you stand on the steps of its portals you can hear, far off, the great slow crash and grinding of the turning of the spheres."

"No," she cried, shivering, "I won't

go with you to any such Dunsany-ish palace. I'm going to stay with my own husband and children. I'd much rather have electric light than any private green moons. I'm sure green moons never could run vacuum cleaners in your palace." So, laughing at him, she kept him off, and they went home as fast as the unicorn could gallop, and she left Eblis to put him away in the tool room, and ran in to find a pale, forlorn Paul, trying to tune in on Cuba in the library. But he cheered up over a friendly little supper of hot milk and crackers, and then they went to bed and she read *Little Women* for half an hour to compose her mind.

She read *Little Women* all through that next week, her mind needed such a lot of composing. Eblis was rather awful. And although there was no mark that showed at all, her lips burned dreadfully, all the time. Baking soda and vaseline didn't help in the least. But, absurdly enough, she discovered that if she held against her lips a small old silver cross she had, a copy of an Ionic cross it was, the burning stopped at once. But of course she couldn't go around holding the cross to her lips all the time. It would have been far too queer.

So she had to bear the pain, fighting it and fighting the feeling that a chain was binding her and that Eblis held its end and was drawing her to him as surely, as irrevocably as the rising of the sun and stars. She struggled. She really didn't half like it and her heart ached her, she said, for poor Paul. He went around looking so desperately pale and worried, but what could he have done? As he said, you can't shoot a man in a civilized country. Things simply had to take their course.

But the climax came one afternoon when Dorothy was giving Eblis tea on the terrace. She had been making one more determined effort to get rid of him. She told him that she simply could not leave Paul and the children, and besides it was spring and she had to see about planting the carrots and beets. The gardener seemed to have an absolute mania for planting beans. But Eblis only smiled at her and she felt, terrifyingly, that she must get up from her chair and go to him and say, "I will go with you when you wish"; but she gripped the wicker chair arm until her fingers hurt, and still Eblis looked in her eyes and smiled. Then small Paul rode up on his velocipede. The children were playing about, for Nanna was away for the day and night. The boy looked up at Eblis and said—well of course you never can tell what a child of four will say next—he said:

"Why did the Lord Jesus' father make little dogs that fight?"

Eblis went white. For a second Dorothy said she thought that he really would faint, or die, perhaps, but he pulled himself together and leaned over and before she could stop him, made a strange sign on small Paul's forehead.

"Why did you do that?" she asked angrily, and he said:

"Perhaps you would be too lonely in my palace alone." That was all he said, and soon after he left.

By suppertime small Paul had developed a fever of a hundred and four and a half.

Then it was hideous. They got the doctor, of course, but he couldn't find any symptoms and suggested unbearable possibilities. By ten o'clock the house was tense, permeated by the frightening smell of disinfectants, pervaded by the crisp impersonal spirit of a crisp impersonal nurse. Efficient and excellent, of course, but after all what was one more sick child to her?

But poor Dorothy—she had had no experience with illness. It seemed, she said, as though something in her would lie down and die under the anxiety. And as she sat beside small Paul's crib, terrified at his moaning, she kept visualizing the most ghastly pictures. The child in his little English suits riding his velocipede unhappily in that

ghostly garden of the black-marble palace, so dreadfully far away and alone, calling for someone to play with him, sobbing for Clara and Nanna and her. It was not to be endured. And if anything did happen to him and if she should go off with Eblis—and every moment she felt that her going was definitely written in her book of life—or death—if she did go off, how simply terrible for poor Paul. What would he do? He would be desolate. One of these gray silent men who go through life trying to forget and never forgetting, dreaming over dead fires, holding books and reading their own thoughts on the pages—broken men.

Small Paul was so dreadfully hot and his eyes, when he opened them, had nothing in them, no thought, no recognition, only fever and fear. He clutched and called for her and didn't know her, and the nurse was off boiling something, and Dorothy didn't know what to do. She was wearing the little silver cross on a chain under her dress and, in desperation, she took it off and held it against the child's forehead. It was cool at least and something about it, some healing chemical quality in the silver perhaps, had helped her lips. And it seemed to help the boy. He lay back at once, quietly, and in a few minutes the fever was undeniably down.

The nurse came in the room and Dorothy whispered:

"See, this is making his fever drop."

But—and this seems almost incredible—the nurse wouldn't let her keep the cross on small Paul's head. She said it was superstitious nonsense and not in the doctor's orders and Mrs. Middlefield would have to go out and let the boy sleep quietly. Poor Dorothy was wild—but what could she do?

So she went out and heard Paul walking up and down, up and down, in their bedroom and she didn't want to add the burden of her anxiety to his. She wondered if the unicorn had been fed for the night and went downstairs. And there, before a pleasant fire, in one corner of the davenport, was Eblis, contentedly reading an evening paper. He looked up as she came into the room, and said:

"Oh, hello, when will you be ready to come with me?"

"I'm not coming," she protested wildly; "small Paul is terribly ill."

"I know," he said, "but that'll be over soon and then we'll start."

"No," she cried, "no," and suddenly, hatred of him and repulsion overwhelmed her, she said, like a great green breaking wave. She gasped and turned and ran blindly into the kitchen. The nurse had left on lights—and then she did an astonishing thing. She fell on her knees by the kitchen table and began to sob and pray. She couldn't think of any real prayers. They hadn't been to church in ages and she could only think of snatches.

"From all false doctrine, heresy and schism, good Lord deliver us." And "all ye whales, bless ye the Lord," and such inappropriate things. And while she was praying desperately and wildly, but to herself, of course, she heard someone knocking at the kitchen door.

She got up quickly and through the glass of the door she saw a young man smiling at her kindly. She said he was a beautiful looking man, very tall and strong with ruddy sort of short curly hair and, as she let him in, she saw that he was wrapped in a long blue foreign army cape, one of those French or Italian horizon blues.

"Good evening," he said, "we heard that you needed help. Is that fellow Eblis bothering you?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "He is, simply terribly," and to her embarrassment her eyes filled with tears.

"I'll soon stop that," he said. "Where is he?" and she led him through the pantry and into the living room.

The young man marched over to Eblis and jerked the paper out of his hand.

"Look here," he said, sternly, "you've done enough harm in this house. Get out."

Eblis leaped to his feet and the expression on his face, Dorothy said, was absolutely demoniacal, like that of a huge infuriated bat.

"So it's you again," Eblis sneered, and the young man answered:

"Yes, it's I again. Come on, get out." Then he grabbed Eblis by the collar and Eblis struggled, and the young man's cloak whirled and billowed about them until they both seemed to be fighting in a whirlpool of bluish smoke and sparks. You could smell brimstone and there was the queerest feeling of the room's being full of shapes you couldn't see. A horrible sense of invisible demons scurrying, crowding over by the fireplace, shrieking up and down the chimney, but of course that shrieking must have been the wind.

Paul came running downstairs and stood next Dorothy in the doorway.

"What the devil?" he said and she whispered,

"Hush, watch," and Paul said he heard her whispering over and over to herself, "Oh all ye whales and fishes praise ye the Lord—All ye whales and fishes praise ye the Lord."

And then suddenly a voice cried out, "Open the door, please."

And Paul did and Dorothy got out of the way and there was a rush from the living room, across the hall and Eblis was hurled sailing from the front door, cursing into the windy night.

Then they shut the door and there was the young man smiling at them delightfully and settling his cloak properly about his shoulders and saying, "Everything'll be all right now."

"How can we ever thank you?" Dorothy sobbed, and Paul grabbed his hand and shook it. He, poor darling, was so overcome he couldn't speak at all.

"It's nothing in the least," the young man said. "I've had many a good row with Eblis. It's one of my regular jobs. —Your boy'll be all right now, Mrs. Middlefield."

So Dorothy stole upstairs into the still cool nursery and found small Paul sleeping as normally as ever in his life.

"His fever's gone. Children often have these little upsets," the nurse said, and Dorothy was too thankful and broken to resent the tone.

She went downstairs again and found the young man and Paul seated at the dining-room table consuming vast quantities of milk and bread and honey, and Paul said excitedly:

"Dorothy, this is Michael. He's an Archangel"—and Dorothy answered:

"I had an idea he was—I could never thank you enough in all my life."

"Oh, that was nothing at all," Michael said, quite red and embarrassed, so they changed the subject and Dorothy sat down and ate, too, and they talked about all sorts of things. How Michael had been given his blue cloak by a French aviator who'd lost his way in the clouds during the war and finally landed at the Great Gates, and Michael had found him in an altercation with Peter and let him in at once and they had become devoted friends. And they talked a little about Eblis—but not much—and Dorothy and Paul told him about the unicorn and their anxiety over what to do with the creature.

"Oh, I'll take him off your hands for you," Michael said. "Nice beasts, aren't they?"

So they all went out to the tool room. It was a lovely night by then. The wind had dropped and there was a thin slice of crystal moon; tiny frogs were peeping in a pond below the hill, and the air was full of earth smells and spring. They let the dear unicorn out and patted him, and he laid his head lovingly on Dorothy's shoulder. Then they said good-by to Michael and he mounted, bareback, and a gold light seemed to circle him. Then he was off, galloping, into the air, above the garage, above the hill, up through the night toward the far path of the Milky Way.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE WEST

BY STRUTHERS BURT

IN the beginning, when I first went West to live permanently—and this was eighteen years ago—I thought it was partly because I was in love with loneliness, although love of a certain kind of life and a certain kind of natural beauty was involved as well. But as I grow older, as I see more of the world, I realize that it was not actually loneliness I sought, but rather the attempted fulfillment of a much more subtle and persistent human need: the need of a comparatively clean and sensible abode. It was the pursuit of the wraith of order: the unformulated wish to find some place where man had not as yet begun to set out his garbage can and, if possible, so help to direct the growth of that place that when the garbage cans became necessary they would not only be sanitary—which they never have been—but pleasant to look upon as well.

And so I went West. I have lived, as I say, in the Far West for eighteen years—I have known it for twenty-five—and as a result I have seen in a dramatically condensed and foreshortened way the whole history, as it were, of mankind and very clearly the history of this country and the democratic experiment. I have seen these things in microcosm, the beginning, the middle period, the apparent climax—apparent, I hope, and the net result is that I feel a trifle homeless, a trifle as the Continental Fathers must have felt when they saw their pet theories manhandled; and more than ever I must cling to my fundamental optimism and my ultimate belief in the democratic theory: the belief, that is, that through infinite waste, tragic stupidity, and unholy experiment some day the moron will be eliminated, or else the level of the moron will be so raised that the moron's level will be higher than the level of the prophet of to-day. What else is there to cling to? One must continue to believe that in the dim future there will come a time when the average man will realize the so obvious truth that the object of life is decent happiness, and that you cannot be happy without beauty, and that half of beauty is a sense of orderliness in your own procedure and in your surroundings. And as to fundamental optimism, this is merely pessimism so keenly perceptive of the follies of the present that it is able to realize the beauty which is man's unheeded background and the beauty to which, if only he would, he might achieve.

II

To struggle for something you haven't got but want is usually grim and sometimes depressing, although for the most part it is inspiring; but to destroy blindly what you have, all the time wanting it, is never anything short of tragic. And that is exactly what the Far West is doing to-day. The East, although far from being finally intelligent, has within the last two decades, especially the last decade, made some advances toward common sense and that corollary of common sense, the appreciation of sane beauty. These advances have been hampered and partly obscured by a contemporary increase in mechanical invention—notably the automobile—but none the less the East is

on its way to some sort of solution. At least, it knows that something is wrong. Even the Middle West—at all events in its cities—is beginning to grow up. The Pacific Coast, with an exception I shall come to later, began to mature at an early date, but the Far West, the very foundation of which was beauty and common sense, one of whose principal business assets, if you wish to put it that way, has been beauty, whose life and ideals have been conditioned by natural beauty, has suddenly decided to become childish when all the rest of the country is bent upon becoming wiser. Even Florida is trying to take care of a real estate boom without making existence any more hideous than it has to be—Florida, in short, has become in a business way sophisticated.

This is odd about the Far West, for paradoxical as it may seem, once the Far West had passed through its earliest frontier stage, it became, in the temper of its citizens, a very mature part of the country indeed. And it is tragic, because the Far West appreciates as well as anyone else, perhaps better, what its natural beauty has done for it, spiritually, politically, and financially, and what it may do in the future. In short, the Far West, having had a chance to start at the beginning and accomplish something really fine, having had a chance to construct a world that had some order and sane charm to it, is engaged in the historic national pursuit of killing the goose that lays the golden egg under the mistaken idea that a dead goose in the hand is worth five swans day after to-morrow.

It is a pity that the Far West cannot realize that, if it loses its originality, it will be twenty years behind the supposedly unoriginal East; it is a pity the Far West cannot realize that in its present point of view it is already ten years behind the supposedly unoriginal East, since, as I said before, it is taking up nonsense the East began to get over a decade ago. It is not sensible to destroy and tear down what before very long you will want again—what, in reality you already want; it is not good business to pull apart what in another thirty years you will want to buy back—if you can.

When I first settled in my particular valley in the Far West, I found that its salient features were mountains, huge, ragged, snow covered; trees, great forests of pine and fir, virginal and aloof; open places, particularly the bed of the valley itself where it ran for sixty miles on either side of a river. And this scenery, of course, had its spiritual qualities as well; the essence of these forests and mountains and open places—and the essence is the important part as far as this argument is concerned—was a contentment, a dignity, a spaciousness, an elation.

Within this frame of contentment and elation lived, when I first arrived, a population just sufficient. The valley is a hard country; it will not support a large population. In its sixty miles of length and fifteen or so of breadth and, counting the subsidiary valleys that drop into it, it will hold perhaps six hundred people comfortably and possibly ten good-sized ranches and fifty small ones. Also, it will take care of one small town of, say, a couple of hundred inhabitants. Beyond that the democratic experiment fails and prosperity is impossible and contentment vanishes.

In the eighteen years I have known the valley I have seen this absurd and preventable decay take place and I have seen the majority of people regard the decay as a sign of increasing civilization. There is something wrong in that analogy. Under no circumstances can decay and civilization bear the least relationship to each other. If we think they can, it is because we do not know what civilization is. I have seen the West when it still had control of its own destiny, when it still was in a position to maintain itself as a sensible, fairly contented and original country, and I now see the West bending every effort to turn itself, in some places, into a bad copy of the Adirondacks, in other places, into a bad copy of Pittsburgh,

and, in still farther places, into a bad copy of Atlanta, Georgia.

One does not, of course, expect to retain the idyllic days when a country was so honest that no one thought of locking a door; but I have yet to have it proved to me that there is any necessity for a country which did not know what class feeling was—save as a question of personal worth—to turn into a country of poor men and rich men; for a country where men were following profitably the trades and professions for which the country is adapted to be suddenly overwhelmed by emigrants who did not know what they were doing and had no right to be where they were—farmers, for instance, who come into a grazing country; farmers who come and fail and in their failure involve everyone. To-day the valley is nearly bankrupt and everyone is wondering why.

As to the frame, that too has suffered grievously. The mountains are fairly unassailable, although on one slope sheep are allowed to create deserts, but the forests and lakes are being despoiled. Lumbering, done under permit and government rules, is none the less done carelessly; the lakes are greedily watched by numerous water-power companies, and it is a constant fight, and sometimes it seems a losing one, to keep these companies out; wherever an unnecessary automobile road can be put it is being put or being planned. In the summer motors are beginning to swarm like locusts, but there is little attempt to guide or minimize their destructiveness.

To smile wearily and say that I am merely objecting to an "unavoidable increase in population" and all that that implies will not do . . . not unless you also admit that democracy will not do and that man has no power over his environment. The last decade has seen many discoveries both for human comfort and of the spirit, and there is no discovery so marked as the sudden realization that, materially at least, man can have things pretty much as he wants them. We know now that we do not even have to have war unless we so desire. That being clear, the next step is to get man to want sensible ends—to want them and work for them.

A great burden has been shifted from the shoulders of Fate to the shoulders of man, but in the shifting of responsibility, as is always the case, there is much hope.

No one denies that almost every man has to make a living; no one denies that when a wilderness is discovered it ceases actually to be a wilderness; no one denies that trees have to be cut down in order to build houses and saw out planks; no one denies that water-power is necessary; no one denies that sheep have to graze; no one is so foolish as to try to abolish automobiles; but it is quite possible to remain reasonable and affirm that these phenonema can appear upon the horizon and be kept from being indecent and outrageous; it is quite possible to maintain that so-called civilization can be incorporated and transformed into something resembling real civilization. It is not only possible under the new dispensation to affirm this belief, but even without the new dispensation it has always been possible to refer to examples.

England is full of sheep, yet England retains the loveliest and greenest countryside in the world. Sheep in small and well-regulated bands help a country; as we run them, they create Saharas. In France, in Germany, in England, countries much more thickly populated than our own, there has been no actual wilderness for close to a thousand years, and yet there are forests that give a sense of wilderness which in this country is being narrowed every day. You are not allowed to go into these forests and cut trees unless you so obliterate the stumps and debris that a man coming after you would not know that you had been there. Norway, Sweden, Canada are great water-power countries, but long ago they learned, for reasons too detailed to give here, that the worst place in the world to build a dam is, as a rule, at the mouth of a lake. Most of us have seen in the United States water-power and irrigation

projects like the Shoshone Project in Wyoming that make a country beautiful, and water-power and irrigation projects, like the Jackson's Lake Project in Wyoming—and the latter is a typical American project—that cry out, not only because they have ruined forever a priceless country, but because they are monuments to business folly.

Nor do motors have to be locusts. They should be made to take their place in the scheme of things like any other interest. Daily we move cheeringly in a vicious circle, patting one another on the backs and forming "boosters" clubs in order to put more sand in our mouths. We encourage farmers to come into a country where they do not belong in order that we may boast of an increase in population while, on the other hand, we learn to hide the increase in our unpaid bills. We are delighted when motors discover us and promptly set about so dehumanizing the country that after awhile the very things for which the motors came in the first place are no longer there. Eventually, after destroying everything that is lovely and typical and individual, everything that gives us the slightest distinction, everything that makes it worth while for others to come to see us, if we can build something that resembles a fifth-rate New York hotel we believe that we have at last achieved an ideal.

And again I say this is curious; for, to repeat, there is no section more proud of its history and its customs than the Far West, and no section of the country which, settled by fiery individualists, likes more to think that it is still inhabited by fiery individualists.

So, in eighteen years, you box the compass. You see democracy, you see what it can be, and you see democracy fade into incoherence. You grasp beauty and reality and let them slide out of your hands. You are lucky if you have even a sorry mess of pottage left. And in placing the blame for all this, most of it can rest, it seems to me, squarely upon the shoulders of the Far Westerner, upon my shoulders, that is, and the shoulders of my neighbors, upon the shoulders of the people who were born in the Far West or those who have become its adopted sons. We have been curiously illogical Esaus. We have had a magnificent inheritance and the beginnings of a civilization upon which we could have built, we were very close to some approximate solution of the problem of happiness; but we have let the "boosters" and standardization get the better of us. For the "boosters" I have no word to say: "boosting" is telling a man a lie with a smile because you want to sell him something. Standardization cannot be dismissed so cursorily. Up to a certain point it may be a good thing, beyond that point it is death. In the Far West we have now reached almost exactly the point of death. Not only have we allowed the "booster" and standardization to get the better of us, but we have actively fought, and are actively fighting, the only agencies that can in any way save—along certain lines—what is left of our inheritance; for half at least of our inheritance lies in our scenery, our forests, and the fact that we still have space. When we do not fight these agencies, we bring pressure to bear upon them in such a way that often in disgust they come down to our own level. Being democrats—by lip service—we drive the more farseeing, in their desperation, into the ranks of aristocracy and privilege. And by that I mean just this.

You cannot get away from a syllogism, and here is a syllogism: The human race has always recognized, however dimly, that natural beauty is a necessity for its proper development; natural beauty—most of the human race being, perhaps unavoidably, engrossed in selfish affairs—can be preserved only by an intelligent and instructed agency; therefore you must have intelligent and instructed agencies.

Now there are two kinds of agencies where the sensible preservation of the natural beauty and natural resources of a country are concerned. One is the

agency—in aristocracies—where rich men buy vast tracts of country and keep everyone else off; the other—the only one a democracy should choose—is where the government takes care of what it thinks is essential country, administering it for the benefit of the whole people. We can take our choice. One of the two will happen. If we hamper the government, eventually the rich will take the government's place; for nothing is more certain than that man will have space and beauty one way or another. But the latter method, as I have said before, is not a democratic method and it is a wasteful method, for nowadays it does not appear until most of a country is ravaged.

III

I realize that up to the present I have been very general in my statements and largely subjective in my thoughts, speaking rather as Doctor Johnson spoke of his hidden valley in *Rasselas* and, although such a mood is valid, it is not recognized as an argument by the "hardheaded" and the "practical." Let me become more concrete.

First, I will define exactly what I mean geographically by the Far West; next, I will explain why I use the word civilization in connection with a territory that has always been spoken of as a frontier; thirdly I will give some definite examples of present-day Far-Western childishness; and finally I will suggest what seems to me the only possible solution. That the suggested solution will arouse anything but laughter in most quarters I haven't the slightest hope. The more "hardheaded" people think themselves, the more they despise and fear plans of any sort—despise and fear them because they might interfere with selfish plans of their own. That is the principal reason why the world remains awry.

Geographically, then, the Far West has come to mean that tier of Rocky Mountain states extending northward from Mexico to the Canadian border and those eastern or western slices of contiguous states that, on account of natural conditions, or for other reasons, are more in sympathy with the Far West than with their farming or coastal regions. New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana are out-and-out Far-Western states; western Texas, western Nebraska, a thin slice of the Dakotas, eastern Washington, eastern Oregon, and eastern California are also Far Western. Once these borders were greatly extended and stretched from the Mississippi to the Pacific, but for obvious reasons they have shrunk to their present dimensions. Eastern Texas, for instance, remained Southern; middle Texas became Middle Western; Kansas and most of Nebraska became Middle Western. Beyond the coast mountains, Washington, Oregon, and California, down to the bemused and mongrel south of the last state, began to produce, facing the Orient, on the whole a sturdy and individual civilization of their own, perhaps in all this wide land the only civilization sturdy enough to resist the leveling process now going on. San Francisco will never be a bad rural imitation of New York. It is a great city in its own right, charming and self-contained.

But in my private opinion the Far West, save for a short period, has always in reality occupied more or less the limits that confine it to-day; for the Far West is—or perhaps I had better say, was—a state of mind, conditioned by environment, and this state of mind inevitably concentrated near the Rocky Mountains where the environment most favorable to it was to be met. The Far West, to begin with, was the gathering together of a number of people seeking to some extent the same thing and finding it to some extent in the same sort of country.

Now a civilization is the approach toward the gratification of the best instincts of the major proportion of the inhabitants of a certain section of the

earth, and the Far West soon ceased to be a frontier and became a civilization. It was a civilization because it had distinct ideals, it was a civilization because it had a definite way of doing things, it was a civilization because it accepted various traditions handed down to it and built traditions of its own, it was a civilization because, attracting a certain type of human being, it also produced a certain type of human being, and, above all, it was a civilization because for awhile it discovered as beautiful and satisfactory a way of living as this country assuredly, and possibly the world, has ever known. At its best since, let us say 1880, the life on the old ranches was the finest life America has been able to produce, save perhaps the life on the earlier plantations of the South. Finding the remnants of French-Canadian tradition come down from the north and Spanish tradition come up from the south, the Far Westerner made tradition of his own; made folklore, invented our only national costume, invented almost an individual language in which Spanish and French and English were mixed, and set up ethical and material standards.

Back of this civilization was an environment which, in the mysterious, interweaving way of environments, cradled this civilization and formed it. This environment was composed of many features, but principally it was composed of altitude, climate, special conditions of soil, immensity of horizons, everything of nature on a titanic and somewhat baffling scale, an extraordinary and poignant sort of particular beauty, so that although the scenery of the Far West is as varied as the world is wide, none the less you can never mistake it for anything else. Were you blindfolded and taken in an airplane you would know where you were when the blindfold was slipped—that is if you knew the Far West—whether your eyes fell upon a mountain lake deep in greenness or the reds and ochres of a desert. Were America Europe, it would long ago have taken for granted that to some extent a separate race would be formed by such conditions and that, in the first place, a separate race, psychologically speaking, would have sought such conditions. Nor would any attempt be made to break down such a valuable cultural experiment unless some extraneous folly like conquest was involved.

I wonder how many of us realize that as a nation we have within the past eighty-five years destroyed, instead of incorporating, four distinct civilizations, two of them of immense value to our world. The civilization of the American Indian is difficult to estimate and it is doubtful if, except here and there, it could have offered anything toward the solution of living; the civilization of the Confederate States was founded on an error; but the Spanish civilization of southern California and the native civilization of the Far West—the youngest of all and the last to go, even in places still extant—produced a method of life we sorely needed and were fools to wreck, or, to be exact, in the case of the latter, are fools to keep on wrecking. I doubt if the thoughtful man regarding the Los Angeles or Hollywood of to-day can remain completely convinced that architecturally, or spiritually, or mentally, or any way you chose to take it, unadulterated so called Anglo-Saxon progress has been an unalloyed success. I do not mean, of course, that a conquering people can or should assume entirely the customs or ways of thought of the original inhabitants; but I do mean that the wiser southern California millionaires, looking down from the windows of their Tudor or Georgian mansions upon the skyscrapers of this city or that, must occasionally regret a sensible comeliness which was theirs at one time for the asking. Not that skyscrapers are not beautiful in their place,—in New York, for instance, where they are necessary; but to use them when one has the whole world to build in is to select a perpendicular mind when you

might have a broad one. The ways of nature are inevitable, however, and ironic. Los Angeles may build in steel and eat the foods of the north, but in the end the ghosts of the Dons will have their way, for nothing is more obvious than that the vigor and "boosting" of the first generation sinks in the third into a lassitude that needs patios and siestas.

IV

Granting, then, that the Far West had a civilization of its own, in some places highly developed, in others more informal, and that, on the whole, its population was homogeneous, with a background of natural beauty which had at first attracted this population and afterwards conditioned it, let us see what the modern Far West is doing to this background. I do not mean, of course, that the natural beauty of the Far West merely as beauty attracted the original settlers in their entirety, although it did attract a good many. To make such a statement would be absurd. But the features that constituted that beauty—space, swift rivers, open plains, a dozen similar characteristics—did in one way or another attract all but what was a minority—the treasure seekers and the undesirables. These features certainly attracted the dominant group of the Far West, the grazers. Let me concentrate upon only one feature of the degeneration of the Far West: and confine my examples to the narrow radius of my valley.

I will not dwell upon the redwoods in California, the lumbering in Oregon and Washington, the pretty little works of the imagination of the publicity bureaus of the various Far-Western states, the number of settlers on irrigation projects who are starving to death, the bewildering condition of the cattlemen, game conditions—a dozen other matters; instead, I will cite a few local examples, some of which may seem petty until you think them over. Remember that everyone is agreed, especially in countries such as my valley, that whatever other assets there may be, the natural assets are the most valuable, and that it is necessary as much as possible to preserve these assets. Each week the little local paper carries a huge half-page advertisement of the Community Club which speaks of the country as "the last of the old west," describing it as "a section of rugged peaks and broad valleys presenting a panorama of streams, lakes, timber, and flower-strewn meadows or parks, with here and there a comfortable ranch or scattered settlement typical of pioneer days, etc., etc.," all this "amidst mountain scenery of unspoiled beauty." A description sufficiently accurate in some ways but not altogether true, for there are hundreds of other places in the Far West that are unspoiled and a few of them even wise enough to be making efforts to remain so. The point is, that here is a splendid example of not letting your right hand know what your left is doing; a splendid example, in other words, of disconnected thinking.

At the head of the valley of Jackson's Hole there is a lake eighteen miles long which, without any argument at all, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. In the future it would have been a Como, a Lake Louise, a Lucerne. A private irrigation company built a dam across the outlet to supply water to an irrigation project that was not even in the state where the dam is. To-day the lake is ruined beyond repair. Thousands of feet of standing timber have been killed and, as the water is drawn off, there are mud banks whose stench can be smelled far off. Moreover, the grim joke is that, as usual when a dam is built at the mouth of a lake, there is not enough water for the irrigation project anyway. Incidentally, when the water is drawn off millions of trout are killed annually. You can go down to the little pools and see them. Incidentally again, this irrigation company—now taken over by the government—although it was

supposed at least to clean things up a bit, in submerging a couple of ranches at the head of the lake, left standing certain small ranch buildings the usefulness of which has never been denied, but the attractiveness of which has often been questioned. Until a little while ago you could see these buildings close at hand from the main and only road into the valley from the north—the road from Yellowstone Park.

Not long ago a most serious attempt was made to dam Yellowstone Lake, and just at present there is on foot in Congress a movement to destroy practically everything the Forest Service and the National Parks Service have been able to accomplish during years of effort and discouragement. This attempt is being made in "the name of the people." Read between the lines.

Not long ago there was a plan to turn the Jackson's Hole country into a lumbering country and make the Snake River, which runs through it, a logging stream. You no doubt know lumbered countries as we lumber in America, even under government control, and you know what a logging stream looks like. Still later, a very definite attempt, indorsed by many of the local people, was made to introduce sheep into the valley. You also no doubt know what happens to a country when sheep are introduced as we introduce them in America.

This is not a nihilistic argument. I am not implying that my valley, or any other valley, should or can be kept as when first discovered, and in any other country lumbering could be done, sheep or any other interest could be introduced without much harm, perhaps with benefit; but as yet this is not true of America. And until it is true, all far-sighted men are forced to put what trust they have in the Federal Government, even if it is to protect the state they love from the very state itself. I like Wyoming a hundred times better than I like Washington, but I also know from long experience that Washington will do what Wyoming is not yet willing to do—not yet willing to do and not yet sophisticated enough to want to do.

But even Washington at times is a frail reed to depend on, especially when, as I have said, local influence is at work.

The valley, because, fortunately or unfortunately, it is a magnificent and famous country, is becoming more and more a mecca for motorists. Certainly, that was to be expected. But the local Forest Service, instead of taking advantage of the two old roads on either side of the valley which, like all old roads, followed natural contours and possessed some beauty, have built a thing diagonally across the valley and twenty miles long that looks like a railway track. One end of this railway track stops at one of the lakes which are a distinguishing feature of the landscape. For a mile on either side of this lake there are now gas stations, "hot dog" stands, lunch counters, dance halls, and tent colonies, no attempt being made to control either the looks or the situation of such inevitable but none the less controllable innovations; no attempt even, save a half-hearted one, being made to keep such inevitable but none the less controllable innovations clean. But there is no use in multiplying instances; there are too many of them and to do so is to lose control of your patience. Wherever there is a lake it will meet the fate of this lake, wherever there is a view it will some day have a signboard. The whole point is that you cannot have your cake and eat it and that the Far West is gorging itself on its cake at the precise moment when the rest of the country is beginning to realize that, where their own cakes are in question, they had better save a slice or two. After all, once the first fine flush of discovery is over, people are not going to travel many miles to see something that looks like the road between Newark and Jersey City.

V

But what are you going to do about all this—in those places where there is still a

chance to do anything? It is clear that you cannot hold back a dominant civilization, whether it be real or the imitation with which we delude ourselves to-day. And some features even of the imitation are commendable. It is not degenerate to want bathtubs. Well, going somewhat far afield for an example, I can think of no better example than my native city Philadelphia, which I have recently seen. Philadelphia is a long distance, spiritually and actually, from the Far West, but both Philadelphia and the Far West have certain problems in common. Philadelphia is a city without zoning laws and, as a result, in twenty years one of the most delightful cities in the world has become one of the most desolate. On narrow streets—when there are broad streets—huge structures are erected without rhyme or reason. There is nothing that is worth while that is not being torn down and nothing that is ugly that is not being built. What is the use, outside of the fact that such incoherence upsets and destroys business values, in making money or having money, what is the use of money or power if in the end they bring you neither dignity, nor charm, nor content? We are not a happy race, and we all know it, although the gods have poured their gifts into our laps. Why aren't we happy?

But although Philadelphia is gone, much of the Far West is not, and much of it can still be saved, some even of the indigenous civilization, if the government will act and the Far Westerner will support the government and be proud of what is actually his own and, striving for the common sense and order the desire for which first sent him or his father West, think of plans to preserve or promote this common sense and order. The Far West is a large country and a curious country. More than most countries it can be zoned, and this new idea of zoning—this very intelligent and democratic belief that in everything he does, his buildings and his occupations and his other interests, a man is responsible not only to himself but his neighbors—would find in the Far West congenial soil for at least a trial.

Owing to the natural conditions already mentioned, to altitude, to soil, to climate, the Far West can be divided with astonishing accuracy into sections suitable to this or that occupation and fatal to most others. There are parts of the Far West suitable only to cattle grazing, there are other parts suitable for sheep, there are parts where tourists and scenery and game are the only assets, there are other parts where a man can make a living on ten acres and where great cities can arise; there are even places—and enough room—for Indian Reservations not infiltrated with whites; but if, in a country so marked, you mix all these interests you will have in the end only despoliation and confusion.

Now, I do not suggest that zoning laws, such as can be passed in a city, should be considered. Obviously such a suggestion would be ridiculous. Even if such laws were framed, which they would not be, they would not be observed—besides, we have too many laws already. But I do mean that if the government, as I have suggested elsewhere, would, for one thing, publish a map showing these conditions, conditions of which the government is well aware, would tell the truth about them, it would do some good and be a beginning; at least it might warn a few fools away from places where they will only starve to death and threaten others with the same starvation. And I do mean, above all, that we of the Far West could accomplish much by throwing our weight in the right direction instead of in the wrong direction and by assisting in every way these agencies seeking to save us from ourselves.

A large subject, I admit, and one that cannot adequately be discussed in a paper like this. You can only hint at possible misfortunes and possible solutions, and you have no time to prove statements or reinforce theories that, taken by themselves and logically dis-

sected, might seem convincing. Nor do I think, after all, that anything said will have much effect. In my extreme youth, like most people, I thought argument could alter opinions, but I know now that it accomplishes nothing save to clarify your own opinions and rally the opinions of those who have always thought like you—nothing else, save perhaps to irritate your opponents. You could, for instance, fill volumes with cogent proof of the beauty and comfort and appropriateness of log buildings, you could cite Switzerland and Norway, Finland, Sweden, as countries where this beauty and comfort and appropriateness have been appreciated, but nothing you would say would deter your neighbor from building a bungalow—1926 model, equally tragic and equally out of place either in Atlantic City or Sheridan, Wyoming—if his heart was set upon a bungalow. You could preach sermons—and many have been preached—on the necessity and business sense of lumbering altruistically, but except in a few instances altruism, it seems, has to be left to the police or the Forest Rangers. People learn by experience and they never regret a thing until it is gone. Most of us in the Far West won't know that we have lost a civilization, won't know that we have defeated the very object that brought us where we are, until the defeat and loss are absolute.

TALIESSIN

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

PALE in a clearing of the wood,
Her hair all yellow with live flame,
Among the branchèd trees she stood.

Beyond all wondering One came
High in his hand the holy rood
Was blossoming red; a golden frame

Of crispèd curls did wreathe his brow;
His eyes were deep with sin unshriven;
His lips were strange, his voice was low.

Where stood his feet the earth was riven;
From wounded earth and feet did flow
Water more dark than wine-dark heaven.

Of these a mystic child was born . . .
(So ran a rune of Easter morn).

TWO AMERICANS AND A WHALE

SOME FRUITS OF A LONDON LUNCHEON

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

MY TWO friends from New York looked out to the Thames from an upper window of the Savoy Hotel. I know that scene well. When I used to glance up from printer's proofs in an Adelphi office that same picture of the Thames, for six years, was the warning of something more lasting to any man inclined to attach undue importance to affairs that were temporal. The two Americans were evidently impressed. It was an autumn afternoon. The golden dusk over London conjured its buildings into the unsubstantial palaces of a city no man has ever reached, though we all seek it. That city lay beyond the foliage of the Embankment, and perhaps beyond Time itself; Cleopatra's monolith, in the near foreground, was the prominent black interrogation mark of our own wonder and surprise. The Thames itself was a gulf of light. The bridges which spanned it appeared to be at an immense height above the earth, as though they crossed from one cloud to another.

Naturally, I said nothing. I had nothing to say. If there was anything to be said, perhaps the Americans knew it. Besides, I felt that vision of London was theirs as much as mine. It was English, like Shakespeare's poetry; but oddly enough whatever is transcendently national belongs to the world. We may keep our parliamentary institutions, our coal mines, and cotton factories, and our rates of exchange, but the best that we have and do becomes the property of whoever can understand it. How can Americans claim their Revolution as their own? Its impulse at once entered into the body of English political thought and regenerated it. If you read the story of the Reform Bills in English history you will find it working there, and even then must remember that the impulse did not cease. Such impulses never do. Who could name the day when it became certain that there would be a Labor Government at Westminster?

My American friends merely looked at that transfiguration of London, indicated that they had much to say, but said little. There was no easy way of saying it, and therefore like sensible men they did not try. It is easy—or at least it seems so—for a statesman to give the word which puts in movement a million armed men. But when you hear, for the first time, the slow movement of the "Eroica Symphony"; when you see the glint of your first mountain peak amid the stars, or when you listen to the knocks upon the castle door in "Macbeth," or when you are delighted by the "Magic Flute," or when Dickens makes manifest our common bond—what can you say about it? It is more elusive, that word, than the word which sets in motion an army of a million. How potent are the things we cannot even name!

So my American friends said nothing as they turned from the window which looked over the Thames, but I know very well that what they thought of London at that moment had become one of those strange trifles which, in the long

run, are as important to a man as good fortune. Such trifles are forgotten—or we think they are forgotten; but they make a difference in us which may help to deflect the direction of our thoughts, though we may never know how it happened.

The three of us began to discuss English and American writers. We were painfully polite to one another. We made free concession of our pawns, as it were, as though we did not wish to win the game. My friends submitted, and I freely confessed, the vitality and significance of the literary impulses in contemporary America. No doubt about that vitality. But they regretted that America could not match the old country yet with any star of the first magnitude—no Shelley, no "Ode to the Nightingale," no "Christabel," no *Pickwick Papers;* nothing of that size.

Heavens, I said to myself, what do these men want! What would they call a big star? My mind fumbled backwards to the 'fifties when, within a few years of one another, there appeared in the United States *Leaves of Grass*, *Walden*, and *Moby Dick*. Enough to satisfy any quiet community for a century! I glanced at my friends, thought I could see how it was, and therefore made bread pills, silently and respectfully. Evidently I was faced at this luncheon with a very fine exhibit of transatlantic modesty. They did not want me to feel sorry because England had nothing to show of quite the stamp of those three works. I was forced at last to congratulate my friends on their noble sacrifice of an impregnable position. No doubt could remain any longer of the friendship of the two Anglo-Saxon peoples. "If an Englishman," I assured them, "had told the story of the White Whale we should not pretend that we thought it of no more than the usual significance, not for all the Americans in America. And we could not have grown *Leaves of Grass* at all. Victorian England was simply incapable of it."

Now there was no doubt of it. Another look at the two of them was enough to show that they were sorry to see me quite so embarrassingly polite. I mean, they did not believe me. Perhaps they even supposed that I was superiorly and ironically English. "Many Americans, perhaps most Americans," said one of them with great courtesy, "would hardly know what you meant if you spoke of *Walden* without sufficient references. I never knew that *Walden* counted for anything in England."

That left me helpless. When there is much to explain about a difficult matter, and you find unexpectedly that your audience is without the initial clues, where are you to begin? I have always regarded Thoreau as an original writer who would have worked changes in the body of any literature, however old its tradition. It was an early reading of Stevenson's essay on Thoreau which disclosed to me not Thoreau's deficiencies but Stevenson's own. I suppose Thoreau has done as much as any other writer to give my mind a cast, for I knew his principal works when I was young. He with his metaphysics did something to ruin a career which might have been luckier with more judicious guidance. There have been reviewers who have hinted at origins for my books, but not one of them has ever noticed that I must have brooded long on Walden Pond, in apparition, as a youth. I well remember my schoolmaster rebuking me for frequenting "that moonshine." Moonshine! But it was true; and we all know what strong moonlight is said to do for the careless head.

Though that, perhaps, is irrelevant. What Thoreau did for me is not evidence. But the knowledge of it, which I kept to myself, led me to tell the New Yorkers this story. More than thirty years ago there appeared in England a little book of which two million copies were sold. It was called *Merrie England*. It was a cogent and ruthless argument in political economy, written in a way which made that mystery plain to the

simple man by his own fireside. That book, which sold in such numbers, which was used as a textbook by ardent reformers (nearly all of them young) in every market place and at almost every street corner in Great Britain, speeded perceptibly the popular impulse which has resulted in a first British Labor Government. Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris must not be forgotten. But they were then not greatly read by miners and such. It was *Merrie England* which woke them up. And Robert Blatchford, who wrote that forgotten book, betrays everywhere his debt to Whitman and Thoreau. Most of those ardent young disciples of Blatchford's carried *Walden* about with them. They founded literary societies in English industrial districts and named them after a little pond lost somewhere in New England, U. S. A. They could chant from *Leaves of Grass* as though it were a hymnal. Beware of young men when they turn to the poets and seers! People laugh to-day at the idea of faith removing mountains and point out that it took more than faith to cut the Panama Canal. But did it? They don't know what they are talking about. A few words will move the earth, if you give them time.

I remember once hearing a clever young English critic say that to read Whitman aloud was as bad as chewing glass. He might as well have said that about the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. But anyhow, thereupon rose a respected and scholarly senior who had had no part in the discussion. He reached for a book and then read to the end the poem beginning, "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." Nobody spoke after that. There was nothing to be said. Beauty silences us; but we are not the same after we have seen it revealed. The change is incalculable; it is not to be estimated in confessions or set words, but afterwards life is seen differently.

We see life differently, and that means that it is different. I would not argue that Thoreau's philosophy, derived from the Orient (like all the great religions of the world), is any sort of a substitute for the famous *Manifesto* of Marx and Engles. The effect of his work was different from that of the *Manifesto*, of which most Englishmen, by the way, even if they vote Labor, know nothing but the last lines. But to those who have accepted, quite naturally, that purposeful and combative aspect of life which to our political economists is the only one in view, Thoreau seems as odd as would a Buddhist eremite to a stock-jobber. Yet a second and a steadier look at him may be disastrous to the Western conception of the strenuous life. You suspect, in sudden alarm, that there is more in life than you had been told; that it may have a nature hitherto unguessed, possibilities unknown; that, in fact, Western civilization may have taken the wrong path and may yet have to turn back—or wish desperately that it could. Marx does not do that. Thoreau's words, like those of another and a far greater Teacher of an Oriental philosophy, simply dismiss with a little gesture most of our highly important activities, as a man might wave at an annoying fly. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the young men who once, with enthusiasm, read *Walden* and "The Duty of Civil Disobedience" were any the more aware of the profound implications of those writings than are most convinced Christians of the Gospels. Still, give these things time. They work, they work. "The light that puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

And Whitman, like Thoreau, to those young men at the end of the Victorian era in a Europe that was all Napoleon and the steam engine—a Europe assured of the divinity of determinism—was release. He made them free. They entered another world; and there, in fact, they are still, though it is obscured by the dust and rubbish of the world of

determinism and the steam engine, which has fallen; which was wrecked, to our surprise and horror, by the power of its own precise and logical machinery, for one day the gear broke loose and the flying metal brought down the august edifice of industrial civilization. We may reconstruct it, but not in the old way, for our heart and faith are not in that once venerated plan.

As for *Moby Dick*—but that is different. Even the young men who, half a century ago, looked upon *Leaves of Grass* as a happy release from the repellent materialism of their age and from the bondage of learning's formalities, saw Melville's masterpiece without understanding. How could they tell that it was one of the most important things that had happened in America since the Revolution? I do not find it easy to speak in moderation of that book. One might, as a reader, point out that it contains one of the best sermons ever written, that it reports a church service which is unique in English literature, that its pictures of ships and the sea make the best in other books look no more than happy and lucky photographs, that there are no such good stories of taverns and wayward men as Melville gives us outside books of the size of *Pickwick* and *Don Quixote;* that in its opening chapter it gets off the earth we know, so that when we are reading it for the first time we suspect that its author, though he begins in a glorious madness, yet must at once become sane and shrewd again, and hesitant, like the rest of us.

Yet no, Melville leaves the earth in the first chapter, the earth we know and accept, and maintains himself thereafter among the stars. If America had produced in its short life as a separate nation nothing but *Moby Dick*, that would be enough to justify her revolution and separation. We may say it is the greatest book of the sea in English literature; which, I suppose, means that it is the best in all literature. But that, we must remember, is because it is more than a book of the sea. The whale which was hunted by Captain Ahab and the men of Nantucket was a more wonderful quarry than all the oceans of this world could hold. That mythical whale left this earth and, a gigantic but elusive shadow, it led those men up among the very stars. The good ship *Pequod* navigated the constellations in pursuit of it and hurled spears, so to speak, at the Great Bear. Something like a long voyage! It is a book to put with the world's greatest. There are places in it which are like the soliloquies of Macbeth; and you know it is possible to argue that "Macbeth" is the best thing the English have done. I read only recently an American criticism of *Moby Dick* in which the courageous young man pointed out that Melville missed some opportunities for fine writing in the final chapters of his work. Melville could, for instance, have described the feelings of the sailors and the look of the whale as the final calamity swiftly approached. Ah! And if to some of us had come the chance of writing the "Moonlight Sonata," how different it would have been! And if only I myself could have daubed some red slabs across the sunset which my American friends witnessed from the Savoy Hotel one day, how much more remarkable London would have appeared to them!

"Why is it, then," asked one of the Americans, "that *Moby Dick* is only now being noticed? That book was forgotten till recently. Do you tell me a book as good as you say could have been overlooked without sufficient cause?"

Now that question is addressed to a mystery of the human mind. There has been such a change, in ten years, in the public consciousness that things in which once only odd men and women delighted have acquired a significance for the general. Where it was all dark, now most people may see something. Melville, in his own day, was addressing an intelligence which was hardly awake. To-day it is apprehensive.

THIS BUSINESS OF WIFEHOOD

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

ONCE more has my wifely wrath been roused. I am riding on the train. I pick up *The Traveler's Anodyne*, and the first article tells me that wives of great men are usually a liability, as doubtless they are. But the article states further that these wives were consequently failures as women, that they, in effect, lay down on their jobs, went bankrupt as it were, in their business of wifehood. I put the paper down. What exactly, I ask myself, is this business of wifehood, anyway? And the more clearly to answer myself, I ask the porter to sharpen my pencil; and then and there I pen some wifely thoughts upon the subject which is to me once more a vital one, for I view it now, not only as a wife, but as the mother of a daughter at what was once called the "marriageable age" and is now "the hesitating age."

This subject has evidently lain in my subconscious mind for the last twenty-five years—my silver wedding comes this year—attracting data and conclusions, for ideas tumbled pell-mell from pencil to paper.

This business of wifehood, it wrote, were Lloyd's to consider it an insurable proposition, would undoubtedly be listed among "the hazardous risks." Why? Because the chances are so small of bringing it to a successful conclusion. Take my twenty-one-year-old daughter, for instance. How can she know whether the boy in whom she would invest her youth, her energies, and abilities will be able in twenty, thirty years time, to pay her any dividends on them? She cannot. Unless he can settle on her at the altar a certain amount of property, what securities has she to protect her in case her husband becomes one of the failures that strew the shore of the business world? In such a case she will have invested her all in a wild-cat scheme, a dry hole, bogus stocks. When a man is twenty-four or less and good-looking, nerve so often seems energy; self-confidence, hustle, and solemnity pass for depth. He may look a good investment even to my shrewder eyes and yet turn out the poorest. She, like her mother and every other woman, must make her investment on faith. And what business man in the world wants to make an investment on faith?

And even if she be a discerning young person and invests herself in the most able and energetic of husbands, how many things there are that can happen to husbands which will bring this business of wifehood to bankruptcy!

First of all, there is his death. Suppose for fifty years she gives her whole energy and thought to promoting her husband, and then that he dies. Unless he leaves her an estate on which the interest is equal to his income when alive, she suffers a real financial loss.

I recall the case of Mrs. Financier, one of my own good friends. When her husband's will was read he had left enough to each of their four children to set them up in life. His widow was "amply provided for," being left a fair-sized income for life. But she had lived for thirty years in a mansion, had commanded a country and a city home, automobiles, servants, trips abroad. In order to live within this new income she

had to sell the limousine and buy a coupé. Where, as wife, she had been a leader in her state, traveling here and there in a private car with a private secretary, a power in her town, first in all public undertakings—as widow she took a place far below that of her daughters-in-law who could command their husband's salaries as well as their inheritances. The queen is dowagered. Hard role that of Dowager, to abdicate while still living!

And harder in her case, because she had come to her liege-lord, as I so well knew, a bright apple-cheeked girl with a strong forearm, ambition, patience, and thrift, had sent her young Hercules off each morning at six to his furnace, had saved their first thousand dollars out of his earnings and at a critical moment, practically forced him to invest it in the new foundry that was the basis of their fortune.

But how much greater was the loss of that other friend of mine who found upon her husband's death that half the fortune she had helped him acquire was willed to the other woman who had pleased him after her own charms had faded. How she must have lamented that she had not demanded yearly dividends instead of rejoicing that their surplus was ever growing larger!

II

Yes, how can I tell what my daughter will realize on the investment of all her youth and energy? There was Aunt Mary, now in her grave. She invested not only her days, her energy, and her devotion, but her small inheritance, which came just at the moment needed to save her husband's business. He was a devoted husband and they were very happy. Then a sudden illness and she passed away. Her husband became an invalid. A nurse was called in and after some time he married her. No one blamed him for this. But someway or other she never got along with the child, a son Aunt Mary had adored. And when the father died the boy was left "one dollar and no more." The nurse had made a profitable business out of her wifehood, but poor Aunt Mary hadn't realized a cent she could bequeath her child.

Death is a sword of Damocles that hangs over every mother's head of us and, if we die, what assurance have we that any part of what we have helped our husbands acquire will go to our own children? Nothing at all but our faith in him. Most of us have that and are justified in it. And yet, there are the exceptions. If we survive him we are sure at least of our dower. But if we die first, we are sure of nothing that we can leave to others. For the capital of wifehood remains in the husband's name. The business of wifehood? The business? (Would a banker leave his surplus in the hands of someone else?) Would he depend on his faith in that someone to assure his heirs their share?

Yet against these hazards liable to the business of wifehood I must in honesty acknowledge the successes and rewards, which are many and great. As a matter of fact, I am convinced there is no other business, unless it be that of stock jobbing or oil prospecting, that offers greater returns to the lucky and in which returns are so small in proportion to the ability invested.

There are those women who have "struck it rich" in husbands. Who has not known them? There was that classic example from my own home town. She tried to marry every eligible boy and finally landed a ne'er-do-well who owed every livery stable, restaurant, and clothier in town and was reduced to taking an underground job in a mine. Fortunately a slab fell on him, he sued the company and won "damages." Before it was all spent he bought an interest in California land. And now his bride comes back yearly to visit her mother and tell of her homes in Maine and Florida and New York and wear five-carat diamonds and Paris confections.

I could go on *ad infinitum* of wifehood that has paid. I could cite my own case,

but since I belong to that small and happy group who taste the joys of wifehood without earning them, I cannot present it as typical.

Then why do I talk about wifehood being a "hazardous occupation"? For the simple reason that what a woman invests in it has little or nothing to do with her returns. Even when it turns out happiest it is not a business. It is a speculation.

Take my schoolmates, Sally Smith and Evelyn Scott. Sally was noted for her practical good sense and her keen mind. She married a young business man. She proved an excellent housekeeper, a thrifty manager. She fed him well and entertained his business friends; saved his money and amused him. But his was a restless disposition, and no stability or efficiency of hers availed to dissuade him from selling out and moving to another town, which he did again and again, each time running deeper into debt until he could not look a grocery bill in the face. She was finally forced to go into business for herself and regard him as her luxury. Evelyn Scott, on the other hand, was notorious for her extravagance. She was disagreeble and inefficient, lazy and incompetent. Yet the young mining engineer she married rose rapidly from position to position until he was vice-president of a great corporation.

III

Evelyn's case suggests that there is another side to this question—the husband's side. How this business of wifehood does take them in! In most businesses one must earn one's income. Take this engineer, Evelyn's husband. He couldn't dismiss his slattern, stupid, awkward, inefficient housewife even though he saw across his fence the neatest and cleverest wife working for half as much in board, lodging, clothes, and decorations as his Evelyn received.

Of course, a great deal depends upon a wife investing herself in the right person. What may be one husband's meat, may be another's poison. There was that brilliant woman of my grandmother's generation, when wifehood was entered more often as a business than to-day, pushed, as it is, by competition with other businesses open to women. As a child, this woman flew across my path like a flamingo, a sprightly small woman with a tremendous coiffure, snapping black eyes, and a laugh that shook the dishes in the cupboards. She wore smart clothes, carriage cloaks, made of Persian shawls, and hats laden with huge ostrich feathers of blue and red and gold and brown sent her by rich relations. When she came to call on my mother she sat on the edge of her chair and held us all spellbound by her anecdote and gesture. Occasionally she wrote for a city paper. Her notes, written in a magnificent hand, were literary gems. She had the first finger bowls in our town and her little tables were laden with hammered silver and Venetian glass, things startling to a Middle Western town in the nineties. She made us think of kings' mistresses and a French Court; she reminded us there was a Fifth Avenue and a Newport —of everything artificial and exotic and social. With all that, she was the best neighbor in our town, the first with a plate of soup, adored by bootblack and banker alike. As a wife she would have been an asset for any diplomat or politician, an ornament to any millionaire. But she was married to a mild gentleman of the old school. An accident left him paralyzed. He became a permanent invalid. For twenty years this woman, made to dispense riches knowingly and ostentatiously, served as handmaid and nurse. Eschewing society, she devoted herself to the task of keeping an immaculate house, of nursing him, and making her ends meet over a tiny allowance. Married to a man in public life, she would have had a brilliant career as hostess and *grande dame*. But out of her ability alone she could not make a career for herself in society. For even though society as now organized requires that wifehood shall be an occupation, it

gives no rewards for efficiency. Although the wife is responsible for all social activities of her family; although she is expected to call and receive calls, entertain and be entertained, her place in the social structure is fixed, not by any ability of her own to give pleasure in her companionship, but by her husband's ability to pay; not by her own charm and appearance, but by his position.

In Washington, for instance, where one's place in the social scale is indicated by the rule of precedence, doesn't a stupid and a slovenly wife of a senator outrank the most charming wife of a mere attaché or Commissioner? Just as whenever committees are appointed for public work the wives of men who have succeeded, no matter how stupid they may be, are placed ahead of the able woman whose husband happens to be less known.

No one denies that a frugal and thrifty wife may make "a poor stick" more successful than he otherwise would be, or that an able gracious wife increases the brilliancy of her husband's career. I've known women who managed to wring from the poorest investment some return and other women who got the maximum out of their good ones; but the fact is that a wife's profit depends far more on the husband in which she invests her qualities than on what those qualities are.

At about this place or before, some man will arise and say, "Why all this pother about wifehood? Women know they take risks. They know they must rise or fall by their husband's worldly success, but I opine they'll keep on entering matrimony. They always have and they always will. Isn't there something else to be said for marriage besides its financial returns?"

By all means. At least from the wife's point of view. So much in fact that books have been and will continue to be written on the subject. But I am not discussing the institution of marriage. It is not treated as a mere business either for husbands or wives. With wifehood it is different. "She was a good wife," is considered a sufficient epitaph for any woman, while "He was a good husband" on a tombstone would provoke a laugh. But yesterday a woman was publicly known only as a daughter, a wife, and a relict. To-day she is emancipated from relictism. But not from wifehood.

What is this business of wifehood anyway? What does it deal in? The comfort of a husband? But some husbands pay big prices for discomfort. Service? But idle wives cost more than busy ones. Love? But one gets more of that sometimes from a fiancée than from a wife. Housekeeping? But the home has often been run by sisters more profitably than by wives.

Or does it deal in imponderables? Does the husband expect faith, loyalty, dependence, the feeding of the husband ego? Does wifehood supply him someone to work for, an end in life? That, I feel sure, many husbands would say it did. But I look about once more: Are wives who supply these things the most generously rewarded? Are they the ones who receive the most for their wares? Does the amount given affect the profit? Decidedly no.

To give that answer you have only to look about you and note the devotion lavished on the selfish, faithless wives, or the pride and pleasure taken in the self-supporting, partner wives or the luxuries provided for the irritable, domineering wives.

And so I ask: What sort of business is this anyway in which you make your investment on faith and your returns are not dependent on what you give of time and energy?

And as I ask this question I recall those girls of the nineties who are the mothers of the girls of to-day. I remember hearing one of them say, "I may not be happy with him. I'm not sure that I shall. But this I know, I'll never be happy without him. So I'd better take a chance." And my mind spins rapidly past the years since then. I see that wife as housekeeper and nurse and as

seamstress. I see her as hostess and as guest. She thought wifehood was an occupation then, one that took all of her. She wanted "him" to be successful. She wanted to help him do it. But I venture to say she never thought of dividends. I can see the diamond sunburst he brought home to her at Christmas. It was not dividends to him, to her. It was a symbol of happiness. I can see her first baby and his joy in it. I can picture their new home, a background for her. And the books he brought to her. I can imagine days of understanding, of common joys, of common yearnings, of sympathy, of help. It is a very common story, true of nearly every real marriage. On his side no thought of service and on hers none of dividends. Only happiness given and received. And I recall again that night she said to me, "I'll never be happy without him." It was happiness she was bargaining for, happiness given and received, and not dividends. "And so I'd better take a chance," she said. She was not entering a business. She was gambling and she knew it.

Is not the conclusion clear that even in this commercialized age wifehood has escaped commercialization? It has nothing to do with dividends or material comforts. It is not a business. It is a gamble for happiness. Of one thing we may be sure—whatever wifehood is, women will continue to enter it. Never worry about that, husbands. A relationship of mutual give and take, bringing pain or joy—an education, an initiation—an occupation, a privilege—a vocation, an avocation—one thing to one woman, another, perhaps to another, sometimes profitable, sometimes a martyrdom, but always an experience and to most women worth paying for, if need be. But her business? (Why not be frank about it, husbands?)

THE SECOND WIFE

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SHE knows, being woman, that for him she holds
The space kept for the second blossoming,
Unmixed with dreams, held tightly in the folds
Of the accepted and long-proper thing—
She, duly loved; and he, proud of her looks,
Shy of her wit. And of that other one she knows
She had a slim throat, a nice taste in books,
And grew petunias in squat garden rows.
Thus, knowing all, she feels both safe and strange;
Safe in his life, of which she has a share;
Safe, in her undisturbed, cool, equal place,
In the sweet commonness that will not change;
And strange, when at the door, in the spring air,
She hears him sigh, lost Aprils in his face.

PARTNERS

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

FROM Potterville to Windgate was a good ten miles up a steep grade, yet Steven Hamlin had decided against a high-powered car from the Monarch Garage. Instead, he had chosen to hire a rig from the decrepit livery stable tottering to an inevitable doom. It was an absurd choice, of course, on a par with his decision to visit Windgate at all—to visit Windgate once more before he died. Before he died! . . . In spite of his seventy-odd years he couldn't realize death in terms of a definite event. . . . But his doctor had been inexorable: "In six months, Mr. Hamlin, at the most." Six months at the most, with every possibility of a speedier decline—that was the way his physician had put it.

Of course he had told no one—not even his wife. But he had suggested this trip to Windgate to her and he could still see the look of smoldering resentment in her eyes as she had replied:

"Windgate! . . . Nothing could tempt me to go there. It's—it's too full of unpleasant memories."

He let the project drop so far as she was concerned but the idea of a return to the scene of his early struggles persisted. Try as he would he could not escape it. He didn't want to go to Windgate, not really, but something that he could not resist kept drawing him back. Even when he had got as far as Potterville he fluttered weakly in the direction of retreat. But it was no use, the best that he could do was to prolong the agony, creep toward Windgate at a proverbial snail-pace; that was probably the impulse back of the rig hired from the livery stable. The driver was an oldtimer—not so old as Steven Hamlin but at the slack tide of fifty, anyway, and even he was a little contemptuous of a man who elected to crawl up a mountainside when swift flight was possible.

"The last time I dragged up this here road," he said, "was nigh onto two year ago. . . . I had the sheriff for a passenger."

"The sheriff, eh?"

"Yes. He was looking for a man who'd murdered his wife, an Eye-talian. The feller made a good enough get-away but like a damn fool he came back . . . the sheriff 'lowed nobody would suspicion that he'd travel in this kind of a contraption."

"Was he right? . . . I mean did the sheriff get his man?"

"Naw, the Eye-talian was too quick for him. . . . But the next time the feller come back they went after him in a Ford and got him."

"He came back twice—how extraordinary! He must have been a fool."

"Sure, anybody that kills another man is a fool. . . . It's funny, too, the way they allus come back—they just can't seem to stay away. How do you account fer it?"

The question crackled out like a rifle shot. Steven Hamlin gave the driver a glance of startled surprise. "Me? I'm sure I don't know. Something pulls

them, I guess—some unknown force they can't control."

"Did you ever know a murderer?"

"Me? . . ." Steven Hamlin's voice trailed off into a faint indecision. Then, with a note of certainty mingled faintly with defiance, he went on, "Yes . . . once. . . . I knew a man who murdered his partner."

"They quarreled over money, I bet."

"No. They didn't quarrel at all. But the partner was always in the spotlight. He was the popular one. Everything came his way."

"Shucks—that's no reason to kill a man."

"Isn't it?" Hamlin's voice rose with scornful passion. "I guess you've never had a popular partner. . . . I guess you don't know what it is to stand always in the wings while somebody else takes the curtain call. . . . What do you consider a cause for murder, anyway?"

The driver took another chaw of tobacco. "Money and gals: them two things is what sets men off their heads. If a feller did me out of money or a gal, I might—I say I *might* shoot. But I ain't sure."

"Exactly. Well, this partner did the other man out of his girl. It wasn't enough to get all the applause. . . . Oh, he didn't do it deliberately. Things just came his way. That's what made it so infuriating."

Steven Hamlin took off his hat and wiped moisture from the sweat band.

The driver eyed him with quizzical amusement. "How was this deal pulled off—with a six-shooter or a shot gun?"

"With neither. The murderer didn't kill his man, actually . . . but he was the cause of his death."

"What do you mean—the cause?"

"Oh, it's a long story. But *how* he did it isn't the point. The point is that he went back to the scene of his crime."

"And they got him?"

"Hardly . . . he stayed away for forty years, forty years, mind you and then, suddenly, one day, something came over him. He couldn't stand it any longer." Hamlin's voice dropped to a whisper. "He had to go back!"

"Forty years! well, I swan. He musta been pretty old by that time."

"Yes . . . about my age."

"After forty years—can you imagine! He didn't take much of a chance, then."

"He *never* took much of a chance!"

"Didn't have no guts, I'd say."

"You're right—he didn't."

The pull up the hill was longer and slower than Steven Hamlin had remembered. But forty years could dim most pictures. As they mounted upward and the panorama of the Heron Falls county expanded, old memories began to crowd forward. He was a young man in his twenties when he first had made this trip. Windgate had been a thriving mining town, then, and a six-horse stage had operated between there and Potterville. It had been on an early June morning, just like this, with the same purpling mists giving a touch of mystery to the foothills in the distance. And how light and sparkling and altogether heady the mountain air had seemed to a coast-bred man! Just as it was to-day. There had been at least a dozen passengers in the coach, but Hamlin remembered none of them except one, for the simple reason that only one had captured his interest. That was natural: there were very few crowds that the personality of Bob Wainright couldn't dominate. It wasn't that he had been arrestingly handsome, or exceedingly brilliant, or profoundly wise; in any one of these particulars Steven Hamlin easily could have outdistanced him. But Bob Wainright had something more potent than all these qualities combined. He had charm.

Two young men starting on a certain June morning to seek their fortunes, bound for the same destination, fired with the same ambition, stirred by the same ideals. The end was inevitable; almost before the brief journey from Potterville to Windgate had been completed they were partners. . . . The

market place dulls the significance of this term. In the huddled life of cities, partners are sharers in the monthly balance-sheet, and there the matter stops. But, out in the wilderness, along the mountain trails, in the glamour and Homeric zest of prospecting, or sheep herding, or cattle rustling, a partnership is real and vital, a sacrament blessed by wind and weather and such elemental hazards. It is as close a tie as marriage, sometimes at once as precious and as chafing.

This partnership of Wainright and Hamlin was no exception to the rules of the prospector's trail: it had its precious moments and its chafing moments with the emphasis, as time went on, placed upon the last condition—for Hamlin. For that same charm, so elusive, so unearned, that had at first fascinated, ended by being a profound irritation. Before six months had passed, Steven Hamlin's personality had ceased to stand upon its own legs and people fell into the habit of saying at introductions, "Meet Bob Wainright's partner. . . . The name?—Sure—Hamlin—Steve Hamlin."

It wasn't that the public ignored Hamlin completely, it did something infinitely more humiliating—it acknowledged him as an audience acknowledges a spotlight: a device for throwing the star into sharper relief.

If they struck a rich pocket of ore rumor cried out, "Hear about Bob Wainright? . . . Him and his partner pulled a good trick over by Mesquite."

Hamlin broke his leg once tumbling over a ledge by Chipmunk Pass. Wainright carried him five miles into Windgate. The columns of the *Windgate Star* glowed with tributes for Wainright—which was natural. But, later, when Steven Hamlin had risked his life to save Wainright the newspaper reported it thus:

> Bob Wainright, Windgate's most distinguished citizen, nearly lost his life last Tuesday in an attempt to ford Heron Creek. . . . He was rescued by his partner.

These were not the only instances of the overshadowing of Steven Hamlin but they were typical, and he bore them with some philosophy until they involved a woman—*the* woman. If Bob Wainright only had kept his hands off Conchita Arguello, Hamlin might have suffered every other humiliation.

Conchita Arguello. . . . On this June morning, forty years after, the name still fell from his silently moving lips with a touch of its old allure. Could it be possible that he had been married to Conchita Arguello for nearly forty years?

The horses gave a sudden upward lunge, then broke into a trot. Steven Hamlin came back to reality and the present with a repressed start. Ahead, showing brokenly through the spruce trees, loomed the sun-bleached outline of Windgate.

The town of Windgate in the noon sunlight looked for all the world like an empty stage set for a village scene. It had a flatness, a pasteboard quality which touched it with unreality. The truth of the matter was, it had become a corpse, or so nearly a corpse that it already was removed from the realm of the positive. A general store managed to exist and a post office; while a half-score of dwellings rallied together in a pretense of vigor. But, for the most part, it was a dreary succession of abandoned saloons and dance halls, lacking doors and windows, standing in battered rows. A few Chinese derelicts hid among the ruins—bent, gnarled, shriveled dregs of humanity steeped in opium and Chinese gin, who between stupors washed the gravel of Heron Creek for stray gold nuggets that careless Forty Niners had overlooked. But, if anything, they accented the note of dissolution as furtive rats might, scampering from the rafters of an abandoned house.

This was the Windgate that Steven Hamlin came back to, and his first reaction to the shock of its decline was a feeling of intense relief. The picture of the past which he half hoped, half

dreaded, would leap into new life before the stimulus of its background seemed more and more removed from reality.

The past was dead—irrevocably dead. . . . He was glad, now, that he had come back to Windgate, if for no other reason than to reassure himself upon this point.

He emerged from this absorbing satisfaction to the realization that the horses had stopped. He made a movement to alight but the driver detained him.

"We ain't arrived yet. But this here tree—it's one of the biggest all-fired bull pines in the country. And it's got a history too. They've hung more men from that there lower limb than from most any tree, hereabouts. . . . I was just a kid when they swung the last man. His name was Wainright—Bob Wainright!"

Hamlin felt a cold current of air. The dead past was stirring into life. He stopped to follow the line of the driver's upraised finger. The lower limb of Windgate's famous bull-pine curiously detached from the green boughs above it, made a violent silhouette against the sky. "Oh, yes—Wainright. I—I think I've heard of him. Let me see—there was something unusual—something—"

"They got him fer horse-stealing. But lots o' folks never believed he done it. And I *have* heard tell that an old greaser down ter Heron Falls confessed something about it afore he died. But nobody ever got quite the gist of it. Like as not he told a priest and them birds—well they can keep their mouths shut—I'll say that fer 'em. . . . But I allus 'lowed there must 'a been something pretty fine about that feller Wainright the way his pardner stuck up for him."

"Oh, he had a partner, eh!"

"Yes. And yer know what that pardner done? After the hanging he stepped in and married the widder—so as he could provide for Bob Wainright's child. She had a little girl. . . . I tell yer when a dead man can git folks to stand by like that he ain't no slouch!"

"I'd say the partner wasn't any slouch either."

"Him? . . . Oh, well, he got a damn pretty woman if it comes to that. And more advertising than he ever had afore in his life. Fer years after folks used to stop when he passed and say, 'There goes the man who married Bob Wainright's widder!'"

A sudden passion flamed Steven Hamlin. "Huh! Advertising! You call that advertising? *The man* who married Bob Wainright's widow! . . . I'll bet, even now, you don't remember his name."

"Yer right, stranger, I don't."

Hamlin's voice sank to a vindictive whisper, "Well, I can tell you his name, his name was Steven Hamlin. And if you want to know the truth, he didn't stand by for any of the fine reasons you mention. He hated his partner. And what's more he contributed to his death. . . . He plotted with that greaser you were just talking about to fasten suspicion on Wainright. And he kept still and watched them hang him. And then he married the widow."

"Bob Wainright's pardner done that?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it!"

Steven Hamlin clambered down, planting his feet firmly on the road strewn with pine needles. "You don't believe it, eh?" he shrilled. "Well, I ought to know what I'm talking about."

For answer the driver went on deliberately chawing his tobacco. "Yer mean ter stand there and tell me that Bob Wainright's pardner done a thing like that?"

"No, I didn't say anything about Bob Wainright's partner. I said Steven Hamlin did it. *H-a-m-l-i-n!*"

"Ain't it the same thing?"

His anger was mounting like a futile wind among dead branches. "Not the same thing to *me!*"

"What's it ter you?"

"What's it to me? Everything.

Don't you know who I am? I'm Steven Hamlin. Bob Wainright was my partner!" He tore his hat from his head in an impotent fury and flung it to the ground. "My partner, do you understand, *my* partner."

The driver drew back a little, measuring the man before him. Then he flicked a grasshopper off the dashboard with his stumpy whip.

"You'd better climb back, stranger," he drawled soothingly. "This here altitude ain't good fer a man of your years."

Steven Hamlin gave a look of dazed confusion. The driver got out, picked up the discarded hat and put it on the white head. "Come stranger, sunlight ain't good, neither . . . not when a man gets past seventy. . . . If yer don't look smart you'll be having a stroke."

Steven Hamlin obeyed. The driver clucked to the horses and they swung the rig around—around in the direction of Potterville.

As they plunged down the grade Hamlin cowered in the back seat, shivering a little. He was still confused, still uncertain as to what the driver was thinking. A curious pride made him wish to be believed: it was humiliating to fancy that he had grown too old to be accepted at his confessed valuation. The driver's coaxing orders had borne on the surface the stamp of incredulity. But what if they were a clever ruse? Was he being taken back to Potterville as a childish old man, a raving lunatic, or a confessed murderer? *A childish old man!* Was that to be the final irony? Could even his covert villainy never rise above the pallid surface of the commonplace? . . . Was Bob Wainright's shadow so jealous of its prerogatives as to cheat him of the satisfaction of a day in court? A day in court—that was what he wanted—a day in court before he died, even if he had to appear as the prisoner. His mind slid from the groove of the figurative into the actual . . . Court. . . . Tried for murder . . . Steven Hamlin a leading citizen . . . after forty years . . . his best friend . . . *his* partner! *His* partner! *His* partner! He turned this morsel over his tongue with silent fury. For once he would have Bob Wainright licked: for once the spotlight would fall on Steven Hamlin!

He constructed the whole scene completely, in every detail: the judge, the jury, the inquisitive public. His wife—she who had been Conchita Arguello—led in fainting on the arms of her daughter—Bob Wainright's child. She would hear, now, for the first time, how much he had loved her. For the first time he would overshadow Bob Wainright in her affections. For he had murdered for her. Not in heated, uncalculated passion, perhaps, but cleverly as David had murdered Uriah. . . . He fell to wondering whether Uriah's wife had ever known. She must have—finally. Had she loved Uriah, her husband? In the end, he was willing to wager, she loved David more, not because he was a king, but because he was a murderer, for her sake; because he had defied God—for her sake.

Of course they'd never hang him, because he hadn't been a two-fisted murderer for one thing. Not under the law. To plot with a greaser, down Heron Falls way, to cast suspicion on a man for horse stealing and take steps to give circumstantial evidence the stamp of veracity—that wasn't legal murder. The murderers, really, were the flock-minded public that let hysteria swamp their caution. . . . No, they wouldn't hang him; but for six brief months, perhaps, people would be cured of saying when he passed, "There goes the man that married Bob Wainright's widow!"

Forty years back, he *would* have swung just on the strength of his confession. Forty years back a delegation of citizens with a rope in their hands would have escorted him to the famous bull-pine of Windgate and let him dance nimbly upon the air from that stark

lower limb so completely detached from the green boughs above it.

Then, perhaps, the driver would have changed his line when he enlarged upon the tree's history for the benefit of visiting strangers:

"I was just a kid when they swung the last man. His name was Hamlin—Steven Hamlin."

The grotesqueness of this thought made him break into a laugh. The driver halted the horses and looked at him suspiciously.

"He thinks I'm mad," flashed across Hamlin.

And, with that, he felt a sudden strange chill and fell forward on his face.

Gradually, very gradually the familiar outlines of his own bedroom emerged from deep shadows. He saw his wife, moving about—his stepdaughter. They were floating toward him, thin wraiths of unreality. They stood beside the bed. He closed his eyes.

"High altitude . . . the sun . . . excitement," he heard his wife say.

"Whatever possessed him? That town of all places!"

They drifted away. He opened his eyes again. They were sitting by the window and the sun, streaming narrowly through a parted curtain, lighted up his wife's figure unkindly, searching out the gaunt flabbiness of her lean old age. And to think, once she had been beautiful, beautiful enough to make him— Ah, well, he might have known, Spanish women were like that—luscious and tempting at first ripening, swift in their dissolution. He turned sidewise so that he could see her better. Her lips were moving. Presently, her voice came to him, and the voice of his stepdaughter, humming a little like restless hornets in a still, hot room.

"You should have gone with him."

"That's easy for you to say! You were too young to . . ."

"That's so. . . . It must have been horrible! Still, after all these years . . . all these *happy* years—"

"Happy! I haven't been happy."

"How can you! Not happy—when he's done so much—everything!"

"I never loved him."

"Ah, but then—"

"I never loved any man but your father."

"Then why . . ? It wasn't fair, feeling that way."

"I was grateful. He was so loyal. I shouldn't have been happy in any case. There are some things—some people one never can forget."

"He must have been a wonderful man—my father."

"Wonderful . . . you have no idea. People still speak of him with affection . . . after all the years—in spite of everything."

"They were partners—weren't they?"

"Yes, he was your *father's* partner."

He drew in his breath audibly. They rose in consternation and came toward him again.

"I wonder if he—"

"No, he can't hear anything."

"I'm hungry."

"Yes, we ought to eat. We ought to keep our strength up."

"Yes. You never can tell, at any time now he might—"

"There's that cold beef."

"And some chutney. Shall we open that jar of chutney?"

"You're just like your father!"

"Um-m-m. My mouth's watering, already."

"Let's go get lunch."

"Let's."

He was dying and they could think of cold beef and chutney! . . . "You're just like your father!" Was there nothing too trivial to serve the memory of Bob Wainright? . . . They didn't really care anything about him—in less than a week after he was buried they would forget him completely. . . . "I never loved any man but your father." So that was the harvest of chaff which the years had winnowed! . . . Was he never to have his day in— His mind

groped for the complete idea—his day in . . . his day in . . . Escaped somewhere, evaporated . . . upon . . . upon the road from Windgate! Ah, he had been to Windgate! . . . Like a flash of lightning this fact lighted up the sluggish gloom. He remembered now, everything! Why was he home—in bed—at home? Why not a cell—a narrow cot? . . . A faint, dry laugh wracked him. The driver had not believed him. . . . Futility . . . always that futility. . . . He had been picked clean, devoured by a personality. Kill Bob Wainright? What nonsense! Nobody could kill Bob Wainright. He had become a legend, and a legend never dies.

In less than a week . . . forget him completely. . . . A senile fury fell upon him. He would *make* them remember him . . . make *her* remember him. He would burn himself upon her heart. . . . A harvest of chaff. Well, he was not the only gleaner who could reap futility. . . . Grateful, was she? . . . Forty years paying an imaginary debt! . . . What would she say when she found that she had been despoiled—robbed? What would she do? Paying tribute for forty years to a pretender. . . . *He* would make her remember him. . . . It would be diverting to watch her dull black eyes quicken to anger. How they would flash! Like dagger points lit by sunlight. . . . She might even . . . *she might even kill him!* She would remember him, then. . . . Ah, yes, she would remember him, then. One never forgot the thing one killed: it hung there alway like a ball and chain on the ankle. . . . If he could only move her to anger. That was it—anger! . . . He must prepare the way skillfully . . . work her up gradually . . . until her two dull black eyes became dagger points in the sunlight. . . . Then, perhaps, she would do the thing that would make her remember him always—through eternity!

They came in to see him again—after their cold beef and chutney. Through his half-opened lids he saw that his stepdaughter had on her hat.

"She will be going soon," he thought with malicious triumph.

"He hasn't moved since we left."

"I wonder if he suffers much."

"He ought not to—a saint like him."

"Yes, how good he's been to us—to me. And I wasn't his child either."

"He was always that way—loyal. . . . I remember once when your father—"

"Sh-ssh! . . . He's moving."

She was leaving—his stepdaughter was leaving! . . . *A saint like him!* He wanted to laugh. They were alone. At last they were alone, he and Conchita Arguello. Conchito Arguello. . . . Conchita Wainright . . . Conchita Ham—No, she had never been that—not really. All the more reason to rob her of her peace, forever. She stood over him, hovering, like a faded dove. He opened his eyes suddenly and clutched at her with a strange vigor. She tried to draw away; there was a frightened look in her eyes.

"Sit down!" he commanded in a husky whisper. "I want to talk with you."

She obeyed him, dropping to the bed's edge.

"You—you should have come to Windgate with me . . . it's dead . . . all changed . . . everything—everything but the tree . . . and that lower limb . . . it . . . it stands against the sky . . . just as it did that day."

"Don't!" she cried, putting her two hands to her eyes.

He watched her through half-closed lids and when he spoke his voice was full of disarming suavities. "Does it still hurt so terribly . . . after all these years?"

She kept her eyes screened. "How can you ask such a question—when you loved him so!"

He drew her hands down, holding them in an incredible grip. His voice was still cool and passionless. "You're wrong. I didn't love him; I hated him." A taut cry escaped her. He

chuckled. "You don't believe that, do you? . . . If I told you that I stood by and watched them finish him, would you believe me then? You didn't know, but I stood there on that morning forty years ago. I saw everything—down to the final moment." His voice was husky, but full of diabolical vigor. "Shall I tell you about it? Would you like to hear before—before I die? . . . Don't shake your head."

He rested, still holding her hands. Her eyes had a harried look. He began to speak again and under the urge of his necessity his voice cleared and the whole dreadful picture of that morning over forty years ago blotted out the present. The chill of the mountain dawn . . . the ominous knot of men growing to a menacing crowd . . . the rope . . . the hoisted body . . . the dance in midair . . . the last twitch . . . stillness. . . . He forgot, he omitted, nothing.

She sat frozen into rigid silence and he finished in a whisper:

"And to think, all the while he was innocent. Bob Wainright a horsethief? . . . What fools! what incredible fools! . . . I could have told them." His voice rose thin-edged with festering rancor. "But no one ever thought of *me!* . . . No one ever paid the slightest attention to Bob Wainright's partner."

She drew her hands away with a sudden, proud gesture. "What about me, his wife? . . . I too could have told them he was innocent."

"You—you mean you had proof?"

She shook her head. "A man's wife knows when he is innocent."

"Does she? . . . And . . . and if he is guilty?"

"She knows that, too. . . . Nothing escapes a man's wife."

"Ah!" It was incredible the strength, the venom, the sarcasm he put into this exclamation. "Then, I suppose you have known about me all these years. . . ." He reached upward with a desperate gesture and drew her face close to his lips. "Don't you understand? It was my brains that killed Bob Wainright. They say a greaser down by Heron Falls confessed . . . as if a greaser could have pulled that trick alone!"

Her eyes, fearfully upon the brink of incredulous horror, hovered near his. He fell back upon the pillow, waiting for the supreme thrust. Finally he raised himself upon a wasted forearm.

"Forty years!" he spit out. "Forty years—living with a murderer!"

For a moment he drew himself higher, then collapsed like an empty meal sack. He felt his wife lifting his drooping body. She laid his head back upon the pillow. . . . Her eyes still gleamed above the bed clothes. He contracted his lean shoulders.

She took the coverlet in her firm grasp and lifted it a trifle. Her eyes were dagger-points, now. . . . Why did she hesitate when it was so easy? He had so little breath left. Five minutes beneath the bed clothes and it would all be over. Five minutes beneath the bed clothes and she would remember him always, through eternity. . . . One never forgot the thing one killed.

A spasm of coughing seized him. He saw her eyes go suddenly dull again—resentment, incredulity, confusion swallowed up in a swift rush of pity. She let the coverlet fall.

He heard the door open: it was his stepdaughter, coming back.

"Mother!"

His wife was sobbing. "He's been out of his head again. . . . The things he said—you can't imagine. . . . For a moment I almost believed him . . . a murderer . . . it was horrible!"

"Fancy, a saint like him."

"A man who wouldn't harm a fly."

"It's on his mind . . . all twisted up . . . like a bad dream."

"He shouldn't have gone to Windgate."

"How he must have loved him."

"It was so with everybody. . . . No one can ever forget your father."

He closed his eyes. . . . Kill Bob Wainright? . . . What nonsense. . . . Nobody could *ever* kill Bob Wainright.

IMPATIENCE ON A MONUMENT

SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS UPON WASHINGTON'S EXOTIC OBELISK

BY H. G. DWIGHT

IN THIS day when we begin to suspect that more may be in the American legend than has hitherto met the eye, a seeker after truth with a tinge of humor might find it profitable to set forth in detail the history of the celebrated, if somewhat exotic, structure reared in our capital to the glory of its founder—the obelisk which honors that great man by flouting, as emphatically as an exclamation point five hundred and fifty-five feet high can do it, the plan of the city he caused to be plotted out. That history is not only an example of the power of an inhibition to blind or to distort. It is a mirror of our early federal period. In it the Age of Innocence unfolds its simple secrets to our gaze. In it that eclipse which between the forties and the nineties darkened American taste all but reaches totality. In it commences to stir the primitive impulse to regard cost or size as the criterion of importance. In it we discover the local prototype of the private Memorial Association, thanks to whose sleeplessness Washington is so rich in commemorative sculpture. In it develops from humble beginnings that now standardized financial institution—the drive. In it certain administrative accidents harden into municipal traditions. And in it not a few flowers of contemporary life, eyed askance as novel or sinister phenomena of our own post-war period, raise under other names familiar heads.

The Washington Monument might not unjustly be called the Watterston Monument. For we owe its inception to a gentleman of that cognomen, who may well have taken secret pleasure in the fact that he and the General were both christened George, that their surnames began and ended with the same letters and had the same number of syllables, that water is used in washing. Be that as it may, he was a resident of the District of Columbia, author of a New Guide to Washington, joint author with Nicholas B. Van Zandt of certain Statistical Tables, and first secretary of the Washington National Monument Society. This Society was founded in 1833, as a protest against "the oft-repeated failure of Congress to finally act in the matter of erecting a monument to Washington." Its first president was John Marshall, then seventy-eight years old, elected *in absentia*. After his death in 1835, he was succeeded by James Madison, also elected *in absentia*, at the age of eighty-four. When in the following year Madison died, the constitution of the Society was amended to provide that the President of the United States —who in 1836 happened to be Andrew Jackson—should *ex officio* be president of the Society. In order to distribute subscriptions as widely as possible they were until 1845 limited to one dollar—on which collectors were authorized to retain a commission of ten per cent.

What is most obscure about the "interest and earnestness" recorded of Mr. Watterston and his associates is that Congress had in 1832 made the first of several appropriations of five thousand

dollars for a statue of "him whose spirit hovers over you"—as John Quincy Adams put it in his first annual Message—"and listens with delight to every act of the representatives of this nation which can tend to exalt and adorn his and their country." Moreover, young Horatio Greenough was already at work in Italy upon his heroic marble of the General, not quite ready for the bath yet far from ready for the drawing-room, throned in majesty an all but invisible Christopher Columbus and a pigmy Indian. And in 1841 the rotunda of the Capitol was exalted and adorned by the completed group—which, after a sojourn from 1842 to 1908 in the Plaza facing the Capitol, may now be admired in the Smithsonian Institution, a little the worse for sixteen Inaugurations.

The cynic, mindful that human motives are rarely unmixed, might be tempted to ask himself whether certain transactions with Congress over his Statistical Tables played a part in Mr. Watterston's patriotic manifestation, or even whether it might be possible that local politics had anything to do with it. But it is more charitable to suppose that local expectation had been raised to a pitch by certain unrealized Congressional proposals, such as one contemplating "a mausoleum of American granite and marble, in pyramidal form, one hundred feet square at the base and of a proportionate height."

American artists were accordingly invited in 1836 to submit designs which should "harmoniously blend durability, simplicity, and grandeur," at an expenditure of no paltry multiple of five thousand dollars but of a round million. Which, considering that the Thornton-Latrobe south wing of the Capitol cost two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, shows how far the Society was prepared to go in protest against the niggardliness of Congress. It is not uninteresting, however, to note that the winning design was that of the supervising architect of the Treasury, to whom we owe the dignified main building of that Department. This was Robert Mills of Charleston, a pupil of Latrobe and designer of several other public works. But if in the glimpses of the moon he ever revisits the Mall he must wonder what happened to his plan, which called for "a grand circular colonnaded building, 250 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, from which springs an obelisk shaft 70 feet at the base and 500 feet high, making a total elevation of 600 feet." The apex of the obelisk, furthermore, was not the sharply pointed pyramid we see to-day but the blunter one of the Bunker Hill Monument, drawn by Horatio Greenough when he was an undergraduate at Harvard.

What happened to that plan, what desperate appeals were issued to an after all not too grateful Republic, what schemes were devised to reach every citizen with a dollar in his pocket, what inducements were offered to collectors in the way of increased commissions and to subscribers in the form of prints and "beautiful lithographs," what coy overtures were made to Congress—which responded by casting dark imputations upon the Society's financial probity—cannot within these narrow limits be set forth. At one moment, in 1844, the monument threatened to descend from six hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, to assume "the temple form," and to occupy what are now known as the Smithsonian Grounds. But after fourteen years of intensive effort the Society was able in 1847 to announce that it had in hand eighty-seven thousand dollars, and that the corner stone would be laid on the Fourth of July. The only difficulty was that no ground in which to lay a corner stone had as yet been obtained, and that the Society had still to decide of what it proposed to lay the corner stone. This intrepid announcement so far melted the hard heart of Congress, however, that after the Fourth of July had passed, it agreed to present the Society with Public Reservation No. 3, being a remote and undesirable tract of thirty acres west of the Capitol and

not so far south of the White House. And on the next Fourth of July, in 1848, the corner stone was actually laid, not without pomp.

As the grand circular colonnade was for the time being held in abeyance, the stone was the one at the northeast corner of the obelisk. In a copper chamber of it were deposited so many objects that it takes six pages of an official report to catalogue them; but while Mr. Watterston's New Guide to Washington found place among them, L'Enfant's plan of Washington did not. Mr. James K. Polk, President alike of the United States and of the Washington National Monument Society, honored the ceremony with his presence, as did a great concourse of distinguished guests, delegations from States, Territories, and Indian Tribes, military, patriotic, and temperance associations. The official order of the parade included "a car, bearing a large cask of cold water, inscribed 'Fountain of Health'." Halt not, my hand, to expatiate on the connotations of that cask! The glory of the occasion was further enhanced by "a temporary arch . . . covered with colored cotton and suitably embellished. But its most attractive ornament was a living American eagle, with its dark plumage, piercing eye, and snowy head and tail, who seemed to look with anxious gaze on the unwonted scene below."

This venerable bird, reputed to be forty years old, which in 1825 had welcomed Lafayette to Alexandria and which was destined to end its days of captivity in Paris, seems to have been the only living creature present who gazed on these proceedings with anxiety. True, Senator R. H. Bayard had remarked in Congress "that to erect the monument on the place proposed would be to destroy the whole plan of the Mall, and that so far as the prospect was concerned nothing could be more unfortunate." Otherwise, however, it appears to have been universally accepted that the spot chosen for the Monument was the one selected by Washington for a memorial to the heroes of the Revolution. Whereas the site indicated by Washington was the infinitely more significant one several rods to the northwest, at the exact intersection of the two grand axes of the city, which L'Enfant had marked out in his plan of 1791 for a monument to the General himself. Jefferson, having in 1804 caused a meridian to be run along the axis of the White House—whence the name Meridian Hill—had also caused the point where this meridian makes a right angle with the axis of the Capitol to be marked for future reference by a stone thereafter known as Jefferson's Pier. What is more, Jefferson's Pier was still standing in 1848. In fact it continued to stand, and to be ignored, until 1877, when it was obliterated in the course of the work on the insecure foundations of the Monument. Having been rediscovered in 1889, it may be seen again to-day by those who will take the trouble to look for it. But it stood on the bank of Tiber Creek, which used to flow past it into the river; and while in 1848 they were capable of imagining an obelisk six hundred feet high, they were not yet capable of making solid foundations for it in marshy ground. And anyway what difference could a few rods make? None at all, evidently, to the spectators of "one of the most splendid and agreeable days Washington has ever witnessed."

Less splendid and agreeable days, alas, were to follow. One of them dawned in 1854, when it transpired that a stone from the Temple of Concord in Rome, donated for the Monument by the Pope Pius IX, had mysteriously disappeared. This did little for the spirit of concord in the Republic and less for the sympathies of a large body of subscribers, both actual and potential—whose confidence was by no means restored by a second and more audacious deed of violence. It had been suspected that members of the Know Nothing Party, who in the fifties represented a body of opinion hostile to the tide of

immigration let loose by the European revolutions of 1848, knew too much about the Roman stone. At any rate the Know Nothings came out into the open in 1855, seized the works, headquarters, records, cash, and organization of the Society, and were not persuaded to relinquish them to their legal holders until 1858—during which time they heightened the Monument by no more than two courses of inferior marble.

These acts of high-handedness and the dark days of civil war which followed them all but disrupted the Society. And if in 1876 Congress at last consented to adopt the orphan which more than once had been deposited on its doorstep, it was due not only to the fact that the country was no longer torn by dissensions, that a new era of prosperity was beginning to flourish in the land, and that preparations were afoot to celebrate the first century of American independence. It was also because Mr. Watterston's huge unfinished chimney in the Mall, over one hundred and fifty feet high but not yet up to a third of its projected stature, to which not a stone had been added in twenty-one years, was reproachfully beginning to assume the air of a national scandal. Indeed, another Bayard, whom Cleveland later made his Secretary of State, nephew to him who presciently lifted his voice in 1838, rose to declare his belief that the impression which it was desired to produce would not "in any degree be assisted by the continuance of such a blot upon architecture. . . ." Senator Morrill proposed that the chimney be pulled down and that an arch be erected out of its materials. W. W. Story, the sculptor, was also for pulling down but preferred a Lombard tower, and was prepared to furnish the design. The more conservative Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, ex-Speaker of the House and now spokesman for the Society, thought that the original obelisk "would be eminently a monument for the appreciation of the many, if not of the few"; and his counsels prevailed. So, even at that late day of the Age of Innocence, Mr. George P. Marsh, American Minister at Rome, was appealed to for expert advice on the history and habits of obelisks.

Mr. Marsh, who had written books on camels and on the nature of the English language, also happened, very opportunely, to know all about obelisks. Nor, having served a turn in Constantinople, was he too much offended by the idea of a masonry obelisk. Otherwise, however, his advice was sufficiently pungent. "The obelisk," he wrote to Senator Edmunds in 1879, "is not an arbitrary structure which every one is free to erect with such form and proportions as suit his taste and convenience." And having stated at some length what that form and those proportions should be, he added, "The notion of spitting a statue on the sharp point of the pyramidion is supremely absurd. Not less so is the substitution of a low-hipped roof for an acute pyramidion, or the making of a window in the face of the pyramidion or of the shaft, both of which atrocities were committed in the Bunker Hill Monument. There will, no doubt, be people who will be foolish enough to insist on a peephole somewhere. . . ."

There were! But army engineers were first called in to report on the foundations, and their report was unfavorable. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey accordingly undertook to strengthen them, which he did with great skill and success. But incidentally he also strengthened, as it seems to me rather unfortunately, a precedent which had been growing up in Washington of intrusting local improvements to the army. It is not that army engineers are incompetent. The Panama Canal, the Wilson Dam, and other magnificent public works are proof enough to the contrary. Nor is it that artistic genius may not burst even out of West Point. Whistler, the son of a distinguished army engineer, was himself a West

Pointer. It is, rather, that, while the Age of Innocence may be always with us, we are no longer limited to the engineers' or to the diplomatic corps for sound æsthetic advice. It is that while the professions of architecture and engineering are closely allied, they are none the less distinct. It is that in the designing of buildings, bridges, streets, squares, and parks there is after all an element which is not an engineer's first thought and which in this day of specialization he is not best prepared to contribute. It is, in short, that in planning public works worthy of a great capital the advice of architects and landscape designers of national reputation is quite as essential as that of eminent engineers.

However, forty-seven years after the founding of the Washington National Monument Society and twenty-six since the last stone had been laid on the unfinished chimney, everything was at last ready for a new start. On August 7, 1880, the two Know Nothing courses having first been removed, a new corner stone was laid, one hundred and fifty-three feet in the air, in the presence of President Hayes and other notables. This time the work proceeded, under the capable direction of Lieutenant Colonel Casey, without difficulty or delay; and the capstone of the obelisk was set in place on December 6, 1884. On February 21, 1885, the Monument was dedicated with much the same ceremony as marked the first breaking of ground, and it was finally opened to the public in 1888.

In justice to the memory of George Watterston, author and vendor of Statistical Tables, it should perhaps be added that the shaft of the monument born of his interest and earnestness is 55 feet 1½ inches square at the base, 34 feet 5½ inches square at the top, and 500 feet 5⅛ inches tall—plus the 55 feet in vertical height of the pyramidion at the apex. It is crowned by an aluminium cap, appropriately inscribed. The cost of construction was $1,187,710.31, of which the Society raised in forty-three years a little less than $300,000. Additional appropriations were made for filling in a marshy depression to the north of the Monument and for raising the level of the ground on which it stands. This was by way of multiplying the factors of safety. On taking charge of the work Lieutenant Colonel Casey found a slight deviation not only from the perpendicular but from the meridian. He accordingly gave the upper part of the shaft an imperceptible twist, in order to square it with the points of the compass.

II

Robert Mills, very likely, would not recognize if he saw it his own child—stripped of its elaborate pantalet, shorn of its intended stature, its pointed cap pulled up so much taller and sharper than he devised it. Personally, though, I think none the worse of it for that. I even wonder whether Senator T. F. Bayard, if he were led blindfold to the right spot—which in his day did not exist—would still call it a blot upon architecture. Mr. Marsh, at any rate, would find that in the main his expert advice had been followed. True, the height of the shaft is not quite ten times the length of one side of its base, as the traditions prescribe, nor was it possible after the walls had risen so far to give them the invisible convexity proper to obelisks. Moreover, as Mr. Marsh anticipated, there were people foolish enough to insist on peepholes. Those peepholes, two of which pierce each side of the pyramidion, are a serious disfigurement, lessening the simplicity and dignity of the monument, breaking its effect of integrity, and inclining one to think rather of George Watterston than of George Washington. Then it was unfortunate that Lieutenant Colonel Casey had to hide the succession of steps on which the obelisk stands, so that it has no base and starts out of the ground as abruptly as a factory chimney. But on the whole, considered by itself, as the

product of a dubious age, it turned out more happily than might have been expected. So did Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. So did the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. So did *Walden*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Moby Dick*.

Yet, alas, a work of architecture is less fortunate than a work of literature or music in that it cannot, to anywhere near the same degree, be considered solely on its own merits. It cannot be taken away and looked at by itself. It must be looked at where it stands, on a piece of ground, among other works of architecture, surrounded by spaces, masses, and openings, which may or may not be worth looking at, which may or may not allow it to be seen to the best advantage, but which become an inevitable part of it and have a curious power to add to or take away from its effect. And these disturbing relations of a building to its site are all the more important in the case of so enormous a structure as the Monument, intended to honor so great a man. Yet no one save Senator R. H. Bayard—and possibly Lafayette's eagle—seems to have thought so in 1848 when, with Jefferson's Pier under his nose, George Watterston turned his back on the Capitol and the White House and earnestly laid his corner stone at random in the Mall.

It may now appear incredible, but after all it was very Anglo Saxon. For your Englishman or American takes much less kindly than your Italian or Frenchman to the notion of allowing his architectural liberty to be curbed. In the moral world the Anglo Saxon is reputed to be a bulwark of law and order; and having invented parliaments, he sticks tenaciously to his right of freeing his mind on every subject under the sun, including æsthetics, whether he knows anything about it or not. Whereas the Latin, upon whose disorderly parliaments and individualistic morals his Nordic neighbor looks with pity or scorn, seems to have a much keener sense of law, order, and discipline in all that pertains to the visible world. At any rate it was neither an Englishman nor an American to whom it first occurred to treat his house and the grounds around it as an artistic whole. And as for encroaching upon Anglo-Saxon independence to the degree of proposing, merely out of consideration to the casual stranger's eye, that a whole row of houses built and owned by different people should conform to a single height or style, who has ever had the temerity to attempt such a thing? So simple a Latin idea as the gridiron, handed down from Roman camps and naturalized upon this continent by William Penn, we can take in—and reproduce *ad nauseam*. But when it comes to a more complex Latin idea like the plan of Washington, which was borrowed by one Frenchman from another and a greater, an hour's drive in the streets of our capital will suffice to show how oddly it may work in Anglo-Saxon heads.

One thing about it, of course, was that the temperamental L'Enfant, brought up in the tradition of respect toward artistic authority, too quickly got into hot water with Early Americans who were thinking less of to-morrow than of to-day to get into their heads just what he was driving at. Consequently it never occurred to them that L'Enfant's plan was not a finished thing but a thing capable of indefinite expansion, according to its own inner laws. So the meandering line of Florida Avenue marks where L'Enfant's pencil stopped. Beyond that it became a game of every realtor for himself—save where Jefferson and his meridian of 1804 caused Sixteenth Street to pursue its predestined course. It never occurred to them to think of their seductive water front except as a disappointed hope of sea-borne commerce, or in making grants to public institutions and utilities to take thought for the future.

They, therefore, turned half the town into a slum by throttling it with a barricade of walled reservations, from the War College in the South West to the

Soldiers' Home and Walter Reed Hospital in the North West, and forcing the town of our day to shoot out of the bottleneck between the Soldiers' Home and the ravine of Rock Creek. Whereupon, with the lavish generosity of the Nineteenth Century, they made a present to the railroads of the region within the barricade. And now everyone seems to take it for granted that the desolate quarters of the South East and the South West, which might rank with Georgetown and the bluffs along Rock Creek Park as the most delightful in Washington, are gone for good—merely because freight trains rumble within three blocks of the Capitol and cut off its nearest access to the river. Still, there came a day when three men had the courage to do a thing which caused terrific outcries but for which Washington can never cease to be grateful. They united two noisome stations into one which is not a disgrace but an ornament to the city, they took the railroad tracks off the Mall, and they forced the south-bound trains into a tunnel. Well, that tunnel isn't quite long enough. It is not inconceivable that another day may come when three more far-sighted and public-spirited citizens will see to it that the south-bound trains, having entered their tunnel, do not leave it until they reach the Virginia side of the Potomac.

Odder yet, it never occurred to those Early Americans that the Capitol and the White House were the two focal points of the city and the nation, and that the two axial streets opening the way between them and the nation were, symbolically, the two most important streets in Washington, whose decoration could not be undertaken with too great forethought and whose outer ends should be the ceremonial gateways of the town. It never occurred to them that, with all the room in the world, they might make of Lafayette Square a sort of Piazza San Marco, surrounded on three sides by Government Departments of harmonious height and design. They preferred to block the vistas of Pennsylvania and New York Avenues and to encroach upon the none too spacious setting of the White House, whose occupant they felt it necessary to remind of the checks and balances hedging him in. Nor did it occur to them that in the setting of the Capitol and in the disposition of the streets radiating from it there was a fitness, a dignity, a significance, not to say a practical convenience, which might be worth preserving. Instead, it seemed good to them to spoil the symmetry of the Plaza and to close two of those streets with a pretentious library —when they might perfectly have built it on the two sides of East Capitol Street, bridged by a noble arch. In fact it is now rumored that the entrance to South Capitol Street may be cut off as well.

Most oddly of all, it never occurred to them that the central feature of L'Enfant's whole design was the great green L connecting the Capitol and the White House. It never occurred to them that if a single spot in the city could be more significant than the Capitol or the White House it was the point, marked by Jefferson's Pier, common to their two independent axes. Least of all did it occur to them that a hundred reasons, visible and invisible, cried out for the building of the Washington Monument on that one momentous spot. Axes, however, mean very little to Anglo Saxons, who are better up on axioms—such as "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." So Pennsylvania Avenue began to assume a mystic as well as a practical importance; and the grounds south of the White House, because they penetrated what became the politer part of the town, were laid out more or less in keeping with the spirit of L'Enfant's plan. But the Mall remains what it has been for one hundred and twenty-six years, the neglected back yard of the city, a dump heap for power-houses, greenhouses, tumble-down shacks, and monuments of assorted styles and sizes. The very

name of it comes haltingly to the tongue of a Washingtonian, who prefers to chop it up into the Botanic Garden, the Public Gardens, Armory Square, the Smithsonian Grounds, the Agricultural Grounds, and the Monument Grounds. And what a meeting place of astonished or indignant shades must be there, under the peepholes of George Watterston's misplaced piece of Egypt!

It is, of course, quite hopeless to make clear to those who don't see it the enormity of the crime of 1848. It is much easier to explain how it came to be committed—in the days of our simplicity and poverty, when the Mall ended in a swamp below the White House. Yet the principles involved were precisely those applied on the smaller scale of Scott Circle and Lafayette Square, where the symmetries are so carefully preserved and each national hero maintains so precise a relation to each vista or to each other national hero. How then, when it came to the larger scale of the green L and to the five hundred and fifty-five foot obelisk in honor of the greatest national hero of them all, were the principles let slip? It may have been because in those days we were slower to follow L'Enfant's example of the grand manner; but it can hardly have been because we turn up our noses at the grand manner when we see it properly at work. There is in Paris, for which Americans are reported to have a special weakness, a smaller though more experienced obelisk, the spaces and masses around which are disposed much as they are in the Mall. The Seine runs to the south, the Rue Royale opens to the north, the long perspective of the Louvre and Tuileries Gardens and the Avenue des Champs Elysées stretches east and west. Now should we like the Place de la Concorde any better if that obelisk stood askew, a little nearer the river and a good deal nearer the trees of the Tuileries? I doubt it. On the contrary, when we cross the Pont de la Concorde, or stand on the steps of the Madeleine, or walk in the Gardens, or drive down the Champs Elysées, it gives us a sort of click of satisfaction to see the obelisk there, from whichever way we come, standing gravely in the center of the picture and making us feel that somebody took a great deal of time and thought to put it in just the right place. And although that Paris obelisk makes no such pretensions as the Washington one—it stands, I believe, no more than seventy-six feet high—it somehow gains mysteriously from the advantages of its position. It borrows from its setting something not its own. We grant it a perfection which might be questioned if it stood no more than a foot from where it does.

The same mystery may be seen at work in Washington, and not least notably in the case of the Lincoln Memorial. Considered by itself, all manner of objections have been or could be made against it. There are certain lights and aspects in which it suggests a soap box with a frill tied around it. I don't know whether Bacon heightened the space above the colonnade in order to make it and its decorations visible from below, or whether he purposely gave it a distant appearance of gauntness to symbolize what was gaunt and aloof in the man it commemorates. The steps leading up to it seem to me too steep and shallow. It is a surprise to find the pillars of the interior of a material less rich than the outer colonnade. To me, the inscription above the statue lessens rather than heightens the effect. And the space in front of the statue is so scant, in proportion to the statue's height, that it is difficult to see the figure as so fine a piece of sculpture should be seen. Your first impression is of that immense square toe. Nevertheless, as a whole, the Memorial has a noble gravity and dignity, not only because it is something complete and adequate in itself but because its setting, with the long pool in front of it, between those long strips of turf and those long lines of spaced trees, is the most magnificent thing of the kind in the country. The

eye takes a peculiar pleasure in so many evidences of forethought and discernment and imagination. And it is miraculous how the Washington Monument, into whose setting went not a particle of forethought or discernment or imagination, gains from its inclusion in the scheme of the Lincoln Memorial.

It is not always realized that the Memorial was purposely built in the wrong place, that is at a point south of the true axis of the Capitol, in order to make the Monument look, from the west, as if it had been built in the right place. Looked at from those marble steps, down that long water-vista framed in green, which gives you a vision of what the Mall might have been, the Monument somehow comes belatedly into its own. You forget the mistakes and quarrels and pettinesses that were built into it. You forget the tilt and the twist of which you have read. You all but forget the absurd peepholes. Instead, you perceive an incomparable slimness and elegance. You discover a simplicity, an austerity, a nobility which are strangely moving. And you get again that click of satisfaction over a thing intelligently done, by some one capable of large ideas.

But when you stand under the dome of the Capitol and look out of that arched west window, craning your neck to see the Monument which has slipped out of its frame, or when you walk down to the west terrace and see it loafing in Washington's disreputable back yard, you get no such click. When you drive down Sixteenth Street, where General Scott and President Jackson ride so meticulously in the middle of the long vista, square in front of the White House door but not square in front of the Monument, which slouches off toward Alexandria, you get no such click. And least of all do you get any click in the so-called Monument Grounds, no longer the property of the Washington National Monument Society but still the most dismal thirty acres in America, in Washington but not of it, bumpy, barren, and meaningless, crisscrossed by ugly lines of asphalt, the two chief objects on the hummock having no relation to each other or to anything else. The dreadful little office-and-lavatory that beguiles the pilgrim's approach looks like a watchman's hut on an ash pile under a factory chimney.

If I were as rich and as mad as— Well, perhaps it won't do to name names. But we all have our pet billionaire, whose fortune it amuses us in fancy to spend. Perhaps it amuses us more than it amuses him. At any rate, if I were as well-to-do and as philanthropic as he, I would present to the Government of the United States a discreet number of millions, for the express purpose of bringing the Washington Monument back to Washington—that is of tearing it down and rebuilding it, stone for stone, in the right place. Such things are easily done nowadays. Don't we see people carting castles from one continent to another with no more ado than if they were packs of cards? Of course it is too late now to rebuild on the original right place, still marked for those who have eyes to see by what is left of Jefferson's Pier. For that would throw out of gear the revised east-and-west axis fixed by the Lincoln Memorial, the Grant Monument, and a dozen other arrangements or projects. A rebuilt Washington Monument would have to toe that mark and continue to defraud of his click the spectator in the rotunda of the Capitol, looking sadly out of that empty west window. But it would no longer offend the eye of the President, when he stands in his south portico, or that of the driver down Sixteenth Street. And it is by no means too late to make of the Mall not only a frame worthy of the tallest of obelisks but such a setting for the Capitol as the Lincoln Memorial already has, and the pride and glory of Washington.

A DROP OF WATER

BY HENSHAW WARD

ANYONE who joins me in this adventure does so at his peril. You are warned that you will be carried far beyond the limits of exact knowledge, and even beyond what the mind can conceive. If you have a nervous temperament you should on no account attempt this voyage through a drop of water.

Still, I am a careful pilot and shall steer to plain facts over a route that has been thoroughly charted by scientists. My trip is no more than a translation of their rigorous books, rendering their negative exponents into human language and adding some colors to help our eyes.

Before us hangs the object that we are to explore. It is a glittering little globe of the most common substance, a liquid composed of oxygen and hydrogen. Its diameter is an eighth of an inch. The chemist tells us about this drop of water by naming infinitesimal distances, like 1/100,000,000 of an inch. But no mind can visualize such distances or feel the least interest in them. The only way I can form any picture of the chemist's world is to enlarge it, and to keep enlarging it, until it finally becomes spacious enough for me to roam about and see things as they would appear if they were brought up to sizes with which I am familiar. My imagination wishes to sit in a comfortable chair and have big atoms parade for inspection.

So I have found pleasure in magnifying water until all its parts are large and plain. This I do by supposing that I am on a magic carpet which first takes me to a view of the drop as it would appear if increased fifty times in size, then to a view of this enlargement when made a thousand times larger still, and so on till I have sight of all that science knows. If you care for such a plaything, step aboard. Hold fast while we make the first stage of the journey beyond our eyesight.

II

You feel a tremor for a moment, then a rush that makes you unconscious. When you open your eyes again, the drop is enlarged fifty times—to a diameter of six inches. Of course such a change in size is insignificant and reveals nothing; but, oddly enough, we are struck by the sight. Though we have never felt any curiosity about a drop of ordinary size that hangs from a twig, we now wonder how a six-inch mass of water holds itself together and supports itself. We note, as if through a new pair of eyes, that the drop is enlarged at the top and spread out in a clinging surface. It looks as if it had a strong, elastic skin.

When you step forward to get a closer view, you feel again the queer tremor, as if some force were stretching space apart and its dimensions were sweeping past you. The sensation is more severe and prolonged than the first one. As you return to consciousness do not resent the manhandling you have undergone. For, considering the transformation that has taken place in your neighborhood, you must admit that the process was not unduly painful. The six-inch drop of water is enlarged one thousand times, to a diameter of five hundred and twenty feet, and we are poised at its surface. Its rainbow colors have disappeared, and

it bends above us as a huge gray mass, chill and forbidding.

What curious creatures we are to gape and shudder at a large drop of water when we have never given a moment's thought to a small one. Our minds are true to their savage nature—blind to everything that is usual, excited by anything that is novel. Surely this five-hundred-foot sphere is no more remarkable, essentially, than an eighth-of-an-inch drop. The force which maintains the small drop is quite as far beyond our knowledge as the one that holds this large globe in shape.

It is not likely that we shall ever understand the power which piles up water in a drop on a dry surface. All we can ever do is to take a step toward the reality, give a name to the step, and thus make up a new formula for pupils to rehearse in school. The more steps we take, the more we shall see before us; the path to knowledge lengthens as the cube of any advance we can make on it.

So much by way of discouragement in this enterprise of enlarging a drop of water. You should be warned that no ultimate facts will be reached. Thus far the drop has been magnified fifty thousand times, yet we see nothing new. We look at a wall of water that remains as inscrutable as the ocean on a cloudy day.

If we had brought along a microscope, and if a molecule were a solid body that could be placed against a contrasting background, I could at this stage show you the molecules of water. But they would be the merest dim specks, meaningless and uninteresting. Travelers toward the interior of a drop must endure another enlargement of a thousand times if they are to see anything whatever. This third transformation will be more severe than the second one. Close your eyes and relax.

The discomfort you feel will soon pass off. Rest easily for a few minutes and adjust yourself slowly to the new surroundings while I give a warning about what you are to see.

Science does not know anything about the "feeling" or the "look" of any part of a molecule. The "sights" on the rest of our journey are purely fanciful. But they correspond in every particular to some realities, and they are far less bright and strange than the facts would be if they could in any way become apparent to our senses.

The drop is now nearly a hundred miles in diameter. In its last expansion it enclosed us, and we are now about ten miles within the surface. The flickering all about us is caused by the motions of molecules. They are nearly an inch in diameter, driving this way and that in swarms, bumping and recoiling, forming into masses and dispersing, darting without cessation.

Put out your hand and grab one. The strange sensation is not due to your nerves being unstrung, for you are now restored to a normal condition and are judging everything just as you would in a world where dimensions are fifty million times smaller. You can feel a molecule enclosed in your hand; it resists your squeezing as if it were a piece of marble. But you can see nothing. You can hardly tell whether the molecule weighs anything. The object in your hand appears to be a very firm bit of matter, which causes a stinging sensation on the palm of your hand; otherwise you can gain no conception of it.

If you could keep your hand out beyond the edge of our magic carpet, it would be hammered and rasped by the molecules in their continual hurtling against one another. If they were farther apart, so that some of them drove at us in full flight, we could not protect ourselves from them. But since the distances between them are small and their motions are continually checked, it is possible to put up a barrier against them.

If you care to have any real view of a molecule, you must go through another thousand-times enlargement of the drop. Now that we have passed the third stage beyond the world of our senses, the transformation will be rather easy.

The drop has become a hundred thousand miles in diameter; the molecules are over forty feet in diameter; and we are inside one of them. Without the use of a special equilibrator we could not survive the violent darting and stopping of the molecule. Even with the best adjustment of this device we feel some discomfort from the jerking motions, but you mustn't expect Pullman springs on atomic journeys.

As we look about us, swaying in the midst of this forty-foot molecule, we can have no realization of how far the region is beyond the spaces and forces from which we embarked. Every dimension here is fifty billion times what it is in human life. All measurement is so stretched that a ten-foot pole would reach almost from the earth to the sun. And still we are not able to see much of the skeleton of a molecule. In fact, unless I work magic for you and shock every sober-minded scientist, you will see nothing whatever. You will find yourself in a void. Strange forces will be tugging at you as if to rend an unwelcome visitor apart or crush him, but your eyes will peer in vain.

Here is a button that will show something. To touch it would be profanation for a physicist, but tourists enjoy the effect.

Click.

Around us flash circles of light, very thin lines of exceeding brilliance, like threads of lightning. These sights within a molecule will be a maze of mystery unless we see a sketch-map of the surroundings before examining them in detail. What we are looking at is the three atoms that make up the molecule of water. The middle one of the three is an atom of oxygen, near the center of which we are floating; and at opposite sides of this are two atoms of hydrogen that are closely linked to it. The atoms are mostly empty space. The brilliant blur of light directly overhead, too close for comfort, is the "nucleus" at the center of the oxygen atom; and the set of six circles of light, twenty feet from us, is its surface. The two seven-foot circles of light beyond the oxygen atom, and on either side of it, are the surfaces of the two hydrogen atoms.

There is no sound, no odor, no variation in the dazzling loops. However erratic may be the motions of the whole molecule through space, within it there is no slightest variation of the absolute fixity of the glittering circles. And there is nothing else to see or touch within it.

There is no way to have any further view of the structure of water unless we enlarge the dimensions once more by a thousand times. The one-eighth-inch drop with which we started will then be a sphere of a greater diameter than the distance from the earth to the sun.

So—we have reached the limit of our journey.

III

If you feel levity at such prodigious magnifying, you will never have an inkling of what modern chemistry is. If you have any suspicion that I am stretching the hard facts now known to students of the atom, dismiss it. All that I have done in these five stages of enlargement is to put into concrete form what a Bragg or a Lewis means when he sets on paper the harmless-looking formula: "Hence the radius is 1.9×10^{-8} cms." When the first investigator saw an exponent -8 as the result of his calculations, he was more incredulous than you can be about my trip on a magic carpet into Molecule Land. The smallness is comically beyond our comprehension. But it stands as a fact. A hundred emulous specialists have yearned to gain fame by proving it erroneous, yet every one of them assures us of its undoubted truth. If we wish to have any glimpse of modern notions about the nature of water, we must accept this enlargement of a drop as a plain and literal voyage to the facts.

Our molecule of water is now eight miles in diameter. In planning to arrive at this great size I was not wanton.

Even this size, as you will shortly see, is too small to reveal one of the elements of the molecule, *about which physics has some accurate information*. If you now feel any humor or skepticism, you may take a nap until the party is ready to return home.

As you look about in this eight-mile molecule, you are disappointed. For nothing new is in sight. The thousand-times-larger loops are seen to be at a much greater distance, but they are still fine lines. Nothing else has come into view. In order to reveal the nature of the loops I must use another device of non-scientific magic, which I will call a slow-motion telescope. When you look through this at one of the circles of light, you perceive that it is formed by a glowing ball which revolves so rapidly that its circuit appears to the unaided eye as a continuous path of light.

I dislike to tell about its speed, for no astronomer can comprehend it, and only a mathematician can credit it. The figure which states it is so huge that it is meaningless. If the ball revolved only ten times a second, its path would appear as an unbroken streak. A thousand times a second would seem the guess of a disordered brain. But that number is only one trillionth of what the strictest physicist certifies to us. He declares without a quiver that each one of the ten globes whirling in this one molecule of water is revolving a quadrillion times every second. Even that is an understatement, because I have, for the sake of brevity, thrown away a little factor of 6.5, which you are entitled to use if you ever get back to the humdrum world again and want to tell big stories.

As for me, I cannot credit any such number. I hope that within a few years some experiment will show that it is a blunder. It seems so inanely vast as to bring suspicion upon the facts in the rest of the atomic theory.

The whirling globes are named "electrons." Thanks to the labors of mathematicians who have never been on magic carpets, we know that electrons are, *in our eight-mile molecule*, only eight inches in diameter. Pardon me if I remind you what this means in the place where we now are: here, in a sphere that is almost a hundred million miles in diameter, an electron is only eight inches in diameter. Yet modern science has calculated its size and mass.

If we ask what it is made of, we can get no answer. Science knows only that it is a center of electrical force, and calls this force a unit of negative electricity. So here, at the uttermost limit of a fantastically huge enlargement, we come upon nothing but a mystery that is still remote from us, hidden far within another reach of endlessly decreasing dimensions. We can see nothing whatever of the interior of the electron. It may contain so elaborate a mechanism that if we increased it yet another billion times we might come only to further mysteries at its core.

As a relief from such bewildering speculation about the infinitesimal, let us fly through the miles of space to that point at the boundary of the molecule where we see an electron revolving in its orbit. It is pleasant to feel the vast roominess of a molecule while we take a four-mile excursion to its surface.

The electron is the only visible part of an atom of hydrogen. It is speeding steadily about a center that is more than a mile from it, at a rate of—I will not trouble you with the figures. Perhaps you will find it amusing to reckon its magnified speed from the actual rate of an electron in an actual atom of the eighth-of-an-inch drop—1300 miles a second. But don't tell Einstein your result, for he does not permit anything to travel faster than light. The proportional speeds demanded in our magnified space are impossible.

The center around which the electron revolves is too small to be visible. After all our enlarging, hoping to spread out the distances till we could have a fair view of atoms, the central element of hydrogen is less than a hundredth of an inch in diameter. Even in our fearfully

over-magnified molecule we must use a telescope to see the nucleus of the atom. It is called a "proton." It is dark in color. Though it is a thousand times smaller than its electron, it is nearly two thousand times as heavy. It is a unit of positive electricity, balanced against the unit of negative electricity in its electron. In its somber heaviness lies almost the entire mass of the hydrogen atom, and the chemical properties of the atom.

All that science can discern in this atom is these two opposite charges of electricity, one of which rotates about the other. No "matter," as we know it, is to be seen. An atom of hydrogen is a compound of a great deal of space and two extremely small pellets of electricity.

On the other side of the eight-mile molecule is another atom of hydrogen. These two atoms are attached, in some kind of close union, to the atom of oxygen which is between them. If an electric current were passed through the drop, we should see a separation of the atoms in all the molecules. The hydrogens would be detached and would link themselves in pairs; the oxygens would do likewise; and each pair of atoms would try to get as far as possible from every other pair. Thus two expanding gases would be formed.

If the drop were heated, the motions of its molecules would be increased; at its surface the molecules would be driven off, as water, in a gas—that is, as water-vapor, or steam.

If sufficient heat were withdrawn from the drop, we should see the molecules cease their disorderly knocking about and jump to position like so many soldiers at a command. They would form up in crystals, placing themselves in such a way as to occupy somewhat more space—and then the water would be frozen, expanded into ice.

Thus an atom is, in its outward relations, as fickle as a glancing color on foaming waves. But inwardly it is changeless. The orbit of its electron, to be sure, may be frequently altered through an indefinite number of stages; its electron *could* be separated from it altogether and the atom disintegrated. But the chances are that this particular atom of hydrogen has persisted since the earth was formed and will persist from everlasting to everlasting. If it were thrown out into the absolute zero of cold, or plunged into the heat of the sun, or subjected to the extreme of pressure in a dense star—in every vicissitude its electron would continue to revolve. Its "shell" of force would be uninjured. An atom is an enduring, immaterial sphere that cannot be invaded or crushed. Within it are some unseen girders that withstand all violence; about it is some armor of impenetrable electricity.

The atom of hydrogen is the simplest known—one electron revolving about one proton. This is a sort of unit of structure for all the other chemical elements. An "element" is a distinct species of matter, a simple type, formed by the massing together of atoms of one kind. Hydrogen is an element; so is oxygen; so is iron, or mercury, or radium. But water is not an element; it is a "compound." Only 92 elements have been discovered or predicted in the universe, and the only difference that science can yet detect between them is the number of protons in the nucleus. In the nucleus of oxygen there are 16 protons, in the nucleus of iron 56, in mercury 200, in radium 226.

If we now return to the middle of the molecule, we can understand what we see, though its details are obscure. We are at the heart of the atom of oxygen. Clustered close together are 16 of the dark, heavy protons, each of which is a charge of positive electricity. About them and close to them is a blur of light caused by 8 electrons. We may be sure that the arrangement is not haphazard, for the oxygen atom is the most common one in the world, most adaptable for building all manner of compounds, most firmly constructed. It appears to be in four segments that are united in a peculiarly staunch way. Each segment is

composed of 4 protons and 2 electrons. Thus the whole nucleus has 16 protons and 8 electrons. Electrically it is positive, for it contains twice as many positive units as negative ones.

The electrical balance of the whole atom is secured by 8 other electrons which revolve about the nucleus. Two of these are at a relatively short distance; 6 are at the outside of the atom, forming its "shell." The entire atom is four-square in structure and electrically neutral.

This intricate atom of oxygen, united in a complex manner with two atoms of hydrogen, is a molecule of water. Perhaps, after your attention has been so long confined to this elaborate domain, you are forgetting that it is only *one* molecule.

On every side, thudding against us in a perpetual game of volley-ball, are other molecules. Their eight-mile shells fill all the space in every direction. They are close-packed throughout this sphere that is a hundred million miles in diameter. If you are curious about how many there are, set down the figure five and write twenty ciphers after it. The most reckless estimate of the total of all the stars in all the galaxies of the universe would be insignificant compared with this number of molecules.

We say that a drop of water is "filled" with molecules. But science cannot detect any substance that does the filling. Matter, as we conceive it, occupies only one trillionth of one per cent of the space in water—and even that matter appears to be nothing but force. A drop of water is only a place where electricity is aggregated in certain combinations. Into these bunches of force science has penetrated with more sureness than is possible for tourists on a fairy-story contrivance.

Every particle of matter large enough to be seen is composed of quadrillions of regions of electrical energy. This is true of every little speck of cement or rust or wood or flesh. Every millionth of an inch of the progress of my voice over a telephone wire is engineered by millions of these regions of force, which dance in exact accordance with my lightest whisper. And each one of the regions is a complication of secrets that are quite unfathomable.

IV

I will now bring you back from the interior of a drop of water with one brief remark: there are witty persons who consider atoms a dull, non-cultural subject.

For this rudeness of mine I offer no apology. If it is a painful way of returning to common life, it is wholesome. It will reveal to my guests on the magic carpet the difference between literary wit and scientific imagination—a difference which every citizen ought to understand nowadays.

The Lion's Mouth

THE CODE OF THE CARAVANS

BY JANE A. NON

THE advent of the automobile, as no moralist has neglected to tell us, has brought with it quite new and different standards of action, but my plaint to-day is not in regard to motor-car morals but motor-car manners. It seems to me that, considering their newness, they are surprisingly shabby!

The freedom of the automobile, its independence as to routes or schedules, naturally engender in its occupants an exhilarating feeling of the same freedom and independence. The car, like the wind and, at about the wind's rate, can travel where it listeth; why should its passengers feel at all restricted? Alas, too frequently does the liberty of the road subtly lead up to the laxity of the rude!

Take the question of hospitality. In the days when one's guests traveled by rail, they selected a train, notified their hostess of the time of its arrival and then, barring downright unforeseen calamity, they arrived. One looks back rather wistfully upon such delightful simplicity in entertaining, upon a time when one could prepare in peace and meet one's visitors at an appointed hour. To-day, how do prospective guests signify their intentions? Usually their notes read something like this, "We expect to start on Tuesday but of course if the day should be *too* stormy we will wait until Wednesday," or "John has some business with a man in Kingston, which will delay us for a couple of hours, but if the man should happen not to be there we will come right on through." Could anything be more harassing to a hostess than to try to determine whether or not there is a storm at the other end of the line and what its degree? Or to be left in uncertainty as to whether John has located his man in Kingston? And this annoyance is quite unnecessary. The telegraph and telephone are still available to be used in notifying one of any delay incurred were not modern caravaners so blissfully oblivious. It is easy to think that to Jane or Emily it does not matter when one arrives. It does matter, although Jane or Emily may be too polite to mention it. Too often have I been surprised by premature guests not to know whereof I speak. And too often have I declined a pleasant invitation because I expected company and then found that I might perfectly well have accepted, since my irresponsible visitors did not appear until long after the designated time.

Then take the day of departure. In former times the train left at a stated hour and, therefore, so did the guests. One saw to it that breakfast was served in time, a conveyance was at the door to carry the travelers to the station, good-byes were said, the bags bundled in, and all was over. What delightful definiteness! To-day, breakfast finished, everyone saunters out on the piazza and looks at the sky. John inquires how long it ought to take them to make St. Albans. Mary says that it would be better not to start anyhow until the road has dried off a little more. But instead of the sun, there comes a slight shower. The hands of the clock move on alarmingly and the time for your board meeting

(courteously not mentioned to your guests) draws near. Finally John suggests that, rather than reach St. Albans after dark, it might be better to start after luncheon and only try to make Rutland. Horrors! What a vision rises before you of an ice box containing only the remnants which were to suffice you for the day! Do not tell me I am exaggerating, it is experience that speaks. And do not imagine that, when the baggage is in the car and Mary is beaming adieu from the back seat, it is safe for you surreptitiously to reach for your own hat, because John will open the door again to ask if it would be too much trouble for you to give him some water for his radiator and if you would mind handing him a cloth with which to wipe off the windshield!

If these are the motoring manners of the invited guest, what must be said of the antics of the uninvited? They blithely drive up to one's door at the oddest of hours and from the most unexpected quarters. Enough for them that they find themselves in your neighborhood—how jolly to look you up! It *is* jolly to greet one's friends and one's friend's friends (for whoever has joined the party must, however unwillingly, be brought along), but one wonders sometimes why an entirely different code of conduct should be applied to the possessor of a country home than that accorded to the urban dweller. Apparently quite a different rule of the road obtains. It rankles a little to discover that one's house is not one's castle if it happens to be located near the pike! The following incident would be too slight to relate if it were not a symptom. One day a carload of motorists rang my bell. As the maid was out and my lap full of sewing there was a little delay in opening the door. I discovered that one young man of the party, not waiting to be admitted in the usual manner, had run around the house and with face pressed against a window was peering into the room while another capered about trying all the doors. Such actions would never have occurred to either of them in his own city, but evidently they had no consciousness of being impertinent or intrusive in this case. They were simply motor mad. Or shall we call it a form of *auto intoxication?*

My next-door neighbor is a hospitable little lady but she is frequently distressed by the off-hand behavior of her motoring guests. They descend upon her without warning, sometimes bringing total strangers, and seem to think that their unconventionality is completely offset by their willingness to assist. Announcing that she *must* let them wait upon themselves, they take possession of the house. She, who particularly dislikes having people in her kitchen, is helpless in the hands of the invaders. All her domestic arrangements are uncovered, all her pantry privacies are exposed. The automobile, with its picnicking practices, makes people so delightfully informal!

A friend of my husband has us completely trapped although, to do him justice, he does not realize it. He is a bond salesman working our territory and, incidentally, us! Driving his own car and having been cordially welcomed upon his first appearance, he now draws up at our doorstep whenever en route to meet a business appointment. Of course, were he traveling by train he would go straight through to his destination, but with the latitude allowed by the motor, he is free to take a chance on an invitation to remain over night with us. Of course he gets the invitation, regardless of whether we are weary or busy or bored, for he has us in his power; cannot he see with his own eyes that the guest room is empty? If he would only sometimes telephone ahead we could excuse ourselves upon those occasions when his coming seems the last straw of a heavily burdened day, but he says he would rather come and see for himself just how we are situated and know that it is quite convenient!

Oh, careless caravaners, we welcome you warmly, for after all you are de-

lightful in your insouciance, but we beg you to think on these things and not to press our patience too far lest we have to lock our doors in self-defense and turn you away to the tavern!

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

BY FARRELL COYLE

I HAVE often wondered about the Innocent Bystander. One reads so much about him in the daily press, and yet so little is really known about his unusual profession and its seemingly numerous members. What qualities are necessary to achieve success in Innocent Bystanding? What is the best training for the aspiring young Innocent Bystander—is it journalism or life itself? And who are the ten best Innocent Bystanders in the country to-day?

These questions and many others of equal import I yearn to have answered; but there is no one—no, not even at the Information Desk in the Grand Central Station—who can answer them. It would seem that the Innocent Bystander, no matter what degree of success he attains, remains at heart a modest and unassuming creature. You will not find the story of his life in any of the "success" magazines, and even the newspapers in whose pages he figures so prominently appear to be unaware of his biographical qualities. Yet I feel instinctively he is a man worth knowing; so I have undertaken the work of analyzing his character and personality from the bare outlines furnished by the pages of the metropolitan dailies.

First, in regard to his work, I think we are justified in placing him among the foremost creative artists of the day; for does he not create excitement and pity whenever he engages in his work of stopping stray bullets with his body? Moreover, your true Innocent Bystander (here I am speaking of the Master and not the Apprentice) works with whatever materials are nearest at hand. It may be only a friendly argument between a pawnbroker and a gunman, but there in the very vanguard of the curious crowd that collects about the door of the shop, you will find the Innocent Bystander (and perhaps if you look real hard you may find several of him). There he stands, ready—aye, eager—to assimilate any vagrant bits of hot lead that may come his way.

Or it may be a high-class affair, the kind in which the lady who is suing for "heart balm" comes suddenly face-to-face with her alleged former fiancé, and is so overjoyed at the meeting that she impulsively pulls out her little pearl-handled revolver and makes a laudable attempt to bring about a settlement outside of court. But do the little exclamations of love from the revolver pierce the heart of her alleged betrothed? Ah, no, for there, just a few yards to the left of her target, stands the Innocent Bystander, somewhat out of breath from his run, it is true, but in plenty of time to act as happy recipient of the impassioned little pellets.

And so the Innocent Bystander goes about doing good and better. Who pays him for his work I confess I do not know, but I should imagine it would be the City, or possibly the Federal Government, for he is certainly a guardian of the public welfare. At any rate, I feel sure that even if he were to receive no remuneration whatever, he would go on with his work for the sheer love of it. The very fact that he remains an Innocent Bystander in spite of the worldly affairs in which he sometimes has to figure, is proof of that. You have never heard of a Sophisticated Bystander, or a Guilty Bystander, have you? And I doubt if you ever will so long as he holds his art in as high reverence as he does now.

I think there is a beautiful lesson in this for all of us, if we will but heed it. I'm not sure just what the lesson is, but there must be one there somewhere.

IN DEFENSE OF PETER BELL

BY GEORGE BOAS

EVER since grammar-school days I have heard Peter Bell spoken of as the most obviously stupid bit of humanity imaginable. Undernourished instructors in English departments would murmur the lines about the primrose by the river's brim and expect me and my fellows to see at once why the little yellow flower should have been more to Peter than what it was:

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more."

"And it was nothing more," they would say with a look of disdainful superiority, as if to them a primrose were the whole Encyclopedia Britannica.

In those days, before I was a professor, I thought that professors must be right. So I, too, tried to look askance to heaven when Peter Bell and his tribe were mentioned. Yet if Peter Bell had risen up before me in the flesh and said, "Well, young man, what is it more to you?" I confess that I should have been stumped.

I had my first light on what a primrose might be expected to be when I read "The Prelude" and found that one's mind was supposed to be "sustained by recognitions of transcendent power in sense conducting to ideal form." I then gathered that Peter Bell failed of being a Neo-Platonist. I began to wonder what ideal form could be in the primrose, and could think only of primrosity. But that was about as seductive as the taste of onions on an ice cream spoon, and I began to feel a certain sympathy with Peter Bell for having preferred his yellow primrose without the metaphysical sauce.

But I still was ashamed to say so outwardly, and spent years reading essays on literary criticism, education and so on, subjects in which the human soul was more or less abused for not being better than God made it. And over and over again I came upon the lines from "Peter Bell." I grew more and more uncomfortable when I saw the kind of person these verses were supposed to characterize, but no more certain as to just what the yellow primrose should have been other than a yellow primrose.

When I read Tennyson, in a college course on English poetry as it was called, and discovered that a flower in the crannied wall would, if known root and all and all in all when plucked out of its crannies and held in the hand, inform one as to the nature of God and Man, I jumped to the conclusions (a) that maybe a primrose would, too, even though it was not growing in a crannied wall, and (b) that maybe the primrose should have been "God and Man" to Peter Bell. But that comfort lasted only a moment. For even Tennyson, whose verses gave me a feeling of uneasiness, did not say that the flower *was* God and Man; he said that it was simply a sign of God and Man, so to speak, when it was entirely known. This on the principle, I take it, of one thing leading to another, as when Mrs. Smith engages Mrs. Jones in conversation and by beginning with the weather ends by finding out whether Mrs. Jones's husband really beats her or is just playful. If one knew all about the weather, rain and all and all in all, one would undoubtedly know about everything which it causes, wife beating as well as crops, to say nothing of theology and anthropology. But no one would say that the weather *was* Mrs. Jones's husband.

I gave up trying to understand the thing for a year or two and then came to Ibsen—all this happened before 1913. In Ibsen I discovered what must have been Wordsworth's ideal. One should really

write a doctoral dissertation on "The Wordsworthian Elements in Certain Major Dramatists of Norway." For in Ibsen, to my surprise, everything was something that it was not. Towers, pistols, wild ducks, white horses, the sun, all became symbols. As in a Gothic cathedral every sculptured bird and beast has been (wrongly I am glad to say) interpreted symbolically, so in the great Nordic everything took on a hidden meaning.

The possibilities of this technic were limitless, and one was bound to make a success with it because it gave so much for reviewers and critics to talk about. In the long run one's artistic greatness varies inversely with one's clearness and directly with the square of one's distance. If everyone knows what one is driving at, one is not a subject of conversation for very long. The great leaders of humanity, Socrates, Zoroaster, not to say Dr. Frank Crane, speak in metaphors, and they will never be forgotten. So that symbolism is necessary for literary success.

Like a good American I concluded that symbolism was thus justified and that undoubtedly the yellow primrose ought to have been a symbol of something or other for Peter Bell, the poor dolt.

But of what?

Came my senior year, as the silver screen will have it, and I heard of Disraeli and found my answer. How simple it all was! A primrose by the river's brim a sign of empire should have been and of far India's shore. A natural enough sentiment for a poet laureate.

Every time I see a yellow primrose now—usually in pots and not by rivers' brims—I think of the Primrose League and its motto, "*Imperium et Libertas.*" But am I any the better off than I was before?

Suppose a fox means cunning and a violet modesty and a diamond wealth, I can't for the life of me see why foxes and violets and diamonds have become any more worth associating with than they were before. To Peter Bell a fox was a fox, a definite type of animal with given habits, making it an undesirable neighbor for a poultry yard. A violet was a more or less charming flower, charming at least in its odor if not in its form, and was appreciated at its true worth. Diamonds were simply precious stones, so much carbon.

Peter Bell's misfortune was to be born before his time. To-day he would have gone about the world loudly proclaiming that a primrose is nothing but a primrose and that it is sheer sentimentalism to think of it as anything else: He would have thought it indecent and unbecoming human intelligence to read double meanings into nature.

This is the day when Peter Bell would have come into his own. The day of the Celtic twilight and suggestion is over in the arts just as it was over a hundred years ago in science. To read Ibsen to-day is to wonder why in the world anyone should have ranked him higher than Maeterlinck. He had essentially the same type of mind; he focussed it on a different subject matter. But in those days we read our own traits into the universe—our stupid as well as our intelligent ones—and had a high old time trying to make head or tail out of it. We sneered at Peter Bell, who really understood the secret of things and who went rejoicing on his way "in the green wood and hollow dell," and, I dare say, a good bit the wiser than Wordsworth who despised him for doing so.

MERINGUES ON THE GARBAGE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN the garbage man complained to Miss Whittlesey that her garbage can was not fit for him to empty, she made him that memorable reply: "What would you have, man? Would you have a meringue on it?" It is a common propensity of the human mind to want just that: a meringue on the garbage. It is a tendency that was long ago recognized as keeping clean the outside of the cup. All the politicians spread meringues on the garbage cans of their own party and affect to hold their noses over the garbage of the party opposed. The sons of the Church do it quite a little. It is the natural procedure in rivalries of race. It is at the bottom of that evil thing which we know as propaganda. So it was really a parable that Miss Whittlesey flashed out at her garbage collector.

The meringue that is spread over our present circumstances is very handsome: a meringue of prosperity, of great activity in business, or real-estate booms, of quantities of electric light, of droves, hordes, and multitudes of motor cars. But the garbage below includes such details as fifty thousand hurt and two thousand killed last year in New York State alone by motor accidents. Real estate booms! Yes, but wait until the accounts are really balanced, especially in Florida. Great business activity! Yes, enormous, but immense activity also in crime; killings, robberies, hold-ups that beat all records. Great activity of the Churches: quantities of money raised and spent in the course of it! Yes, but underneath, uncertainty about what can be taught with assurance which this generation will accept as really so. The top of the can looks nice, but all garbage cans are emptied sooner or later and what is at the bottom of them is discovered.

True progress consists considerably in getting the meringue off the garbage and emptying the can. The meringues are very obstinate. They represent the *status quo* from which myriads of people are deriving a more or less satisfactory living. It may be that the next generation will classify our tariff as garbage and wonder that it took us so long to get the meringue off it. Of course it did. Consider the enormous collection of private interests which are concerned with that tariff—how much business, sacred "Business," will be damaged by disturbing it! It will go along until the burden of it on the people who think they pay its cost is widely enough distributed and acutely enough felt to bring a change. Every so often the can that holds the tariff gets a shaking and the meringue is distributed and some of the contents of the can are dumped, but that does not happen in extra good times. They make a meringue strong enough to hold the garbage down.

Another current form of garbage is the enormous cost of conveying commodities from the maker to the consumer and collecting what the consumer

has to pay for them. The great rule of profit is to charge what the business will stand. Prices of most manufactured things are high in these days. The people who have money enough to buy them and want them, pay for them without much concern as to what they cost. A lot of other people buy on credit. It seems to be just now enormously extended to cover almost every kind of luxury. That goes on as long as the business can stand it, and then the meringue of trade activity gets ruffled and settlements begin.

In the domain of the law there is a highly distressing and noisome accumulation of garbage. Criminals cannot be punished: laws immensely abound and enforcement languishes. In the current state of legal procedure, smart lawyers succeed altogether too well in helping rascals, robbers, and killers of men to escape the natural inconvenience of their conduct. We are all assured that the enforcement of the criminal law is garbage of the most objectionable character, but multitudes of people live on it as it is, and that is the meringue. But that can has got to be dumped, even though the Volstead law, unenforcible and increasingly obnoxious, goes with it.

Then there are the churches, and in their cases the meringues are the toughest of all, for they are "orthodoxy," which is the main basis for the claim of most of the brethren of the ministerial profession to hold their jobs. In every religion the original message has been surcharged with interpretation and by-laws by the minds that have handed it down. Some of these interpretations are true and helpful, others are not. As knowledge increases, the effort is constantly made to distinguish between them and to get the untruths and deleterious impositions into the garbage can. But it is hard work when once the meringue of orthodoxy has spread over anything to jolt it loose. So we see strife and contention. In the churches, in the synagogues, and now in the mosques, arise disputes about the essentials of religion, and the things which one party would hasten to deliver to the garbage man a party opposed rushes to reclaim as part of the precious heritage of faith. Nevertheless, in these times, in many ways so fortunate, there is a limit to the ferocity of religious disputes, and observers who watch them may comfort themselves with the thought that the garbage man in the end will have his way—that what is refuse will be carried off and what is truth will be saved, even though it has to be picked up out of the dump.

AT THIS writing there has been a succession of severe storms on the Atlantic, wrecking ships in very unusual numbers and incidentally producing some extraordinary rescues and stories about them. The story of the rescue of the officers and crew of the *Antinoe*, twenty-five of them, by the *President Roosevelt*, Captain Fried, was an extraordinarily fine tale, well told and published at length in the newspapers. It was received with great interest and enthusiasm both in this country and in England and was followed by like stories of other rescues, by the Hamburg American liner *Westphalia*, the North German liner *Bremen*, and still others. What is it that is at the bottom of the lively public interest in such stories? Is the public greatly concerned by the protraction of individual human lives? It does not seem to be, otherwise the heavy toll taken every day on human life by motor cars, hold-up men, avoidable diseases, and all kinds of industrial accidents would create a much more violent disturbance than it does. Twenty-five men lost at sea, or on a coal barge, or killed by motor cars or trucks, make no more than a ripple in the daily stream of news. But these tales of rescue at sea are immensely stirring and justly so. We know there are plenty of people on this earth and that a handful more or a handful less does not ordinarily make much difference. We know that everybody dies

first or last, and whether they die a little sooner than they need to, does not greatly concern us; but we also know, or ought to know, that the spirit which makes one lot of men risk their lives willingly to save another lot of men from death is one of the great fundamentals on which civilization rests. We see in it the living evidence of the brotherhood of man. We see in it acknowledgment of the truth of the Bible saying that he who saves his life shall lose it, and he who loses it for another shall save it. We see in it an acknowledgment of that fact that the great job of human creatures in this life is to save the world, or so much of it as they can; to advance it towards perfection as far as their strength and their means permit. So when we read of seamen daring death to save their brothers, of miners daring death to save their fellows, of policemen daring death in fights with bandits and felons, and are stirred by all such stories, there is a great and sound spiritual reason for our enthusiasm. It all betokens an instinctive confidence in that great assertion that we are not here to live for ourselves alone and that he who gives his life for another saves it.

But suppose he dies in the process, what then? Has he lost his life? We do not think so. Our conscious minds may perhaps hold that opinion, but our subconscious minds seem to deny it. Instinctively we feel that he has not lost his life but rather has gained it; that it still goes on and to greater advantage because of his self-sacrifice. It was that conviction which sustained the immense company of bereaved people who lost all that was dearest to them in the Great War.

ONE of the newspapers has been running some articles in which, under the heading "My Religion," various people disclosed what they think they believe. One of them was Charles Norris, the novelist, who told how he had had a church raising and quit the churches later in life but fashioned a religion for himself out of William James, Judge Troward, and others, with notice of Coué and Mrs. Eddy, which for him worked pretty well. "For him," he said, "James' *The Will to Believe* and Judge Troward's *Edinburgh Lectures* were all the law and prophets," and certainly he might be in worse hands. But he said also, "I do not believe in an immortality where I retain my identity." Perhaps his conscious mind does not believe in it but unless his subconscious mind did believe in it he could hardly bother much with James or Troward nor teach his boy a plan of prayer to help him regulate his conduct.

It looks as if Mr. Norris did not know what his religion really is. Not many people do. It is probably a good deal more inclusive, a good deal more like the religion of his fathers, than he supposes. His religion is the very essence of him and a great deal of that essence has come down to him generation by generation from a past that runs back clear out of sight. Those gallant men from the *Roosevelt* that brought aboard the crew of the *Antinoe* doubtless gave little thought to the survival of their personalities on that job. Stimulated by gallant leadership, they did what was in them, and that thing that was in them is in millions of people in this world and particularly in these States. In most of them it is dormant most of the time, but when something calls to it, there it is, and it comes across—that willingness to give life to save life.

It takes emergency to discover people. We are apt to think we are just ordinary beings plugging along on behaviorist principles and doing the best for ourselves that we can. But mercy! We are not ordinary at all. We are prodigious potentialities, capable of astonishing stunts if only something starts us and holds us to its line. Spreading meringues over garbage cans is not our real office in this world. We can be fooled into that for a time, just as for a

while we can be concentrated on the sacred duty of accumulating money; but all that only lasts until something really happens to us and the materials that are really in us become active, and we pitch our garbage can over the front fence, meringue and all, and get to work on the real business of life.

WHAT is the big job in the world just now? As to that there will be many opinions: to settle the foreign debts; to abolish the economic frontiers of Europe; to provide that trade shall flow through the world without artificial hindrances; to get labor and capital to work together in harmony; to compose the differences in conviction and expectation between the Modernists and Fundamentalists. There are lots of big jobs, but none of these named is quite fundamental. Let us hear the opinion of a highly respected literary authority on this point. Three or four years ago there was published an extraordinary book by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, in which, under the title of *Neither Dead Nor Sleeping*, she related experiences of her own extending over twenty years with what, for lack of a better name, is called Spiritism. The introduction to that book was written by Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Sewall's fellow-townsman and long-time friend. He did not endorse its revelations, neither did he dispute them. He considered and marveled at them, and of the general effort of the psychical researchers and all the spiritist seekers to solve the mystery of where we go when we leave here, and what happens to us, he said, "Only levity sneers at them now—at these patient men who have sought truth in the dust-heap. They have not failed; neither have they shown the truth—if they have found it—so that all men may see it and know that it is indeed truth. Their task is heavy, but it is *the greatest one*, for it is the task that must be done before civilization can begin. To lift the burden of the unknown from the human soul—to destroy the great darkness; that is the work that engages them. Men cannot be sane in the daylight until the night becomes knowable."

Well, that is an interesting opinion. The big job, as Mr. Tarkington sees it, is to put the fear of death into the garbage can. According to the professed belief of many millions of people, that task was accomplished about nineteen hundred years ago, but oh the meringue on that can—how tough it is! how decorous! how handsome in so many particulars! how greatly it disturbs respectability to meddle with it! That professed belief that death was beaten can stand a vast revitalization without any harm except for that meringue which covers it, but the process of revitalizing it is curiously unwelcome. Tarkington in that introductory article goes over it all as ably and as cleverly as it has ever been done, and his conclusions about the importance of the effort will stand a great deal of consideration. In an amusing and penetrating satire he invited attention to the Smith family of Topeka, Kansas, "who believed in education, prosperity, and clean politics, and knew a great deal about chemistry, mechanics, modern jurisprudence, and music, but were curiously provincial on one point, and that was geography." None of them had ever been outside of Kansas nor wished ever to leave Kansas, and stories of travels by persons who had more extended experience distressed them, and that notwithstanding that they all knew that there would inevitably come a day when they would leave Kansas and go somewhere else.

The prospect of death is not so pressing a topic just now as it was ten years ago, but it still intrudes itself in individuals from time to time, and is persistently a factor in all the great concerns of life. Is it true, as Tarkington says, that removal of the darkness and mystery that befogs this prospect is a task that must be accomplished before civilization can begin? Was he right in rating that task as the greatest one?

Personal and Otherwise

THE article by ***Julian Huxley*** with which we open this issue of the magazine gains sharply in interest from the relationship of the author with the great Huxley, so often called by his detractors an enemy of religion. Thomas Henry Huxley's son Leonard, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* and biographer of his father, married twice. His first wife was the granddaughter of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, niece of Matthew Arnold, and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Julian and Aldous are the sons of Leonard Huxley by this first marriage. Julian Huxley is thus a grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley as well as great-grandson of Arnold of Rugby, great-nephew of Matthew Arnold, nephew of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and brother of Aldous Huxley. Himself a distinguished zoölogist, he is a Fellow of New College and senior demonstrator in zoölogy at Oxford University.

As it happens, Julian Huxley was once on the staff of the Rice Institute in Texas; the author of our second article is now a Texan. ***Duncan Aikman*** was brought up in Indiana (HARPER readers will recall his comments on the Hoosiers of the present day in his November article entitled "The Home Town Mind"), but is now on the staff of the El Paso *Morning Times*. His trenchant criticisms of American life appear frequently in HARPER'S and other magazines, and a collection of them is to be published shortly by Minton, Balch & Company.

Ben Ames Williams makes this month his first appearance in HARPER'S. A graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1910, he was a newspaper man until 1916; since then he has won a reputation as one of the ablest short-story writers in the country. His work is familiar to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He lives in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

To those who are planning to go abroad this summer and to all others who enjoy sympathetic and accurate studies of English and American traits we especially recommend ***Frank Swinnerton's*** friendly article. Mr. Swinnerton, one of the best-known English novelists, is the author of *Nocturne*, *Shops and Houses*, *Young Felix*, *The Elder Sister*, etc.

The editorial headnote accompanying ***Helen Woodward's*** "Notes on Women in Business" explains why her random comments carry the authority of wide experience. What the headnote does not add is that she is the wife of W. E. Woodward, the novelist.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick recently made a three-thousand-mile flying trip to this country to discuss plans for the new Park Avenue Baptist Church, of which he is to be the pastor. After a few days in New York he sailed for Europe again to complete his year's leave of absence. His papers on Religion and Life will continue to be a monthly feature of the Magazine.

Now that the symphony orchestras have taken up George Gershwin and discussions of jazz rage around every dinner table, temperate and rational comment on the subject would seem to be in order. ***Don Knowlton,*** who contributes "The Anatomy of Jazz," is the son of Fanny Snow Knowlton, the composer. He writes: "I was brought up with six hours a day of Wagner, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Liszt, and so forth, ringing in my ears; and for five years was forced to hard labor on the violin. But to me music was not a passion, but a pastime—and with the arrival of Alexander's Ragtime Band, I rebelled. The overdose in childhood had done its work. At eighteen, I picked up the guitar; at twenty-one, the piano; at twenty-four, the banjo; and I played for two years in a jazz orchestra. I play entirely by ear, and all jazz. This combination of early classical training and

later jazz experimentation has given me the perspective which is expressed in my article." Mr. Knowlton lives in Cleveland.

Bertrand Russell's article is more than a discussion of education; it is an inquiry into the qualities best worth developing in the men and women of our time. A member of one of the most distinguished British families, Mr. Russell is variously known as a mathematician, a philosopher, a determined pacifist, and a radical student of politics. Last month he contributed to HARPER'S a paper on freedom. "What Shall We Educate For?" will shortly appear as a chapter in Mr. Russell's book, *Education and the Good Life*, which will be published in this country by Boni & Liveright.

The engaging story of the devil and the unicorn which follows Mr. Russell's article is the work of a new contributor, ***Theodora DuBois*** (Mrs. Delafield DuBois) of Dongan Hills, Staten Island, New York.

Though born in the East and educated at Princeton and Oxford, ***Struthers Burt*** writes as a Westerner in his indictment of those who are now wasting the resources of our mountain states; for he has spent a large part of his life as partner in the Bar BC Ranch in Wyoming. He is the author of *The Interpreter's House*, several volumes of short stories, and an account of his Wyoming life entitled *The Diary of a Dude Wrangler*. He is spending the winter and early spring at New Canaan, Connecticut.

Our most recent paper from ***H. M. Tomlinson,*** war correspondent, former assistant editor of *The Nation*, and author of *Tide Marks*, *The Sea and the Jungle*, etc., was "On Leaving Guide Books at Home." This month he discusses certain other books whose value is less immediate but possibly more enduring.

Although vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, ***Emily Newell Blair*** does not confine her interest to politics. To the last issue of HARPER'S she contributed an article on "Why I Sent My Children Away to School"; this month she discusses another matter of concern to every wife.

The final story of the month comes to us from ***Charles Caldwell Dobie*** of San Francisco, a frequent and valued contributor.

The whole curious story of the Washington Monument was bound to be written some day, and we are glad that ***H. G. Dwight*** is the man to do it. In *Stamboul Nights* he has written one of the best volumes of short stories ever produced by an American; and after an absence of several years from the field of letters he is now writing a series of articles for this magazine, most of them having to do with the city of Washington and its inhabitants, military and otherwise.

The last article in the Magazine, like the first, deals with science. ***Henshaw Ward,*** author of *Evolution for John Doe*, used to be a school-teacher but is now living in New Haven and engaged in writing on scientific subjects. Several months ago we published his remarkable paper called "The Clover Leaf"; now he applies the same method that he used in that paper to the study of a drop of water—and the result is staggering to the wildest imagination.

The poets—all frequent contributors—are ***A. A. Milne,*** whose new series of verses after the manner of *When We Were Very Young* will continue to appear each month in the Magazine; ***Henriette DeSaussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), graduate of Vassar and resident of California; and ***Lizette Woodworth Reese*** of Baltimore, author of several volumes of poetry.

The hunger of the Lion is appeased this month by ***Jane,*** who insists on being anonymous out of regard for the susceptibilities of her motoring friends; ***Farrell Coyle,*** a new contributor from New York City; and ***George Boas*** of the Department of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University.

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"The Captain, the Cook, and the First Mate," the painting by ***Charles Hawthorne,*** N.A., which we reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue, won the medal of the third class at the recent International Exhibition at Pittsburgh, the first two medals going to foreign artists. Another painting by Mr. Hawthorne, "The Captain's Daughter," appeared as the frontispiece of our November issue. Mr. Hawthorne lives in New York in the winter and spends his summers in Provincetown on Cape Cod.

Although the Society of Arts and Sciences awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of 1925 to Julian Street for "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," our readers will be interested to know that by the system of scoring followed by the Committee Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," which appeared in the September issue of HARPER'S, was tied with Mr. Street's story for first prize; Mr. Steele was barred from the money award because he had already won two O. Henry prizes in past years.

The report of the Committee shows that twelve stories were chosen by the Committee of Selection to be read by the two final judges, Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University and Henry S. Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The final result was to be determined by averaging the orders of preference set down by these two judges. Among the twelve stories put before them as the best of the year were four from this Magazine: "Two Heroes" by Harold W. Brecht, "Redbone" by Ada Jack Carver, and "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" and "Blue Murder" by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

Professor Matthews ranked "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" first, Doctor Canby ranked it fourth; "Blue Murder" was placed sixth by Professor Matthews and eleventh by Doctor Canby; "Redbone," eighth by Professor Matthews and twelfth by Doctor Canby; "Two Heroes," tenth by Professor Matthews and fifth by Doctor Canby. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, chairman of the Committee of Award, reports that she considered "Blue Murder" the best short story of 1925; and "Redbone" held first place on the list made up by Professor Emma K. Temple, a member of the Committee of Selection.

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Entries for our Intercollegiate Literary Contest are steadily increasing in number. Up to February 18, sixty-one colleges and universities had declared their intention of submitting manuscripts. According to the conditions of the Contest, each university and college on the approved list of the Association of American Universities is eligible to submit by May 1, through the head of its English Department or his deputy, not more than five manuscripts written by undergraduate students, to be not more than four thousand words long in the case of articles or essays, and not more than seven thousand words long in the case of stories. The final selection of the prize-winning manuscripts will be made by a committee consisting of Christopher Morley, Zona Gale, and William McFee. HARPER'S MAGAZINE will award a first prize of $500, a second prize of $300, and a third prize of $200. The manuscript which wins first prize will also be published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to send further information to those who desire it.

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We venture to quote without signature or other identifying evidence a recent letter from a would-be contributor whose work might perhaps represent the low-water mark in literary availability:

Dear Sir

I take Pleasure in getting Aquainted,

I have a Present a short story of about *800* words. And I allso have some Jocks, and timly cracks.

I would like to Know if you can use eney of these enclosed find self addressed and stamped envolp for reply.

Your's Truly,

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In the last issue of the Magazine we stated that we should have to close the discussion which has been raging over the anonymous article in our December issue entitled "Living on the Ragged Edge." Having, however, sent a large number of the replies to the author of the article, it seems only fair to give her an opportunity to reply to her critics, even though this will give us no opportunity to publish this month any of the comments on Mrs. Gerould's "The Plight of the Genteel." The anonymous author of "Living on the Ragged Edge," therefore, once more has the floor:

After reading the reactions of some score of HARPER readers to my account of "Living on the

Ragged Edge," I now realize that one of the many points of failure of my article was that I did not sufficiently emphasize my personal reasons for working. I must have made it appear that I was a wage-earner only in order to add to the family income, whereas I should have made it clear that the need to work, with a professional standard, to use my mind and heart not only towards the service of my family but also towards some outside creative occupation, is with me a real need; and that working thus is, to my mind, for certain types of women, a necessary foundation for happiness and usefulness. And that these women should be disbarred from marriage and from rearing children seems to me unjust. The economic argument that a mother who stays at home, cares for the children and does a large part of the housework, is a greater financial asset to the family, holds true—at least as I have observed it—only where the children are very young or the woman has had no education or special training for work. I am proving this in my own case by finding that my earning capacity is increasing as I keep at my work and that with better health on my part, and the children growing older and being obliged to be away from home at school more of the time, I am free to work longer hours.

I am in fact solving the problem of the ragged edge, partially at least, in a way that no single reader of HARPER'S suggested. This winter I am working six hours a day and earning enough more money to lessen very much our financial pressure.

The editorial summary of what the lady Anonymous has been advised by her critics to do to economize was as follows: (1) she should give up one or two of her servants; (2) she should pay cash for her purchases; (3) she should adjust herself psychologically to thinking in terms of a smaller income and secure happiness from things not measured in money. These are good suggestions all. I accept the third suggestion wholeheartedly and have always tried to act on it; but I am forced in all honesty to say that I find it more economical not to accept the first two suggestions, for I now, by working six hours a day, earn the wages of all three servants. If I earned only enough to pay for two, I should more than cover any saving I could make by marketing in person with my pocket-book in my hand. And I am not well paid, nor working in a profession that is highly paid. Many, many college women of my age are far more successful than I from both the economic and achievement point of view.

Any letter as brief as this must be, cannot begin to explain the why of a job. Perhaps it is nothing more than feminism,—dread word. And again lack of space prevents the very eloquent discourse I might give on my strong feeling that even when working six hours a day I do not neglect my children,—indeed that given my own personal equation I am a much better mother when working. As it is now, I see my children off to school, do my ordering and household planning, get to my work at ten o'clock, and stay there during the hours the two children are at school, napping, and playing in the park. I come home every afternoon to be at home when they come in, and we then have exciting reports from all sides of the activities of the day, with reading aloud, games, or singing. I also have Saturdays and Sundays at home to devote to family life, and can adjust my office work (by working at home of an evening) not only to take Saturdays but also other occasional mornings or afternoons for visits to school or special festivities with the children. Comparing myself with non-wage-earning mothers I see that I miss perhaps three lunches a week with my youngest (my oldest is obliged by the school to stay for lunch and until three o'clock) but these I am sure are compensated for by the fact that I am practically never away of a late afternoon. All around me I am beginning to see married friends who are bringing up children well and at the same time holding worth-while positions as executives, editors, writers, artists, actresses, teachers, musicians, or in community service, and are living charming and gracious lives withal.

How many of them are on my ragged edge or are in the plight of Mrs. Gerould's genteel, I cannot say, but I suspect that there are many others besides Tom and myself. Increased earnings may momentarily keep one family farther from the edge, but given youth, children, New York, no private fortune, the choice of a professional career, and a deep-seated desire for a certain tranquillity and grace of life, I think the ragged edge will never be far off from many of us. In the exaggerated form described in my article it is a curse; as Mrs. Gerould pictures it, it is a well thought out philosophy of life.